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THE TORRINGTON DIARIES  
VOLUME FOUR









BRIDGET BYNG FIFTH VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON  
(*Wife of the Author of the Diaries*)

*from a miniature by Cosway, in the possession of L. Cramner Byng,  
Esq., great-great-grandson of the Fifth Viscount Torrington*

# THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

CONTAINING THE TOURS THROUGH  
ENGLAND AND WALES  
OF THE  
HON. JOHN BYNG  
(LATER FIFTH VISCOUNT TORRINGTON)  
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1781 AND 1794

EDITED BY  
C. BRUYN ANDREWS

VOLUME FOUR

1938

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK



## FOREWORD TO VOLUME IV

THE two recently discovered books of Tours, that now make the four volume edition complete, are the two last in this volume. Books II, III and IV of the Tour of 1789 will be found in A Tour in the Midlands, 1789, in Volume II. One of the most delightful features of these Diaries is the wealth of illustrations, that Lord Torrington himself inserted at the time he was writing them; and all the pictorial headings to the Index, with the exception of the reproduction of the old print of Wrotham, are, as well as most of the other illustrations, from the pages of the Diaries.

I am again greatly indebted to Lord Hylton, who kindly looked through the final proofs of this volume, and also to the present Lord Torrington and to Lord Strafford for information about their illustrious family. I must also gratefully acknowledge the ready help of the Librarians of The Admiralty, The War Office, &c. and of the various Public Libraries, and the kindness of many others too numerous to mention by name. My Son in the early stages of making the Index and my Daughter in completing it have also been of the greatest help and I should also like to thank Mr. Hugh Paget for checking the proofs.

C. BRUYN ANDREWS



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## ADDENDA AND ERRATA

### VOLUME TWO

p. 132, note 11. *For 'Delaney' read 'Delany'.*  
p. 268, note 61. *For 'maps' read 'prints'.*  
p. 268, note 61. *For 'Gross' read 'Grose'.*  
p. 269, note 82. *For 'Gerald' read 'Gerard'.*  
p. 297, note 25. *For 'Gross' read 'Grose'.*  
p. 419, note 79. *For 'Buckingham' read 'Buckinghamshire'.*

### VOLUME THREE

p. 5. Mr. Phillimore's seat is probably Deacon's Hill.  
p. 112. Mr. Canon is possibly Mr. Carzon of Whalley.  
p. 113. Mr. Waller is probably Mr. Whalley.  
p. 116. The 'ugly, vulgar house' was Heaton.  
p. 135. Lr C—d may refer to Mr., afterwards Sir T. H. Clifford.  
p. 174 (plate facing). *For 'Umbridge' read 'Uxbridge'.*  
p. 175. note 4. *For 'states' read 'estates'.*  
p. 175, note 12. *For 'Holdcroft' read 'Holcroft'.*  
p. 177, note 23. *For 'Pictoris' read 'Pictore's'.*  
p. 178, note 42. *For 'Dumourinz' read 'Dumouriez'.*  
p. 178, note 43. *For 'Argylle' read 'Argyle'.*  
p. 178, note 44. *For 'Carrick' read 'Garrick'.*  
p. 179, note 51. *For 'Whittaker' read 'Whitaker'.*  
p. 179, note 52. *For 'Chatham' read 'Chetham'.*  
p. 183, note 81. *For 'Bowsell' read 'Boswell'.*  
p. 205 and note 17, p. 322. The Lord F——, that Lord Torrington mentions, may not have been Earl Ferrers but Earl Fitzwilliam, the patron and lay impropriator of Higham Ferrers. (See Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary*.)  
p. 209. *For 'Broughton' read 'Boughton'.*  
p. 226. Mr. Potts was probably intended to mean Mr. Plot.  
p. 227. Mr. F——re may very probably be George Forester of Dothill and Willey, who died in 1811.







ALBEMARLE PEREGRINE BERTIE

(afterwards 9th Earl of Lindsey)

*from a painting by Beechey*

*By courtesy of Lord Lindsey and Robert Cust, Esq.*

[facing p. 1]

# *A Tour in Bedfordshire*

1794

I THINK I have for many years stated my haste, in spring, to get out of London (with pleasure I could I quit thee for ever) seizing every opportunity to renovate myself by country air: And to avoid the noises of London and all that Fate has consigned me to, in that quarter.—Diaries form an history of life: and those who write them intend much to be conveyed, ‘more is meant than meets the ear’.

I will go out of town at Easter which falls early, to be no longer deafen'd by accounts of the opera: of crouds collected, without selection, to shame society; and propagate scandel: To learn that nobility is hastening its downfall, and that presumption, without wit or good works, creates a shudder.

I love quiet, an abstinence from company, and over-conversation. But who are of my wishes? None that I know:—clamour seems to be *the order of the day*, of childhood the supreme delight, and full growth seems to enjoy it;—to harrass their neighbours by intrusion, to knock down each others doors; to wonder how they can be tranquil: and to bounce upon them with false politics, egotistical vexations: Astonished how any person can be easy at home, easy in dress or not uneasy about fashions!!! Surely this is a very worrying age? One part of the nation worrying for wealth: Another for a reform of Parliament: All running to and fro, like mad dogs; or like shoemakers sour paste, dissolv'd by vinegar into eels, turning round and round in ceaseless indetermination, whilst I (unambi-

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tious mortal) seek only for such pursuits as will strengthen my mustles bring appetite, and quiet repose———

And is Frederick to go with us? Yes.—Undetermined about school, divested of his salary<sup>1</sup>—I suffer him to run about us, as yet; to employ his mother: To stand in the gap of vexation; and to be my leader to exercise as dragging me forth to the sports of youth, and reconsidering myself young in his gaiety; as an excuse for petty diversions: and a spur to promptitude and propriety.—So he rests with us:—I hope not to his prejudice: to divert me now and to aid me hereafter: besides he is physician to his mother: for his joys support her, and his plaints give her exercise.

From  
May 1  
Biggles-  
wade

I shall strive to recollect from short notes, how I spent my time of absence from the Stamp-Office, at Biggleswade; where I had arrived on the 14th of April in the happiest weather and was two days after, followed by Mrs B[yngh], our daughter Bridget<sup>2</sup> and Frederick:—Mrs B was so overcome by her journey and her repeated worries: that on the following morning, she was delivered of a dead child—; but had the comforts of an intelligent surgeon, a well behaved nurse and the ready assistance of the servants and kitchen of a good inn, where tho the head quarters of the Cheshire Militia everything was kept in quiet, nor a drum beaten in molestation!

Thus you see me at Biggleswade;—my mare in health; F[rek] scampering upon Mr Wells' old grey poney; my daughter Bridget most kindly received at the parsonage house at Southill.<sup>3</sup> I take delightful early morning walks the season for early walking and observation,—when the hawthorn is in blossom, and every day produces fresh flowers, and teems with vernal vegetation.—

Of civilities, and attentions I can mention but few! Those of Mr & Mrs Smith<sup>4</sup> are steady, and have ever been at hand.—And where shall I find others? Kind and charitable benevolence is all gone by! The memory of it is lost; the thought recurs not unless to hint—‘Why throw away

a farthing that may deprive us of a pleasure, of a purchase in London?"

But it was not extinguish'd in these humble bosoms who in remembrance of my family,—and acting by others, as they would wish to be acted with, they express'd their promptness of their feelings.—

Mr & Mrs Nodes respectfully compliment to Mr Byng and the Good Lady in the Straw<sup>5</sup> begs their acceptance of a small dish of fish and a couple of Guiney Chicks.

Southill.

Friday Morng, 7 o'clock.

As for some other silly offers, I esteem them 'mouth-honour breath which the poor heart would fain deny but dares not'.

As too big and of too great appetite I have parted with Flora and in her stead expected to find here a young spaniel from Nottinghamshire, the gift of Mr M., but it so little suited my wishes that I gave it away: and have now replac'd him by a little red and white bitch purchased of an itinerant ratcatcher,—her name Fancy but I fear she is pregnant—and she seems to be troubled with a bad cough.—

Every morning I take commonly the same walk to the little hamlets of Upper and Lower Caldecot: making a circuit of above 2 miles: At nine o'clock breakfast at which hour luckily arrives the newspapers and letters; at 10 Caldecot o'clock F. and I mount our horses, and ride for 3 or 4 hours round about Southill:—frequently calling at the parsonage, to report about Mrs B. and to enquire after their healths—and the goings on of our daughter.—As for my health it is not what it was, or what it might be, I hope, for I am sadly bilious; with a lack of fortune to carry me to Bath to strengthen my stomach and bring on gentle-many gout. Today Mrs B. dined below: She is very faint tho attended by all comforts,—and by a pleasing intelligent nurse.—In the evening I rode about Stratton, Mr B[arnett]'s,<sup>6</sup> and remark'd (in my old deserted-village way) where once an hamlet flourish'd: now reduced to one

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Warden farm and two mouldering cottages! On the following morning, we meditated a longer ride and with T. B. attendant—first to Mr D's at Hill Hall.<sup>7</sup> Then thro Warden, a very beautifully placed sequestered dry village to Mr T. Inskip's where I was to choose a spaniel puppy.

So by Warden Abbey: where quitting the sand, rough clay roads begin—from the hill is a wild, unpleasant prospect over the Vale of Bedford: Where we put up at the Swan Inn which is quickly to give place to a new inn to be built on nearly the same scite.

The Derby Militia<sup>8</sup> are quartered here, dirty, and ill disciplined—;—as an old soldier I am averse from militias; and as a citizen I think it has sadly debauch'd the yeoman officer,—and the peasant soldier: who return from campaigning into their own country, very different subjects from which they left it.—I dined here with my Kitten;—pleasant that? He thus forces me to ride about:—‘And I go touring with my boys’—

But these wars—, and this quartering of soldiers,—make the traveller to pay: 6d added to eating: one penny to each feed of corn,—hay each horse 3 pence:—why but two years past; and 3 pence corn, 2 pence hay—or rather nothing for hay if you order'd corn.

My rougher character of Jaques meliorated into that of the kind humourist *William Wimble*.<sup>9</sup>

Sir Roger,

I desire you to accept of a Jack which is the best I have caught this Season.—I intend to come, and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern the last time I saw you upon the Bowling green, that your Whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son —He takes to his learning hugely.

I am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Will Wimble.

My frequent morning rides are about Southill; there I <sup>Southill</sup> sit at Well's fancying how I might accommodate myself in his rooms—; how I could improve the front; make a surrounding garden; twine a walk beneath the fir trees and so to the deep pond in his field which might be stocked with fish, and encircled by a plantation; thus I go on: planting, and planning on another's ground, and building ariel castles which like drams to the body—weaken the constitution of the mind.—Sometimes I call upon Mr W[alker] my brothers steward,—a narrow, shirking, downcast, ignorant, lazy, overbearing man,—the very reverse of poor F's Young who lives at the Gothic lodge, open, honest, civil, and industrious:—The one returning happy from his daily labour.—The other rising from his hoard, in discontented pride.—In the evening I often ride upon every part of Sandy Warren where the best air—and some fine views are to be had—nor are the sports and racing of the rabbits an unpleasant speculation.—

Three companies of the Cheshire Militia are quartered in Biggleswade a finer body of men I never saw nor of better manners—else the method and government of their officers is both ill judged and unmilitary: When they punish it is not of sufficient correction, and a method they adopt of fixing a horse clog upon the legs of defaulters renders them hardened.—

Some officers are quartered here;—one lately married: but I avoid all civility beyond bowing: As for F, he is intimate both with officers,—and men but particularly with a little smart Fife boy, whom we call the Earl of Fife.

My life is uncomfortable here and from my walks and rides hope to lay in a stock of strength and health: I have stated that my ride after breakfast is generally about Southill—not only for the recurrence of the memory of my youth,—and the many happy days passed there, but as the soil is so dry and the views very beautiful.—My drawing I believe to be a tolerably exact representation of Mr W's residence.

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'Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
Oh fields belov'd in vain,  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd  
A stranger yet to pain,  
I feel the gales that from thee blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow  
As waring fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And redolent of joy and youth  
To breath a second spring.'

This is a likeness of a very old house that was long in the possession of good yeomanry; (the last of whom I remember,) the dispensers, formerly of charity, and of country hospitality: who stood in the mid-way betwixt the great tyrant and the needy peasant, and were the protectors of liberty, and old customs; by them was religion upheld, freedom of election maintained and justice administered;

But a bold Yeomanry, a country's pride  
If once is lost can never be supply'd.

This house, whose avenues and orchards are fell'd is now inhabited by Ld. T[orrington]'s steward, and from a want of repair must soon fall to the ground.

Of my morning walks I must speak with pleasure whether to the two hamlets of Caldecot, passing through many fields of various cultivation and by this (late-erected) farm upon the North Road opposite the 46 mile stone or to this farm near the common, where are some old trees, well nested by the rooks.

Now for the Town  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,  
Oft let me wander, o'er the dewy fields  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops,  
From the bent bush as thro' the verdant maze  
Of sweet briar hedges I pursue my walk.

—*Seasons.*

' Should I my steps turn to the rural seat  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks.



SHEEPSHEARING



MR W[ALKER]'S RESIDENCE

*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 6



Invite the rook who high amid the boughs  
 In early spring, his airy Castle builds  
 And ceaseless caws amusive.

—*Seasons Again.*

Here whilst led on by sylvan views and sounds of the  
 Lark or of the warbling thrush,  
 The deep toned black bird and the chirping finch,  
 I urge my path,—Meantime my busy dog  
 In active sportiveness beguiles the way.—  
 Or sometimes stooping, try a new pursuit;  
 Deem myself fossilist, and that this land  
 The treasures of Golconda might produce.  
 and, lately many fossils have I found,  
 Nothing unworthy the engraver's toil:  
 Here there are new delights, fresh matter all  
 To calm the passions, and improve the mind.

(*A good imitation—is it not?*)

The season is very dry—very forward: but rain is wanted by the farmer and the rider. Nine letters out of ten produce vexation. Few people write but to harrass,—to complain, or to demand. From these we cannot fly.

Our next ride was to Waresley—a village 8 miles distant Waresley within the borders of Huntingdonshire, upon an errand of Genl. Berties, and to I. M's a gamekeeper of Mr P[ym]'s<sup>10</sup> and the keeper of an alehouse there; wherein F. indulged a most eager appetite: Boys are everlastingly hungry and require frequent meals—and were we grown gluttons to eat oftner and less at a time we should not complain of bile, etc, etc, as we now do.

Mr N[eedham]<sup>11</sup> who lives at Waresley wastes his life in solitary illness; surely fortune can find friends, or entice companions?

One or the other I would have around me and this seems to be likewise the case at the Hazells (at which house we visited in our return) where Mr P[ym] and his wife a couple much respected would be much happier could they cast off much form and grandeur of living; and

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adopt an easier stile; permitting the dogs to enter and boots and leathern breeches to sit down to dinner; in these houses of fine breeding I gash and languish for black-guardism and beefsteaks.

In Waresley Church are deposited the remains of my gt. grandmother: Wherein an handsome monument has been erected to her memory by her grandson, P. Ld. Visct. Torrington.

Near this place Lye Interr'd  
The Remains of Philadelphia Byng<sup>12</sup>  
She was the daughter of\* Johnson  
Of Loans in Surrey, Esq, who had  
several Employments in the Court of  
King Charles the second  
She was the Wife of John Byng son  
of† George Byng of Wrotham in  
Kent, Esq.  
By Katherine the daughter of  
Sr. John Hewit Great Grandfather  
to the present Sir John Hewit  
of Waresly, Bart.‡  
She§ was the Mother of Sr. George Byng Kt.  
Bar Viscount Torrington, Baron of Southill  
Rear Admiral of Great Britain.  
Admiral and Commander in Chief of  
the Fleet.  
First Commissioner of the Admiralty.  
Treasurer of the Navy Privy Counsellor  
and Knight of the Bath.  
She|| died in Waresley House in

\*How could his Lordship suffer such a scrawl of intermingled pomp and ignorance to be put up? No Research made! No punctuation attempted! Employments not named! Division of the lines!

†Son of a what?

‡History of the Hewits!

§Hes and Shes without end!

||A Monument erected all in pomp seemingly to degrade this poor woman and to exalt her son by a string of rediculous titles conferring neither virtue nor religion. From the Hewits, this seat (environ'd by a pretty Park) descended to the Hagars—who married the heiress—Daughter of Sir John Hewit:—

February 1688, and this Monument  
is erected to  
Her Memory by Her Grandson  
Pattee Viscount Torrington.  
In the year 1736—

With the last Hagar I was formerly well acquainted and a good humour'd, jolly fellow was Jack Hagar.—As many others have declined from happiness to misery so did he.—As much as he could afford he spent here in a comfortable way and would then retire to Gastlings Farm,<sup>13</sup> (to be mentioned hereafter) rented of Ld. T[orrington] by his friend Jack Woodham<sup>14</sup>—for some months privacy and shooting etc.

Thus glided his days in peace and contentment: till in an evil hour—he became acquainted with and was married to a capricious conceited, widow. Now my gentleman is obliged to assume a new character and finds,—as his lady does, that a country life is intolerable.

This estate was therefore sold: A house in Wigmore Street was purchased; she fly's to card parties: He is permitted to waste his evenings at the Mount Coffee House;—where I sometimes met my estranged friend, and saw him drink *one* sneaker of sour punch before he was carried off by his lady, when the card party was ended.

Miserable, cross and eaten up by the gout, he finished his days leaving all his fortune from his brothers numerous family to his agreeable helpmate.

Is not this the case every day? How comfortable long and happy, might gentry reside at *their own good* houses in the country: and perhaps, for some years, some do: till madame, getting the upper hand, and urging the old motives of *education* for the girls and of stirring interest for the boys, drives the unhappy unresisting husband to crawl thro' his shorten'd, latter, days, miserably, in a dog hole in Marybone parish!

A well spent country life should consist in farming,

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gardening, fishing, riding, and in reading old and new authors—what more man is to be wish'd for?

For all the rest is scandal, folly, madness! Even the littleness of country sports exceed, surely, the wicked idleness of London occupations?

I and my boy will go ferreting, tomorrow and so we did—*both the boys* up early.

Monday  
May 5

Gastlings

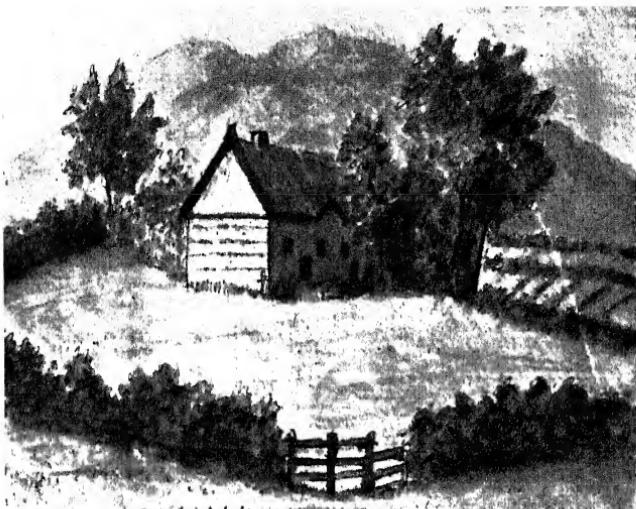
A hand basket provided,—brandy and bread and cheese therein: ride away to F. Y[oung]'s at the Gothic Lodge—, then with his ferrets, and an assistant digger to the spot, formerly called Nodes Warren, now a half improved place, —some fir trees, some intention but all neglected, unfinish'd—our horses were left at Gastlings Farm. Here did F. entertain himself,—whilst his old papa—as well pleased, fancied himself young and when not attendant to their diggings amused himself by taking the sketches.—

Mamma thinks us cruel; but from our cradle there is a love of field sports handed down to us from Nimrod;—and confirmed by the Norman Conquest; as a right of gentry: Nor do I hope to live to see the Sans Culottes of this land laying all distinction waste—and in defiance of law, and submission proclaiming what they call the rights of man.

One poor plaister'd cottage shows some attempt at taste;—and stands in a little valley—which might be made lovely—but in what taste but the distaste of all fancy, wert thou built? and why not build pleasant cottages? And why not make the cottagers pleasant by allotting them land and an easy rent?

F[rank] Y[oung]'s terrier Nettle was a nice puppy: but he would not sell him to me! That was odd? The day turn'd cold and mizzling and we returned, very hungry, to dinner.

We had brought with us two live rabbits—which we now intended to course with Fancy—; but unknown to Mrs B.—as being *a very savage act*.—This finished to the



THIS POOR PLAISTER'D COTTAGE  
*from a water-colour by the Diarist* [facing p. 10



satisfaction of the sportsmen,—I took a solitary walk to the Vale of Stratford, prettily placed below the sandy hills, making a view of the first cottages, where the inhabitants from the assistance of the surrounding gardens, (and the little rabbit plunder) seem to be in a comfortable state—keeping carts, pigs, and poultry.

After this active well spent day, I was eager for an early supper and an early bed; tho' I did stay up till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 o'clock and because General B[ertie] had hinted his intention of calling here this evening.—

When I had been some time in bed, the general arrived, but I then found myself too uncordial to rise for those who consider only their own hours.

I had a cool, early, garden-walk before I prepared myself to listen to the general: and great was, then my *surprise* to learn that he was then posting, on the wings of *love*, to commit matrimony tomorrow:—<sup>Tuesday May 6</sup><sup>15</sup>

All his intentions,—hopes and designs, seem to be accomplish'd!!! How few men can build castles in the air, and render them habitable? I repined not at his good fortune—nor did I feel envy; but only a sickening fretfulness, springing from poverty and the thoughts of quitting an acquaintance I had familiarly known for 32 years. He is starting into the happiness of his own taste:—just as his old friend sinks into poverty; and despair!! These are crude feelings? and give me the bilious cholic to the extreme. He pressed me to go with him as far as Alconbury Hill and before his departure held a long conference with Mrs B.

At twelve o'clock we two and F. began our ride—; his groom with T. B. rode round by Waresly—to purchase and bring forward the spotted setter before mentioned—we went over Biggleswade Common Sandy Warren—and so into the North Road at the end of Girford.

The general rode upon a new shewy horse—but of such clumsy shoulders that I advised him by all means to put

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Eaton

him into harness—As we were trotting briskly along not far from Eaton, the poor old stiff poney fell head over heels and upon my boy, whom I imagined must be killed! He was in my arms in an instant, and seem'd to be only much stunn'd;—tears came to his relief—: wonderful was the escape, as the horse seem'd to fall upon F's back! If not worried enough before, this seem'd to shatter me to shivers.

The truth is the poor old poney is quite worn out; and all young and hasty riders slacken their reins—instead of tightening them when they press their horses forward.

We hurried over a chop dinner with bad wine at the Cock at Eaton—and then the same topick of pride and grandeur gratified—so has been the lady trap'd: He will prove a dawdling, handing about, sideboard, apron-string govern'd husband; she formal, vain, and extravagant; and—?? No. No. Thats not her turn: This is his best security.—

Alconbury  
Hill

Alconbury Hill would make any person feel miserable for the wind, here, allways bleaks and saddens. The best rooms were engaged. F. took his diversion in seeing a tench caught for our supper—which came most tediously forward—: after an unhappy stay in their bad stables. Of supper we had abundance,—(tho' F was the only eater) a great tench a roasted fowl, scotch'd collops etc, etc, etc.—

The general then again and again, held forth upon his own hopes, and grandeurs; whilst I, half deaf while reverting in my mind to former evenings, waited anxiously for the hour of rest. F. slept by me in a truckle; and my bile rather subsided—a golden draught would set me up; come not that soon, where shall I be? The beds and the wine here are better than at Biggleswade. But the station is dreary, and all around the house is dirt, and ill keeping.

Wednesday  
May 7

I awoke early; roused F and then went to the general who was shaving as close as did Gil-Blas for his Antonia.

When shaking his hand I said, 'General, I wish you

happy. I shall ever remember the pleasant hours we have passed together:—and with gratitude, reflect on my ever hospitable reception at your brothers house;—but now I feel, I know that you are embarking on a new life which must disever us; and therefore’—

‘I dont see that,’ answer’d the general, ‘and hope we shall continue our intimacy:—but no more on any batchelor plan.’ [F and I taking our road of return—by a little cottage which is nearly opposite the inn and were glad after a cold, and dusty, ride to stop, for breakfast at the George in Buckden, a good inn, where there was good <sup>Buckden</sup> cream and a political barber—as barbers should be—, to attend me. Mr S, the landlord has a snug house adjoining with a good garden which would suit a man of my turn, who can be contented with quietness, and reading a pamphlet in the evening.

For F’s amusement;—as to diversity, we return’d by the lower road thro St. Neots; tho my attention now is taken up by his poney, whom I expect to fall hourly. Mrs B appear’d in tolerable plight, and my old stable, two stall’d, which has been occupied by the horses of a militia capt, being restor’d to me made me feel more at home.—

Our inn, this night was full of uproar, and so much company that the Duke of Hamilton<sup>16</sup> was obliged to bed upon a parlour floor. He is a low fellow, and there let him lie.

Were I a man of fortune, my letters and servants should precede me:—and then, at my arrival I should sup in the best parlour. (Drink of my own wine) and sleep in the best bed (upon my own sheets and pillow). But fashion, and folly are generally synonymous terms, and to exhibit the former, the latter must be prevalent. ‘Boniface’!<sup>17</sup> This should be a man of quality etc.—

This morning my mare was shod.—After a great want, *Thursday May 8* and wish for rain, the day proved wet till 2 o’clock, our dinner time. In the evening I took a drawling walk;

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(commenting) upon the many letters I have lately receiv'd, none of comfort: many subtle; more foolish; these retard Mrs B's recovery.

Walk'd from the back of our inn near to this well shaded hovel thro Mr Birchener's grounds to the common; and return'd to my usual hour of supper. The rain has laid the dust; but much more would be very acceptable.

Friday  
May 9

After my regular morning walk,—(most delightful at this season to watch the progress of vegetation; to hear the cawing of rooks, and to listen to the enticing notes of every bird,) and an early breakfast,—F and I rode quickly to Southill parsonage; whence we found them all gone to Haynes village to a sale of the parsonage there.—Ladies love an auction tho very unfit to be trusted as they are sure to purchase something of no worth or of no utility.—We soon overtook Mr S[mith]'s and Mrs Harvey's post chaises; as also the Revd Mr Markham (a name pleasant to me from the writings of Gervaise Markham) who is an angler.

Haynes

A sale of old pans and bedsteads is a miserable thing. Mrs H[arvey]<sup>18</sup>—bidding out of fun purchased a lot of kitchen utensils—and amongst them a small brass pestle and mortar—which she presented to my daughter Biddy—who may keep it till with herself, she presents it to her husband.—The church and parsonage of Haynes are pleasantly placed: the fine old front of H. House is just pull'd down; and will be replaced by a modern bow window'd *elegance*

Clophill

F and I hurry'd forward on our ride; but were quickly impell'd by the rain to take shelter in a new nice hovel, wherein we stay'd for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour; till the day clearing up when we resum'd our ride, over the diversified country to Clophill.—

Under a wood was a Gypseys encampment—; but except an old male gypsey they were all abroad, else I had had my fortune told having ever been most curious of

enquiry concerning these people;—and have never yet been able to get my curiosity satisfied.—More rain coming on, hurried us to the George Inn, a small public house at Silsoe—(often mention'd in my tours). Here in the back room towards the garden, we employ'd ourselves in blowing the fire—and in waiting for something to eat. The day was cold and rainy—and this house is only for a hot summer's lounge.

The people—and their best room were taken up by a post chaise company. The stabling is tolerable and the hostler very attentive.—The chops at last burnt up and our bad dinner came in: But all these rides became pleasant in the eagerness and gratifications of my cade lamb—and as the world appears so young to him it prevents my feeling it so old, as I should if I were alone.

## GEORGE, SILSOE.

Eating	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	0
Beer	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	3
Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	3
Fire	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
Horses Corn & Hay	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	6
							5	6

The expense was not high for 3 people? Tho' they screw'd up Hay one penny pr. horse.

Had the day been tolerable my intention was to have ridden round Wrest Park and to have seen the alterations and repairs of the house. But this may lay by till another summer and then if??? No coarse brown bread here! Why this is upon the levelling system?

We rode quickly home in the rain all the way and I felt glad to return to even this kind of home. Tea, garden, walk; supper; bed: Life's eventful history is no more. All sameness and folly. Hope and discontent fill the cup: Illness shakes, and death oversets it.

After this happy rain who should abstain from early

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rising to taste the freshness of the morn and to enjoy the fragrance of the hawthorn.

*Saturday  
May 10*

F and I arose early for every child awakes at the call of hope. We were soon at Wells's Farm where they furnish'd our breakfast; and hence had the day proved favorable I had projected a longer ride, but cold storms of hail and rain succeeding each other, made us glad to return.

This change and variety of weather brought on nervous head-achs (to which I have been subject thro' life) which affected me severely on the following day (May 11th). Nor I was able to perform much in the way of exercise: but only loitering about, which I never do—unless prey'd upon by bile, or nervous head-achs.

*Sunday  
May 11*

Old May Day is still remember'd by old people, and there yet seems to be a gratulation of the summer—of its comforts of its delights.

*Monday  
May 12*

Having been idle yesterday, to-day I become more alert; besides my mare gets too frisky if she holiday makes. F and I took our mornings ride to Potton to call upon Mr Hinson,<sup>19</sup>—but he was from home: Thence over Sandy Warren to S village where in the church-yard is the following inscription upon a grave stone:

The Grave is like a refining Pot to true Believers, and when the flesh hath left the Eyes dross we like the Sun shall Rise.

Having a wish to see what alterations and improvements Mr T[hornton]<sup>20</sup> was making at Muggerhanger, we rode 3 miles further to that place which is truly a dismal hopeless spot where Mr T has spent much money but which the best taste, and the first fortune can never bring to beauty or comfort; and it wants water, soil, and timber.—

As the day was fine I accomplish'd an intention this evening of calling forth 2 chosen bands of Cheshire militia—to exhibit, before me, their county game of prisoners bars which is a sport of mere agility, and speed



ELIZABETH BYNG, THIRD VISCOUNTESS  
TORRINGTON

(the mother of the author)

*From a contemporary oil-painting kindly lent by David Minlere, Esq.*

[facing p. 16]



and seemingly productive of quarrels: In my opinion it is far inferior to cricket, cudgel-playing and many other provincial sports—distinguished by skill, and gallantry.—

For lightness and to prevent being touch'd by an adversary—they strip themselves almost naked.—The party march'd to, and from the ground (by permission of their officers) in military movement. With the officers of this corps I have avoided intercourse: With one lady Mrs T and Mrs B have passed some visits and civilities.—The private men are of fine limb, and stature—and would be happier, and freed from mischief, if they had more fieldays, and employ.

Mrs, Miss S[mith] and our daughter Biddy drank tea with us; and stay'd till 8 o'clock.

On Tuesday May 13th I awoke my F. at very early *Tuesday May 13* morn. 'Come forth and ride' but where I told him not.— We rode through Langford and Henlow; 'and now F would you like to see Ickleford—the abode of your father for 4 years—18 years since?' At Ickleford Parsonage— Ickleford did we stop to ruminant and gaze for some minutes.

This was a land of my remembrance the 4 years spent at Ickleford—say shall I think how? in pleasure or in pain? Why young in pleasure and not old in pain, they passed away as years I do not want to recollect,—but stopping at Hitchin,—I had to recollect and to describe to my boy my much younger scenes and memory:—

'Around this porch, my Fredk—have I trundled my hoop a thousand times, at every corner of this churchyard have I play'd—but with a sigh to return to my mother:——but come ye here Frek.—' (Leading him to a bench, near the churchyard gate) Upon this bench, Frek, did my father (44 years since) take his last farewell kiss of me, bidding me be a good boy and to remember him. Let us sit upon it?—'

'No, father, that I would not for the whole world:— Never will I sit upon—that—bench.—

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After breakfast we parted; he on his return to Biggleswade I on my way to London, (that emporium of wickedness and foolish fashions)

Barnet

Beyond Hatfield I was obliged to shelter from the rain, beneath a tree for a long time; and then under an inn gateway.—At Barnet I left my mare, and at a lucky hour took a post-chaise, as it rain'd vehemently, all the way to London—Here I had dinner, and daughters; I thought of the country *follies* left and heard much of Londons *wisdoms*, operas, and balls: John came home and sat with me till bedtime.

Wednesday  
May 14  
London

My next morning was employ'd in walking about my detestation, London; waiting upon my lawyer; and lounging about till what I thought a good hour of dining: When I put in at the Piazza Coffee House Covent Garden, —and had the room to myself at such an *unnatural* hour: Thence like an old country put, I adjourned to Drury Lane Playhouse where I enjoy'd the highly wrought exhibition of Mrs S[iddons]'s performance in Catherine in Henry 8th, altho' lost and sent to waste in this wild wide theatre, where close observation cannot be maintain'd,—nor quick applause received!

Restore me, ye overuling powers to the drama, to the warm close, observant, seats of Old Drury where I may comfortably criticise and enjoy the delights of scenic fancy: These now are past! The nice discriminations, of the actors face, and of the actors feeling, are now all lost in the vast void of the new theatre of Drury Lane.<sup>21</sup>

Garrick—thou didst retire at the proper time—for wer't thou restor'd to the stage,—in vain, would now thy finesse,—thy bye play, thy whisper,—thy aside,—and even thine eye, assist thee.—

Thus do I crawl about in London!—Where are my old friends? All gone before me—!!! Where are thy new ones? Why, they understand me not; they speak a new language,—they prescribe fashions,—I think they do not

understand comforts. 'Why here is a fine theatre,' say they? 'Aye, it may be fine, it may be magnificent; but I neither hear, nor see in it!!' 'Thats your misfortune'—'So it is I allow; but not yet my failing.

'Does it proceed from the narrowness of my faculties; or the width of your new stage? Answer me that? Is my decrease equal to your increase? No; No; fill your stage with monsters—gigantic cars, and long train'd processions—whilst the air vibrates with the sound of trumpets, and kettle drums: These will beat all your actors, and actresses out of the field. Who will listen to, or who can hear the soliloquies of Shakespeare, the inward terrors of the mind—perturbed imaginations and the strugglings of a guilty conscience—?

To see a *fellow* hunting a dagger about the stage—; or an old *princess* wasting in a great chair?

Who will go hereafter to see their tiresome attitudes? To hear them none will attempt—, so let us have the battlements,—the combat, the sulphur, the torches,—the town in flames—, and the chorus.

The countryman came home; and went early to bed.—

My next day produced nothing of novelty; or to relate; I *Thursday*  
*May 15*—what they call—visited in the morning; I dined at home; I read as much as possible: I slept in the evening and went to bed to lay awake.—And indeed my night was rendered wretched by the bile—so that when I awoke—early on (Tuesday) May 16th, I did not find myself equal (*Friday*  
*May 16*) to a walk; John<sup>22</sup> accompanied me to Highgate—and thence he return'd to his duty in London;—whilst I against my humour beat the hoof—and as neither chaise, coach, or cart passed, was obliged to crawl on to Barnet.

Here the coffee and toast somewhat restored me, and my mare appear'd in lusty health, but I would not mount her till the Shropshire Regiment had dispers'd into their quarters, for a drum would overset me!

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From Barnet to Baldock, 27 miles, is too long to pull and should be avoided, if possible, but today I rode to an hour—by promise.

Mrs B[yn]g and F[rek] were there before me and dinner was ready, which I relish'd as highly as a return *to my home*.—

There is no station at the distance from London certainly that can compare with Baldock—for a hare shooting country (with this sport did I begin, with this sport do I wish to end) as it is unbounded and unlimited:—Perhaps hares may be scarce—but I were determined to make the White Horse,—a very good inn, my head quarters for the winter—, why, then I should look about me for a general permission, and indulgence; the shepherds should all be my fee'd servants; and where hares are wanting—I must by application, to the Duke of Bedford, and to Ld Howard,<sup>23</sup> procure frequent nettings from Wooburn, and Audley End Parks—, on a Saturday evening my hares would be turn'd out in a vacant country, and when on Monday morning or during the following week, I try'd a hopeless beat—what sport should I have!!

Returning to Baldock, my wines would be excellent—*Madeira & Port*; the whist table and the stable hour would beguile the evening; and on the following morning, my *little steady* trailing beagles would move abroad by break of day.

Every man to his diversion—; but tire my friend of this, and four hours will restore you to St. James St.—the opera—and all your dear Metropolitan delights.

F. and I had a pleasant evening ride to Biggleswade; when I was planning all these former (foolish fanciful) ideas.—

*Saturday  
May 17*

Our next morning's ride—was about Sutton and to look at a pretty long tail'd poney: In the evening I rode alone—and as my mare escap'd from my hand—when leading her, I much dreaded her return alone before our windows: but after she had finished her frisk she suffer'd herself to be caught.—

Mrs E[dwards] of Henlow, and Miss S. of Southill—both equestrians drank tea with us and to hear the band of musick of the Cambridge Militia—; which regiment, as good perhaps as necessary, are not to be compared to the noble Cheshire Militia.

Mrs B. went, the next morning, in Mrs S[mith]'s *Sunday May 18* chaise, to Southill Church to be churched. F. and I did not follow till 12 o'clock: when we long loiter'd about the Southill Grounds—each ruminating according to his years till we thought the pigeons of the dove house were nearly ready for dinner at the Parsonage.

Wishing not to drink bad wine I had appointed the old gardener Brownell to go with me—into the wild, overgrown menagerie—; to cut a variety of walking sticks (in my Will-Wimble way) of which I have a great variety—and one particularly good one the strong stem of a guilder rose.

Mrs B.—Miss S[mith], and Biddy hurried back early to Biggleswade to hear the music and see the soldiery. (That everlasting wish for crouds and company!!)—I came in at 8 o'clock: to an early supper: and intending for an early bed—when Sr. Wm. and (my) Lady S[keffington]<sup>24</sup> arriving we could not avoid making them a visit.—(Such a vulgar—vain pair is rarely to be seen:—He a newly created baronet—God knows how, wants to be thought debonair—un homme de bonne fortune—and everything that is grand).

The conceited and hackney-bred, retires into affected illness. A lady qualm sick is allways dying under some unknown disorder:—and requires to be sadly pitied.—They are Irish, and as they should be, wrong, headed: He assumptuous, and all the flash: She all the genteel, and the delicate; 'Betwixt them twain—they got a little gentleman whom the call Master Cain'—but I soil not my leaves with his description.

To rise to greatness, and admiration—he Sr. Wm.

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must, forsooth, strut forth as a coll. of fencibles:— My lady *now* accompanies him to Leicester, for a share of the glory. Thus vanity and folly drag them eternally, backwards and forwards, like dogs in couples, who can never agree—and are eternally harassing each other.

Monday  
May 19

I was up early on Monday morning to see the parade and marching of the Cambridge Militia,—who are neither well chosen nor well disciplined. Why can their officers belong to them without knowledge or zeal? Why not make them good, and happy—for your comfort and for the uses of their intention? F. goes with them to Stevenage: Poor child, his head is almost turned—and he fancies himself an officer.

Mrs B.—with her nurse, intends a drive to dinner at Eaton. I went a round-about to speak to Mr D. at Hill Hall [of] Quarters for a spaniel puppy.

A fine day; tho' rain is much wanted.—I met the second Division of the Cambridge Militia, upon their march, in the order of a flock of sheep: with their officers, preceding, or following them in chaises!

Eaton

Eaton is a gay village with a very fine large church.— Till dinner time I wander'd about the Castle Hill—; a spot of much beauty which might be render'd charming—if some plantations and walks were made.

At dinner as a proof of the extraordinary forwardness of the season, there were peas in plenty!!

Whilst Mrs B. went on a visit to old Mrs W—I employ'd myself (never to be idle) in taking a sketch of the opposite gateway leading to his farm-yard, after which and another Castle Hill walk the time of our departure arrived. For variety we returned thro St. Neots,—I at extreme leisure saunter'd thro Sandy, (in comfortable enjoyment of thought and of time my own) over the common and so home.—

F. who had marched to and then dined with the officers

at Stevenage, did not return till his mother's fears came thick upon her.—

## COCK INN EATON.

Dinners	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
Beer	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	4
Wine	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	3
Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	4
Servts.	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	9
Horses	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
Coffee	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
							9	10

I seldom make visits in London; and when I do, commonly return exhausted by the petulance, contradictions, and ignorance of affectation and vanity.—I think that I state matters fairly, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice; and never walking beyond my little line of knowledge: Therefore, can less endure to hear others dash at every science, and pretend to every information.—

Some two months past—I was, unluckily, let in to two ladies of excessive vanity; and harden'd in assertions, by the praises of old pompous men, who thus keep up the ball together.—As an Englishman, I am careless of my country, and of absurd partialities for Englishmen, possessing all comforts, a land of beauty, and a dialect of comprehension, free'd from ugly sounds, and ridiculous emphasis, own nothing but what can defend itself.—Not so with most other countries; and those who should least attack, the most by way of concealment.—

I travell about, slowly, on horseback, for observation; ladies, commonly, rapidly in a post chaise—and are *not* supposed to observe.—

The ladies I visited—are Scotswomen whose first attack upon me (premeditated apparently by them—and unprepared for by me) was about the Sun Inn at Biggleswade, (where I so often reside as they knew) as *wretched*,

*filthy, &c, &c.*; and that the road between Buckden to Biggleswade, was *horrid*! *Oh horrid!* to the extreme.—

Perhaps had I answer'd properly I had adverted to their *own, sweet, delicate* country? But *I* was better bred; neither did I state to them any opinion of the inns or of this road. (For what avails it to combat in argument with women—unless you hope, by it, to possess their persons?)

Why, I have frequented this Sun Inn, and ridden about this country, I have often mention'd (to you my gentle reader), so my only timid observation was that for walking, or riding it was excellently placed; and where you might ride 20 miles in comfort, upon the driest soil.—

‘They never heard of this’. Thus the conversation dropp'd: But supposing I had attacked the *Land of Cakes*, how had they then *fired and defended*??

Now, let me make a statement, in plain truth, of this—(*horrid, shocking*) road—betwixt Biggleswade and Buckden. As a road of fine gravel it is unequalled—Leaving the Sun Inn of Biggleswade, (one of the cheapest, quietest inns I know) you pass the old bridge over the River Ivell, with a pleasing view of the river, and its frequent navigation. A mile of flat road, thro enclosures, with a distant view of Wardon, and Northill Churches to the left, and of the Sandy Hills to the right, leads into Lower Caldecote hamlet; hence a twining road of another mile to above Beaston hamlet, where you have a charming look of Sandy Church and village, with the two houses of Sir Philip, and Dr. Monoux;<sup>25</sup> and closer to the right, the pleasant Vill of Stratford, back'd by the entire Roman camp of Julius Caesar.

Passing thro this neighbourhood, any observer would be astonish'd at the culture, and gardening of the fields; surpassing every thing I ever saw, but just about London; for every field is cropp'd by peas, carrots, parsnips, French beans, cucumbers, &c, &c. even the very open fields; and you cannot prevent your horse from smashing the cucumbers. (I once told this to a friend of mine, who smiled con-

tradiction, till I led him into this garden of a country; and then he owned his surprise and conviction.)

Passing by the end of Beaston hamlet (48 miles) you come to Girford Bridge (over the Ivell) newly built with sand stone. To the left is the newly repaired house of Mr T[hornton] upon the hill at Muggerhanger; and in front, upon the river, the steeple of Blunham Church. Here the road enters the hamlet of Girford—a long and pastoral hamlet surrounded by the cultivation before mentioned.—

Sandy Field exhibits the same shew of fertility: To the right, upon the hill, amidst woods, stands the new built seat of Mr Pym; to the left, over the river, the village of Blunham, the beautiful steeple of its church, and the pretty house of Mrs C.—

At Mile 51 you enter Tempsford village—a little <sup>Tempsford</sup> thoroughfare; at the end of which are the grounds and house of Sr. G. P. close to the road, foams the wide River Ouse—now joined by the Ivell.—(as at Sandy there is a Roman—so here is a Danish camp) The village of Wroxton is on the other side of the river; to which there is a ford, passable when the water is down.—At 52 there is a long bridge over the River Ouse (an excellent spot for fishing)—At 53 you come to Wiberson village—; Colmworth Church looks loftily to the left. To the right, over the river is seen the church of Little Barford, at 54 you pass by a range of houses call'd Little End.—At 55 you enter the large village of Eaton; where are several inns, one, The Cock, much frequented by fox hunters, and a noble church.

From the hill above Eaton there is a view of the large market town of St. Neots in the vale which join'd to <sup>St Neots</sup> Eynesbury village makes a great shew: St. Neots Church, and steeple, are much admired.—At Cross Hall, a pretty spot,—where there is a good public house, The Ram, with a grove of trees, you quit Bedfordshire.

At 57 pass the end of Little Paxton village. The high road being adorn'd by the two good houses of Mr Rey-

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nolds and Mr Alexander. At 58 you pass thro Southoe Turnpike at the end of Southoe village—mount the hill to Doddington village; where is a very pretty place of Mr Thornhills who has taken the church into his grounds. You now leave Sturtlow village to the right—where stand in view the houses of Mr Brown and of Mr — with—before the lofty spire of the church, and the palace of the Bishop of Lincoln, at Buckden. Which village you now enter: and I consign you to the good inn, The George.

Buckden

After having gone thro that I think a road of unusual populousness, fertility—and pleasing views. Ten villages, or hamlets, are pass'd thro in 16 miles!! There are 9 gentlemens seats close upon the road besides many others in view: 3 bridges over navigable rivers are cross'd;

One Roman camp is seen; and at every mile a good public house may be enter'd in case of storms, or hunger:—at Eaton there is an excellent inn much frequented. The George at Buckden is also excellent; and there is a brisk navigation upon the rivers. Now what can be compared to this in Scotland?

Nor should I observe—this meanly, had I not been so strangely, and ignorantly attacked.—From Biggleswade Sun, I have conducted you by a vehicle of truth, to the Buckden George; where having refresh'd ourselves for an hour—We may return to the Sun: Opposite to which there is a wine merchant's whence in an instant you may be supplied with very sound hock—and most excellent claret.

Tuesday  
May 20

There fell in the night a pleasant and salutary rain: Not so pleasant my letters from — and how difficult to answer? But I must try and write in the delphic stile. At 100 o'clock when it clear'd up our soldiers march'd, a sad set under sad discipline. Mrs. S was expected this morning at 10 o'clock—; but supposing it a bad day, never came; silly that at this season. My morning was spent in drawing; or in lounging about; and in purchasing a new dog, a terrier—*Crab* from the gardener who comes to work here



'This old Summer House is at the Back of the Sun Inn, which Summer House did formerly . . . receive the Gentry of the Neighbourhood. Herein did Pattee, Lt. Visct. Torrington, the eccentric Sir D. Osborn, the dashing Buck Sir Roger Burgoyne, etc., assemble to Bowl; and to finish their Bowls.'

*from a water-colour by the Diarist [facing p. 26]*



from Southill. I must have comfort of some sort and dogs are diverting, quiet *uncontradicting easily govern'd*, and *easily parted with*.

We dined, dogs and all, at 2 o'clock (whilst I can keep a parlour dog—I am not quite govern'd) at 4 o'clock I took a lazy, melancholy ride on, and about Sandy Warren: But I was gloomy; and find I cannot ride but to a point—

On Wednesday 21st I was abroad at an early hour, to *Wednesday May 21* take out my new dog; but he is no hunter, but a conceited tarrier as most of them are, (I want a busy, bold, cocking spaniel, who will endure travell, range wide, and thread a brake—poor Jock, thy equal in, sense, steadiness—endurance, and courage, is rarely to be found.—) Mrs S. was expected here at 10 o'clock; but none but myself, country labourers, and London chimney sweepers now arise before that hour. The Lancashire Militia—1st Division are not expected here till one o'clock.—Although my mare's nervousness works her up to odd fancies,—almost as bad as restiveness,—yet I must not forego my ride! And to day—F. and I made our first point to Mr E[dwards]'s<sup>28</sup> at Henlow—whose grounds having a river flowing thro them *Henlow* —might be made very pretty—but here is a total lack of taste, for every tree is shroved—and there are neither shade, nor neatness!—

Mr E[dwards] is a gentleman of good intention, of honest manners, and of a mechanical turn; but indolence and melancholy self-sufficiency govern his great body: Indifferent and tasteless, he is a cold cordial. Having been educated together, when children, and known to each other in youth, he professes an esteem for me;—but it is the esteem of winter. Whilst I require an equinoctal friendship.—His mother a very antient sensible woman, receiv'd us in her flower garden, sitting in a great chair with the gardener beside her, reminding me, (as I told her) of Queen Catherine in Henry 8th.—A tortoise crawl'd to her feet, to be fed. 'Madam,' says I, 'he must not live alone

in Eden, I will send him a mate' (and so I did)—Mr E and I discoursed about the times, and the daring creeping on Democracy; from which he is adverse: but so timidly, and slothfully minded that he will never plant himself in the gap to stop it.

Country life is ill understood for early rising, and early beddings are the source of all health, and of all pleasure.

From Henlow, we pursued an ugly ride, and a bad road to Meppershal chapel—now a barn to a large farm situate in grazing grounds—;—but what has it been? A cell to Chicksands? Where am I to seek information? So to the village of Meppershall; to return thanks to the rector for his obliging invitation

Mr W.<sup>27</sup> has just finished the building of a new Parsonage which is convenient and sufficiently good—but placed in a dismal country upon a wretch'd soil, in a starving village, with roads nearly impassable: (Nothing but force could set me down in such a place) Some neighbours, tythe holders and were assembled to dine with him; so we made our visit but short, tho pressed to be of the party.—In our return I had to entertain myself, and F. by a recapitulation of the thousand hunts I have had between this village, and Biggleswade.—The doors of our inn being chalk'd with poetry, I enquired about the author—and found it was a private of the Royal Lancashire Militia whom his brother soldiers seem'd to speak of as *highly accomplish'd*.

\*This was the only specimen I took down.

'If quarters good you want to find  
You must not be a glutton  
For here's a cook that's good & kind  
Will find you beef and mutton

2

The Landlord he's a civil man  
As any in the Charters  
And if you'll civil prove to him  
He'll find you all good quarters.

Such quarters ne'r was in the land  
 It makes us all admire  
 We live on meat that's very good  
 Our Name Royal Lancashire.

—*Thos. Clayton.*

This is a well bodied, well behav'd, corps; and I think you may perceive a superior conduct, and behaviour, in those regiments of militia the further distant born from London. Sadly proving that every additional street built in London becomes an additional drain from, and an additional source of wickedness to the allready exhausted country. How much improved—in sentiments and morality must the militia return from their various camps and quarters to their quiet homes?

I enquired for poet Clayton: and convers'd with him; but to view him fully, I order'd into our parlour in the evening: Where to Mrs B. he related all his history, 'That he was the natural son of a merchant at Liverpool. That he was brought up in a mean charity school but he had taught himself to read and write, that his delights were poetry and dancing; in the last of which he so particularly excell'd—as to subject him to many inconveniences—and to lead him into late hours, and drink,—that he had lately escaped from a dangerous fit of illness—when he repented wonderfully; and then composed his best and gravest poetry; of which he had quantity in his pocket book, whence he read many poems with curious emphasis—He seem'd to be an honest, and extraordinary character.

Our next ride was on a visit to W[yboston]n House. *Thursday*  
*May 22*  
 From natural civility I sometimes visit in the country; *Wyboston*  
 from non-resistance, and passive obedience I am sometimes forced to dine abroad in London: but I feel wretched at the time—and have to consider, at my return, how ill spent my time has been.

The gentleman we intended to visit—we saw with his huntsman and the hounds in the dog kennel—and there stay'd he—tho I told him I was going to his house: and

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there let him stay,—as his proper station—and in proper company for him. Tho he is totally ignorant of all that belongs to a huntsman or a hound!!!

His mother was at home—the breakfast being just finish'd at twelve o'clock! She—a grave old fashioned lady, would have wish'd for other hours, but her vulgar, elegant daughters overrule. She sits upon thorns, as modern mothers do, whilst the young ladies debate and contradict each other about caps, and fashions: or else swagger and bounce, in imitation of the men, their brothers intimates, about riding, walking, and other exercises they never perform.

F. and I made our ride extensive, and continuing till 4 o'clock.

Friday  
May 23

For several evenings Miss S. and our daughter B. have been with us, to see the military roll calling and hear their musick.

Our next ride was not so long as we dined early at the desire of Mr and Mrs S. after their return from church—and the confirmation of B[ridget] from the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln.<sup>28</sup>

Mr H[arvey] of Ickwell call'd upon us and with such a warm invitation to dine there tomorrow; that a refusal was impossible.

Mr H. is of so different a turn from many country gentlemen, and from his nearest neighbour—as in my mind to claim much respect;—studious, quiet, prudent, and polite with never failing duty to his mother:—But as he will neither drink deep, nor hunt madly, he may, possibly, be esteem'd a milk sop, or a fool. Reading, writing, and shooting seem to employ his time.

Of the continuance of this inn I now tire;—and they may tire of me—notwithstanding I cannot be a very bad customer; for here live at my cost—myself, Mrs B., F, T Bush and the nurse besides two horses in the stable! So I will try some fresh ground and fresh air, which Mr Gall says is absolutely necessary for Mrs B.

With this intention did I rise early,—and secretly,—on the following morning, (Saturday, May 24th) when I trotted to Eaton in an hour—for there fell a thick rain,—which tho' unpleasant to ride in made riding excellent. After breakfasting I concluded a negotiation with old Mrs W. about our reception at the Cock Inn kept by Mr W. her son—an honest, open—farmering character.—My dog Crab I had lost by the way; and was almost sorry to recover such an useless animal from a woman at Wiberson at the expence of a shilling.

Saturday  
May 24

A promise from me obtained I will perform—; so I prepared my mind at my return, to go abroad to dinner; nay I even went in Mr H[arvey]’s chaise—to Ickwellbury where we were civilly received, and hospitably treated;—but—what but? Why I languish’d for mine inn. You cannot say you are too hot or too cold; you must submit to the gravity of the occasion, and to a late—and to bad wines.

Supposing you are comical, you must not indulge—; and if witty you are not understood—. In a mean rural circle I am as good as F; wit requires a rebound;—how hard to meet with?

The evening was gloomy—; but my walk home—tho in damp I enjoy’d and to the quiet of my stable and my cold supper—but if people dared to make their own houses like inns,—in ease in warmth and by boldly calling about themselves it would be more acceptable to their guests.—Mrs B. now begins to take drives of visiting (in Genl. B[ertie]’s chaise left here) attended by her equerry (F) on horseback, a Jockie behind and Madame her lady of the bedchamber in the chaise.

As for myself I ride my solitary way.—

My next ride with F. was to pay our respects to Mr and Mrs H. when by her I was shewn the gardens, and by him his spaniels, dogkennels, etc.—

How I love to lead F. along without telling him our destination (sometimes I pretend to be lost). Soon we got

to Rowney Farm to see the good folks there—to whom, in return for their kindness, I gave a silver guggler.

This old manor farm part of the Abbey lands of Warden Monastery, is placed in a sandy soil upon a hill fronting the east; whence the view is comprehensive and charming.

To the right is a forestry fir plantation; keeping your eye, gradually to the left are seen the woods of Southill Garden, with the church peeping above the trees: In the fronting vale is the town of Biggleswade—every part of which with the church is clearly discover'd, when the sun shines upon it.—More to the left is the grand forest, fir wooded hill of Warden Warren; in the valley is to be seen Northill Church; and, as you turn to the left, you view Warden Church upon the hill, with many cottages of that village.

More to the left, closing the prospect, you discover Warden Abbey, in grasing grounds, back'd by deep woods. I do not know a more diversified inland view, and only wanting the embellishment of some large piece of water. If these church steeples, above mentioned, were to be whiten'd, they would come easily, as well as many others, to the immediate sight.

Keeping in dry and pleasant country, we passed thro' the hamlet of Haynes-Norward End: Then by the seat of Ld. C[arteret]<sup>29</sup>—whose august old front—just pull'd down—is to be replaced by some (Clapham) bow windows!

However, this antient dignitary is repair'd; and may afford some assistance to the surrounding poor. But for thee—poor Houghton House—I must lament: herein were labourers employ'd to levell—thy strong built walls:—Down go the floors: Crash fall the rafters—; the overseer—sent by his *Grace* the Duke of Bedford to oversee this havock, (at which let me suppose the last noble repairer—and inhabitant, the Marquis of T[avistock] to gaze with grief and astonishment) came forth to wonder at my overseeing—but he felt the delight of a butcher at

Warden



SOUTHILL CHURCH

"The sacred Storehouse of his predecessors,  
And Guardian of their bones."

*Macbeth*

*from a water-colour by the Diarist*

[facing p. 32]



killing a sheep (B) So I see you are hard at work here? (O) Yes Sir it is hard work for it is so strongly built; the materials were to have been sent to Bedford, but that I believe is given up now (B) Did you find anything curious? (O) Some coins Sir—and much painting upon the wall when we ripp'd off the wainscot (B) That of course you attempted to preserve? And before that attempt the D of B had accurate drawings taken from them? (O) No They were beaten to pieces. (B) I remember a room wainscotted with cedar, what became of that? (O) Thrown amongst the other rubbish. (B) I see that his Grace is felling all the old timber as well upon the hill; as in the wood below. (O) Yes, his Grace is making a fine fall—; and this avenue,— Sir, a mile in length—and which contains one thousand trees—will come down in the autumn. F. grinn'd anger, and contempt.

Now why all this havock, and ruin? Only a job for the artful, perform'd by cunning stinginess. Shall I live to see all the noble old mansions of the Kingdom pull'd down, or deserted!! Why not have lent this to any relations, or friends who would inhabit it? Why not let it for a school! Why not permit the Emigrés to reside therein: putting up some useful furniture for them? Or why not establish some manufactory?

But such wanton desolation! Such unnecessary levelling! But the D. is a leveller: Perhaps it may come to him and he, in his turn, may be levell'd. There is a quantity of fine and curious stone work about the building, I.R.'s with crowns, and other emblems.—

We rode down the back avenue of sweet chestnuts by the side of the old kitchen gardens, to the town of Ampt- Amphill hill; a little neat place tho melancholy from want of thorough-fare (here was our first tourist Hentzner)—We put up at the White Hart—a mean miserable inn—just in time as it began to rain, where we bustled about—attending our horses—and ordering our dinner. F. makes me alert and happy—from seeing him active, and pleas'd; he

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blows the fire, he cuts the cucumber, and then says 'How comfortable we are—this is a good inn'—opposite the inn stands a grand pump—the gift of Lord Ossory.—Here we have increased each feed of corn—one penny.

## WHITE HART, AMPHILL.

							s. d.
Dinner	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 0
Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 3
Wine	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 3
Fire	-	-	-	-	-	-	0 3
Servt. Eating Xtras	-	-	-	-	-	-	0 10
Horses	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 9
							<hr/>
							7 4

In this town reside Mrs H. a clergyman's poor widow—with her daughters where she maintains a decent appearance: We dismounted to make our compts. and enquiries and were much press'd to stay; but that could not be as we had a long ride home.—At Malden—we again stopp'd to visit at Col. S's—he was from home, but the ladies fled amain and would only view us from the windows! Thro Clophill, Chick sands Grounds to Southill Parsonage<sup>30</sup> to seek Mrs B; but she was neither there nor at Mrs H[arvey]'s at Ickwellbury: So home we came at 8 o'clock.—Short supper—early bed:

As we intended an early ferreting on the next morning, but the day proving chill and rainy, kept us about home till dinner time. An extraordinary figure enter'd our inn, yesterday evening attended by an odd looking groom, and the 3 horses—for there was a led horse, looking as lean and ill-kept as their Master who was cover'd by all kind of odd coverings—; and appear'd a modern Don Quixote: He was receiv'd civilly by our house, and usher'd into a parlour.

This morning he departed with great solemnity.—I then learn'd who and what he was—: 'It is Ld. M[on-

bodd]o;<sup>31</sup> who often travells this road, to and from Scotland;—his supper is a provincial dish, cook'd from his directions,—, after eating which at a very early hour, he retires to bed:—In the morning he allways produces 3 sixpences for the waiter—chambermaid, and hostler'.— Here is a lesson for Englishmen, lavish and wanton; who calling for supper, and wines, and dealing out generosity to servants,—, consume their fortunes; whilst this wary philosopher trudges his way,—, and sneering at the past works forward to his journey end—with rigid economy.

A letter this morning from John; may he prove some comfort to me. The weather is now changed to cold, and gloom, after the wonderful warmth, and gaiety of April— after dinner F, and I had our ride and we went to Wardon to view the Parsonage there, with an occasional villa; if Mr S[mith] the vicar, would fit and furbish up two, or three of the rooms—mend the paling, and paint the premises.

Now my wild thoughts were these:—

‘Repair the outhouses.—‘Change the entrance into the parlour.—‘A new, bow-window to do.—‘A chimney built without the house. ‘Some new, deal doors.—‘New sashing to 3 bedrooms.’ ‘This and the painting might be done for 50£.’ Grates, beds, chairs, and tables I would send.— Suppose I give £5 per annum rent for that house? Consider that the minister is obliged to repair—; and that he will still get an heavy rent from the present poor tenant for the house and glebe. The tenant with his wife would assist us; and of course we should assist them. The neighbouring excellent stables at the Hare and Hounds would receive my horses.—What think you of this plan? It is not a bad one—; but it is one, however that will not do.—

Under this fancy, I look'd into every corner of the house; and contrived my little comforts: ‘Here will be my book-case, there the dumb waiter, there my card and only table; & &—and in the cellar, a nice binn or two, for my wines’. The ground farm'd by the tenant is a large spot,

very productive of esculents—currants and gooseberries.—The poor people shew'd a strong hope of my coming to reside there; but both they and I will be disappointed!

F. was sadly vex'd not to have had his ferreting today, so on the morrow—we went off after breakfast, to F. Youngs leaving our cavalry at the Wardon Inn; met Mrs S. in Gastlings Grounds; then upon and around Nodes Warren (a beautiful wild spot commanding charming views) did they ferret to the great delight of us both; tho my thoughts were often employ'd in the melancholy thought that perhaps this was the last time I might survey the spot—as family ground—but that quickly it were to be yielded up to hasty riches, by a devoid of sense; feeling and every true principle.—

We often came near this building; which might be alter'd at a trifling expence to something Gothic or inoffensive looking, by the building of battlements, or corner turrets.—

I owed F. and was resolved to give him a sufficit.

Heartily tired, we return'd to our horses; then with a rabbet to Mrs Smyths—, where I sent back Crab, the tarrier, one of my hasty bargains: Rain coming on we spurred home which we did not reach till six o'clock; over eager for dinner.

At the gate leading into Southill Grounds this mean miserable hovel has been built, but could no one have furnish'd some models of better taste?

It was a dark dismal evening: Mamma and F. retire at 9 o'clock. I slumber out another hour worrying my mind by despair, and weakening it by false hopes.

My peace, purse, and constitution all require it. I must look to my reckoning here: Any of my long tours never cost the half of this confinement!—We have been quiet and comfortable here; and have certainly escaped much London noise, and much London expence.—At 5 o'clock this evening (one hour after Mrs B's departure in a chaise

to Eaton—with her nurse and the little dog, T. B. sitting behind, going thro St. Neots to see the fair) I had to arrange our bills, servants fees, &c; &c; as fatiguing a work as a ride of 30 miles.

A very long—but a very cheap charge 10d breakfast—is 6d dinner, 1s supper—pr head, and these all excellent, and superabundant. These charges will very soon appear wonderful!!

As this inn maintains all the methods, and inconveniences of old inns, so it retains a cheap and old fashion'd reckoning.

I am glad to try new ground—for fresh ideas, and from various reasons: Mrs B's weak health requires fresh air; and more quiet than B. has lately afforded.—A ride of 2 hours brought me to the Cock at Eaton—a pleasant spot <sup>Eaton</sup> where I found F. engaged at trap-ball and Mrs B. comfortably placed in a good parlour: They had pass'd thro the great fair at St. Neots.—I made a walk upon the Castle Hill—upon the rivers brink; then saw the gaiety of the fair folk returning.—We supp'd by day light for the 1st time: Observing from our window, with dread and detestation, the outrageous behaviour of some Cambridge bucks, who were abroad on a route of dissipation.—The waiter was shock'd! At length off they went in their gigs and tandems, at 9 o'clock to drive 19 miles to Cambridge;—arm'd with broomsticks more to encourage than to repell insults: But I sadly fear discipline is lost in our schools and that our young men start blackguards, and democrats.

We quiet folk survey'd the stable; and sat in our parlour, surrounded by our own—and all the dogs of the house;—till we mounted to our new bed chamber: where with much inconvenience, I lodg'd myself in a teak bed with curtains that never close.

A baddish night; consequently a bad morning. My *Friday* pleasure here must arise from novel rides; and from *May 30*

observing an improvement in Mrs B's health, and spirits.—My morning walk was about the Castle Hill. A spot of much beauty—and with excellent views towards St. Neots and the village of Eynesbury over rich and verdant meadows. Here are many good objects for a good draftsman—; but far above my attempt: However, I strove at some sketches.

There are two views of Eaton Mill, one taken from the meadows on the opposite side, the other from the grounds of the Castle Hill on the western side.—All about the mill would from a good pencil furnish excellent drawings.

Mrs B. has brought a canary bird with her, bought of Finch<sup>32</sup> my hairdresser, and angling companion—another attention added to those already, of my numerous retinue; for here is Fancy my little spaniel just ready to pup: Let me recollect my numbers—there are four mortals of us—2 horses—a dog—and a bird—now to my own parlour companions I admit 2 dogs of the house, a very small and a larger spaniel *Duchess* and *Musick*.

These are allways ready to attend F or me to the Castle ground to hunt for rabbets who quickly run to ground.—F and I—this morning rode after breakfast to Kimbolton —8 miles—a no very pleasant road—pass the end of the village of Hailweston—then to Gt. Stoughton where is Kimbolton the seat of Lord Ludlow; Kimbolton House is a dreary wretched thing—not improved by former Dukes of Manchester, nor likely to be improved by the present drivelling Duke.<sup>33</sup> I meant to have seen it; but we were refused admittance.—Kimbolton is a mean melancholy, little town —whose market is disused.—We return'd by the Pack side; wherein the Duke is adding on to its dreary look by felling the timber, to enable him to entertain the *bonny* Duchess—fiae the north.—

We now blunder'd our way thro bad roads, over a bad country, to Little Stoughton—a miserable village,—thence to Bishmede in Bedfordshire,—where Mr Geary resides, and I believe upon the old Scite of —.



TWO VIEWS OF EATON MILL

*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 38]



A Priory of Black Canons founded by Hugh Beachamp (Temp. Will Cong) dedicated to the Virgin Mary. But no owner of any religious foundation—that I know—care or enquire about the antiquity of place; search for records; preserve any remaining ruins,—,—or investigate any histories—or explore any ground! There may be such owners,—, but I never heard of them.—

Tired with our ride, we stopp'd for refreshment—bread and butter and milk at a small publick house—; and talk'd with the man at his means—and the country around him.—

Another 5 miles restored us to Eaton—and to a good dinner, but all the wines are poison!! F. finds followers—and companions here; and awaits for the children of the house coming from school to hunt the rabbits.

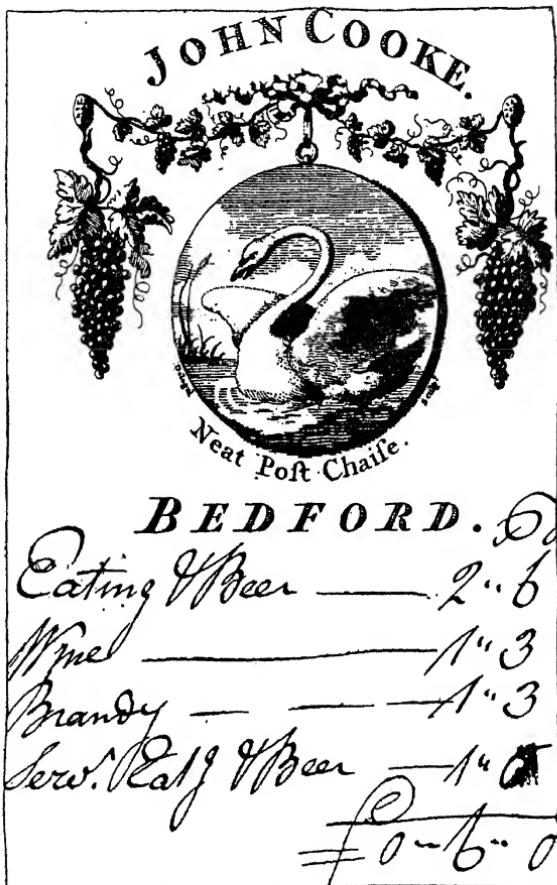
I took my evening ride alone; thro St. Neots where con- St. Neots tinue the relicts of their fair as *an elephant* and the King of France guillotin'd,<sup>34</sup> (Is not this a *bad* exhibition for the lower people?) Then turning to the left, thro' new enclosures and an unhappy country—till I came to the miserable village of Offord-Darcy; ruminating, as I often do, upon former riding and travel.—

New rounded roads will certainly bear the speedy chaise traveller along at a great rate and if the wish be to hurry from place to place, a great point is gain'd: But let us not suppose that riding is made better—; on the contrary it is made much worse, as the roads are hard, stoney and dusty; whereas, formerly the horse tracks were good riding, and the side paths numerous; besides all the excellent scampering over downs, heaths, and commons, now so generally enclosed: Depend on it that riding is ruin'd by the enclosures and *fine* rounding of the roads.—I was glad to return, there being nothing to see—, nothing to admire and as the summer advances, the weather becomes colder!

Fancy has pupp'd a cargo of ten puppies, all curs; but so much the better as they will be quickly destroy'd. Mrs B. took, with me, a short walk (would they were longer) to the mill and the Castle Hill. But she allways tires.

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A scheme for the next day being settled—old Mrs W. was invited to accompany Mrs B in the General's old



lumbring chaise; F and I riding, and with us pretty little Duchess, one of the spaniels of the inn. The sun is warm, but the air is cold. We went by Wroxton turnpike to near

Barford; where, parting from the chaise, F and I took the old road to Bedford thro' Goldington. It was market day <sup>Bedford</sup> at Bedford. Call upon Mr B. for ways and means: then survey the new building of the inn which if finish'd and contrived like the stables will turn out a poor thing; and to be built, as I have said, at the expence of Houghton House and the surrounding timber.

Ere we left Bedford we call'd upon two neighbouring lawyers—whose names begin with a P. I then wish'd Mrs B. to drive thro' Cardington and Cople, villages and to Wood End, the old mansion of the Lukes and of our Hudibras Sr. S. Luke<sup>35</sup> (but few ladies have desires or capacities for touring); returning to Cople Church we stopp'd for the inspection; in which are some old Luke tombs; and some brasses—, but *none* that would travell.— My road home I took leisurely—we supp'd at 9 o'clock, by day, or rather by moon light; and at a early hour, I betook me to that worst of all inventions a tent bed; where if you propose sleeping you must be properly prepared by strong exercise.—

'A dripping June brings things in tune'. So should it be <sup>Sunday</sup> <sub>June 1</sub> for the angler; so should it be for the rider—the driver, and the tourist; else the roads become hard, dusty and uncomfortable.—We are well stationed here, in a good house, with excellent stabling.—and good eating—only the wine to be complain'd of. At Biggleswade we grew <sup>Biggles-</sup> <sub>wade</sub> tired—because we wanted variety; and for a much better cause, the slow recovery of Mrs B there—a feel of a cold prevented my going to church (churches are such ice houses) but F went with the family. I did not stir out till one o'clock, and then only about the Castle Hill for we dined early and on excellent pigeon pye.—Received a long letter from John—; who writes good intentions, with cockney spelling.—In the evening I essay'd what is to me a fatiguing pursuit, a ride to no place, and to see nothing: Instead of being amused, my mind then preys upon itself,

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and upon its enclosure. The country around this place is not a country to elate the mind, or to rouse ideas. Being early at home, I urged Mrs B. to try a walk; but this by disuse, is become a toil, and a torture to her so it was not of long extent.

Gooseberry fool—and the cold pigeon pie soon made their appearance—; and to bed we retire to too soon—as we are not early risers—the news papers come in here at uncertain hours from St. Neots. My paper is left by some of the Biggleswade post boys.

If landlords would now as formerly attend only to their inns it were better for the sojourners; but they are ever abroad as farmers—or when at home—attending to the post horse traffick.

Every morning F and I hunt about the orchard and kitchen garden in quest of rabbits; where we have taken 3 or 4: The gardener—the civilest of mortals—aids our pursuit nor objects to all our dogs, and all our diggings!

Fancy's puppies are reduced to one, and that one, a mongrel, will not last long: About dogs I have acted in my hurrying way and only to encumber myself.—Fancy is the only one I shall retain at present, tho she is too small to follow a horse, and has got an asthmatick complaint.

*Wednesday*  
*June 4* Long Live the King; and may his power, and good intentions long continue: But alas! I think I see the end of King by Government, and indeed of all rule, approaching!

Hastily and unthinkingly plunged into war—discontent will increase with taxes—and we shall double our stakes like ruin'd gamesters.

The weather is gloomy;—so you perceive are my thoughts—; nor would be mended in St. James's Street by the glare of a birth day.

Mrs B. does not improve in health—; she is feverish, and will not be free from alarms about her son here, her son there and all the others of her family—;—nor can I aid her by hopes, or fancy of comfort.

I took a solitary ride thro St. Neots, a dull place (en-<sub>St Neots</sub> deavouring there at executing little errands—the common country work;) then kept the Cambridge road thro a vile, dreary country, with nothing to see, to hear or to amuse:

Surely it would be as beneficial to landlords as of utility to the State, to double the number of their farms—and to treble the number of their cottages—when their lands might be manured and crop'd—instead of laying as they do now,—half drain'd,—half till'd—;—the few people, and the few cattle seem nearly starv'd; an old shepherd is sometimes to be seen: But will any man abide in this misery that can get 10 guineas from a recruiting serjeant.

I now came to the village of Eltesley—a place so de-<sub>Eltesley</sub> plorable as I hope to be unmatched in Britain.—Are we to be fighting for the wrong of France? Are we to preserve Holland? Are we to think of nothing but trade—and to brag of our numerous ships? When our land is desolate, our poor oppress'd, and the interior of a country threadbare to furnish a tinsel fringe—an exterior of trade—;—that bane of comfort, that selfish, unfeeling monster;—

To two human male beings—whose nakedness was not conceal'd by rags, (who held my mare) I gave my loose halfpence—, and never had they possess'd before such treasure! Covering for head, and feet, they had never known! They seem'd to be about 12 or 14 years of age.—Meat, and fuel being unknown, but few children can be rear'd; and who would strive to rear them? The sooner they are starv'd the better? I should wish to lead the owner of this *paradise* thro his domains that he might exclaim

O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this!

Take physick pomp,  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That then may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the heavens more just.—

I walk'd around the wretched church-yard; near to which are many mounds and foundations—bespeaking

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that some great buildings had stood upon this ground;—part of one very antient now serves for a barn: of these *Leland* might speak,

Weale I return'd by Croxton another scene of misery—where is a half built deserted house of a Mr Leeds;<sup>36</sup> then thro the hamlet of Weale (Weale from Wood formerly); was glad to re-enter the turnpike road—and to get home by 2 o'clock. Dined at 3; no wine!

Took a dull evening walk upon the London road; when Lo! to add to my gloom, the genl and his lady—in all pomp—approached—on their way to *her* seat in Lincolnshire! Nothing could disconcert me more; than seeing him—thus lifted up by matrimonial grandeur, just as I am staggering from the perch; and a business so seemingly impossible!

We held civilities upon the road; and again When I could overtake them at the inn—at tea with Mrs B.—:—much labour of fine breeding and a pressure of invitation —hereafter to their mansion.

They re-enter'd their post coach and we call'd for our early supper;—and happy we should be—were but my wife hearty and her husband rich;—her ills arise from too much sensibility—; and my bile springs from my purse. As soon as the *happy pair* was gone I let loose my opinions with some asperity. 'Why what a farce is hourly play'd? and what palavering civility? Here come our *dear friends* who so much wish for our society, and our visits into Lincolnshire—;—and then finding us here *solitary, disengaged*, not to take us with them!' I could not have refused then even if I had not wish'd it.

Of Mrs B[ertie] my lavaterisms,<sup>37</sup> determines, that she is vain, weak, proud, cold, and quick temper'd. That she will have her own way, will seek shew, and grandeur, and will not be easily turn'd from her humour. In most points she will run well with her mate, for can they but figure a way, they will be gratified. A phaeton, a new piece of plate, or some new furniture, will occupy their thoughts at



ELIZA MARIA, FIRST WIFE OF ALBEMARLE  
PEREGRINE BERTIE

(afterwards 9th Earl of Lindsey)

*from a painting by Russell*

*By courtesy of Lord Lindsey and Robert Gust, Esq.*

[facing p. 44]



the time not dedicated to visitings and other pomps and vanities of this wicked world. But as for quiet, domestic enjoyment, rural felicity, and sober unadorn'd life oh dear heart!—They will think no more of such things than an Arabian of Greenland.—Hurry here, visit there! Now to the sea side; now to another public place;—subscribe to concerts—to Festinos, and the opera—most luckily for their sports, and tempers, they will never have children to thwart their humours or confine their time.—

Without choice of society, and careless of characters, they will maintain acquaintance, leave cards;—visit, and be visited; give dinners at home, and dine at other houses; go regularly to court, have one or two grand routs; and turn out a Genl and Mrs T—d. Commit no harm; transact no virtue; pass in company for *good kind* of people, enjoy no felicity at home, or in their own society; say little to each other, think less of each other: He never looking back over past years; and both of them in view of honours which may be distant or if arrived would turn their heads.—My old friend will never taste again such happy days as at Weston; such pleasant hours as with *Faff* and *Bob* and such cheerful weeks with *Byng*. He has long been climbing in hope to grandeur, to a post coach, and to pompous espousals: And now they are come!! To my surprise—and almost, I may think to his own.

Whilst I have been studying to get into quiet life and to

Sink to the Grave with unperceiv'd decay  
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way,

he has been bustling forward into every importance (inconvenience I call it)—obliged to go there; must dine here; and never wishing to be master of his own time: So he was properly train'd for his matrimonial excursion.—Meeting us at the inn at Eaton—distress'd as I told him, and not taking us with him to his house in the country!—Of fie!!

Would not a man—suppose ye, of such old acquaintance, forced you along with him? Revell'd in his meeting

with you? Made his wife sociable with you in an instant?—And not left you behind, (in this short uncertain world) to live in an alehouse, when they were going to their country seat: and where—surely (or my thoughts are wrong) society had been welcome—‘To make society the sweeter welcome’—I think fool as I am, that I had wrung my friend’s arm off—but he had gone with me: (only a servant girl in the coach)—‘Come in Mrs B and F,—, nay you shall go with us:—you and I, B, will ride sometimes together, or get into the carriage—if business calls me to town, you shall either go with me or stay with the ladies—but suit that to your Stamp Office in London;’—(I had no business in town, and if I had he had shot his civility; now I return to town from a want of invitation) ‘Your first visit will be kind, you will instruct me in matrimony: Of you Mrs Be had heard much—she longs to know my earliest friends in you and Mrs B:—We shall, seemingly, begin the world again in my felicity;—come, Byng, come.’—

Accustom’d to him for 32 years, I certainly, part from him with regret: and tho he obstinately kept his inveterate way, yet there he was, sometimes, for a dinner, an evening lounge, and to talk over past histories.—But, now he is not naturally dead, but *translated*, like Enoch, never to be heard of more.

Let me expire in the mock cordiality of an inn—left to the discourse—and the mercy of a waiter, and an hostler;—when such are the offsprings of old society, when such are the fruits of long spun intimacies.—.—

The next morning proving warm, and comfortable, urged me to an early rising—and to a pleasant walk beyond the mill by the river side.

I now stirr’d up my thoughts about fishing—and to seek an angling man. But first to the grand business of shoeing my mare: which was not finish’d, and seemingly well, till eleven o’clock—when a Mr D call’d on his way into Staffordshire—F. now urged me to ride,—as he had

borrow'd an active and safe poney of Mr W's (Tom bestriding the old grey poney) and we turn'd ourselves towards our old country—to Northill—to Mr H's and to Mr S[mith]'s at Southill—to enquire after their healths—and my daughter B's well being.—The old grey poney fell with T. B. in Broome Field.—

Then to our old home at B, where the servants appear'd glad to see us—and where we dined comfortably.

We return'd early to Eaton; then incessantly does F. Eaton sally forth to, and about the Castle Hill, in hope of a rabbet hunt.

The pleasantest walk about this place is that which leads from the mill across the staunches—and some foot-bridges—over the meadows, to the village of Eynesbury, and some to the adjoining town of St. Neots; where in the church-yard I took down with some difficulty, this epitaph, cut upon one of the buttresses of the church. It is most curiously engrav'd; and the rhyme is charmingly destroy'd.

Stay Mortal Stay  
 Depart not from this Tombe  
 until thou hast pondered  
 well thy Day of Doome  
 My Bow stands Bent  
 If <sup>T</sup> y Thou Canst  
 But Se Atmeneing to Shoot  
 And it May Light on Thee.  
 Prepare to Walk  
 In Dust take home this line  
 The Grave that is opened  
 next it may be thine.

1676.

I here got a larger cage for Mrs B's canary bird; then crawled home by two o'clock. Fancy's last puppy is drown'd. How difficult to get a pleasant and capable dog for travelling; such one as will carry you forward many additional miles in a day? and allways tempting you to a

walk, which otherwise you would forego. And this is the grand use of dogs—separately, or collectively. A terrier will not do—as allways following yours—or your horse's heels; a small spaniel wants strength and limb: A setter will not hunt woods or hedges,—and eats too much.—A dog tax, so much wished, and wanted and yet so improbable, would revive our good breeds.

There was a liver-colour'd, smooth hair'd—long back'd breed of spaniels and now nearly lost: One of these I should like to possess.—

Our dinner was very good; but Mrs B. was too unwell to come down-stairs, tho she was better in the evening. I rode, alone, thro the village of Wiberson, at a foots pace for 2 hours: In the mean time F. had caught alive two young rabbets—which with others that were quickly stolen from the place, he kept in the *fine kennels*; built for the D. of B's fox hounds, when his Grace should come to hunt this country.—

Now as some people may be so ignorant as not to know what a fox-hound kennel is,—I will explain to them that it consists of various well built buildings of brick, with strong good doors, and well tiled—; that there is a kitchen, boilers, and coppers;—with separate apartments for the female hounds during their accouchements—; that coals and straw are laid in, in great abundance for these hounds —nor is the most regular attendance or any kind of physick wanting for such hounds as are sick: Milk also is supplied in great abundance. This grand building is built close to the church yard; that they may be listen'd to during divine service.

The dog kennels for these noble animals proudly over-tops those miserable mud hovels erected for the sons of Adam; who looking, askance, with eyes of envy at the habitation of these happier hounds, regret their humanity and that they are not born fox hounds.—It is from neglect, and despair that Democracy, that Anarchy, spring, would every landlord prove himself the guardian, the protector

of his tenantry, who but would contribute to his sports, and preserve his game?

But when the farmer is over rented, and the pauper finds himself without the habitation,—or assistance given to dogs,—flesh and blood will rebel: No situation can be worse than what they endure; change must be for the best, come uproar, come confusion. ‘What is a King or a Parliament to me? Neither gentlemen nor justices, live amongst us. We are all at the mercy of the tythe gatherer, and the overseers’.

Being born, being bred a gentleman I feel I allways was and that I ought to be an aristocrat: but, in good faith, they wont let me continue one.

Those that should protect us, do not; those that should set the examples—expose themselves by mean, and miserable actions!—There are swindlers, high, and low—; and when the low ones are caught—they are punished!—

I will not be *alarmed* into my homage—; but it shall flow from my observation.—I respect Government;—but let that Government protect, and cherish me; let me not be terrified into submission; but let it arise from conviction; and let me glory in their rectitude.

Let the beams of Royalty shine with warmth, and comfort, let our princes prove bright examples—; may our bishops prove holy and their clergy considerate, and residentiary; let our peers be the preservers of the constitution; and let our commons judge for themselves.—

This may sound like a sermon.—Springing from the subject of a dog-kennell; but the truth is that this would make the best cottage in the village: But whilst the unaided paupers of the country will look at a dog-kennell with envy;—and the starvers of the town are to peep down, without hope upon the blazing displays of cookery—I will say ‘*Something is rotten in the State of Denmark*’.

The middle man is annihilated;—and quickly there will be no step betwixt the Nabob—, and the beggar; vice will not ruin the one; nor can honesty advance the other:

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

—Plunder therefore must be the order of the day. Hope is lost in despair—; and honesty is ingulph'd in misery. A former topic was the honesty and virtue of peasantry; now ask their character—they are all W's and rogues; all without shame, and support.

Hence the few grave men, the many ruin'd men,—and the multitudinous poor—cry out—*Reform, Reform.*

We treated old Mrs W. to another drive; and what she call'd a day of pleasure: Mrs B. took her in the chaise to Huntingdon.—It was a gay looking day; and the road thither is gay looking. F and I with dogs by their side.

In my way I met Mr B[rown]<sup>38</sup> the retreating member from the county, near his house, and held a talk with him: —I will not be brought into Parliament as a locum-tenens, to be turn'd out at the instant.

I next met Ld S[andwich]<sup>39</sup> near his old seat at Hinchinbrook, who is now obligated to reside here for a few days under civility to the county for his son's nominate as their member.

Elections are certainly of some use, as giving hope and confidence to the electors, and affording lessons of humility, and civility to a proud lord, and a steeped lordling.

We drove to the Fountain Inn where I survey'd the preparation making for the morrow's election of plum pudding, by the bushel—ducks and fowls innumerable, with hams—and pies in great abundance: but no venison! tho we live in Windsor Forest.—From this preparation it was easy to order dinner!

Mrs W. went to see her friends; and I took my walk about the old Castle grounds and over the bridge. Huntingdon is a town I like, as being upon a good river, with good roads on every side; besides it is clean, and well paved, with a constant, cheerful thoroughfare; and above all it is devoid of manufactories: for who can reside where upstart arrogance prevails. This passed as a pleasant day of variety; and our ride home was agreeable: Then F. and I take our evening sporting walk; and stay out as long as we can see.

Hinchin-  
brook

Hunting-  
don

We have now try'd this inn—and change of scenery much to our comfort—and I hope to the advantage of Mrs B's health; the landlord, landlady—waiter, and chambermaid all vye with each other in civility;—but we have stayed long enough—and it becomes time to depart. This day is to be our finishing day; and before I depart I will attempt some angling—which hitherto the cold winds have prevented.

So I procured a rod and line—and try'd long long, near the mill, without a single nibble. What a sweet spot might the Castle ground be made by planting—and making walks—; and then the island with such fine trees thereon beyond the mill pool!

We dined early that the package might be finish'd in due time; the jocke;—the dog; the bird; &c, &c, &c.—

That heavy business finish'd they departed in hopes to get a snatch at our Biggleswade fair. Leaving the gentleman—as usual—to the heavier business of settling the bill: which was much dearer than at our old shop as every cake and custard was charged. I had finish'd all this and was off by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock: Rode thro Northill and to Southill (there held a long conference with Mrs S.) and return'd to B—at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past—o'clock: Meeting many returning from the fair.

Then walk'd with Mrs B and Mr Gale up to the fair; but nothing worth seeing: Tho Mr R[epo]n<sup>40</sup> who soon after arrived, found a puppet shew. There was a crowd in our inn, of the Grocers Company. We had an early supper and our old beds.—

Our long sejour here now draws towards a conclusion for after my old ride about Wardon: and Southill and a dinner at Mrs S's (where Mrs B. and Mrs S. held long discourse, urged by me to assuage Mrs B's irritability) I at length after our return home—thought upon a scheme of removal—that accorded with Mrs B's wishes; and may tend more then any other project, to strengthen her frame.

This to state to Mrs S. I rode the following morning;

and then escorted Miss S. back to our inn, tho a sport I do not admire.—

At our dinner hour arrived the account of Ld H[owe]’s glorious victory;<sup>41</sup> and I also receiv’d letters from my two elder sons;<sup>42</sup>—a striking contrast, the one all insolence, and ignorance, the other of civility with an account of his being appointed aide du camp to Ld D. This was news, private, and public; that gladden’d my heart; so I sent for the ringers—and order’d them to tear down their steeple—which sounds I listen’d to, in pomp, in pleasure in my evening walk.—Returning by moon-light on the rivers bank; over which the coke furnaces throw a surprising heat and glare and whose flaming chimnies appear with wonderful effect, thro trees. Miss S. rode home with our Jocke T. B.

We still delay’d another day at B (‘a longing lingering look behind’) mine was a morning of walking. Mrs B. went to dine at Southill—an evening ride to Potton; and then a calm walk by the river side—till an extraordinary clamour commenced from the church steeple—which was crowded with people who when the bell ringing ceased sang ‘God Save the King’—with violent shouting—; and at the end of every song vollies of small arms were discharged from the battlements: All this was arranged by an old serjeant who gave the words of command to fire—to sing: etc.

Mrs B. return’d at 9 o’clock; just as the town began to be convulsed by bonfires, crackers, and drunkenness; (F in the midst to be sure) the mob continued shouting ‘God Save the King’ thro the night; assembling at the inn, and other doors, to collect money to keep up their loyalty.

Any number of people allways harden each other to debauchery—and mischief; and in every well order’d Government should be dispersed: What folly, and unlawful arrogance thus rise abroad, equally spring up in great societies, where the daring—, the ruin’d men—instill poison into the submissive multitude,—that by hurrying on the many to misbelief, mischief, and anarchy, they may



BRIDGE ON THE POTTER ROAD

*from a water-colour by the Diarist* [facing p. 52]



steer safely their fire ship of sedition; and as they are become as low in fortune and fame as can be—no upshot but must befit them.—Even their proselytes from pity will support them and the bewilderation of the law protects them. Foolish weak generous land stretching out thy hand to protect others will sink thyself! Thy victories are ruinous—a defeat fatal! To me my country appears just like one of its ruin'd individuals, who deaf to advice—and in debt beyond belief—will not pull up; but plunged in folly doubles its stake—raises money that it cannot pay and will—

Nay it must rouse itself—the whole land were a King's bench else nothing but the guard and the guarded—the mulcted and the mulcted one universal bankruptcy!!

Our baggage prepared, and piled, and much sent off to *Friday* London, we took our departure from Biggleswade, after a *June 13* stay of two months, here and at Eaton.—

First to Southill Parsonage to take up our daughter B. who has so long sojourn'd there; here were to be employ'd a profusion of thanks and compliments:

Then to Well's to return old poney: a like business.— (Poney I am glad thou art gone and that F. is safe).

We next crawled on to Hitchin by 2 o'clock; where we *Hitchin* dawdled about, and dined; and in a very warm evening came at our leisure to Wellwyn.—

#### SUN INN HITCHIN.

Dinner	-	-	-	-	-	-	6	0
Cyder	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	0
Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	6
Wine	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	3
Servt. Dinner & Beer	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	10
Horse	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	7
							11	2

Here we were warn'd by the bell man that a general Wellwyn illumination was order'd in honour of Ld Howes glorious victory over the common enemy of Europe.

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

But what first engaged F's thoughts was hearing of the Players (*from this bill*) and to this, he and T. B. went, whilst Mrs B and I walk'd in the meadows, till the darkness of the night came on and the illumination of the village was to commence.

When I mark down these performances it may be for here-after recurrence to see if any of them start into higher life. This Mr Crisp Junr. I saw play at Biggleswade with a very promising boyish splash.

I am not averse from the clergy<sup>43</sup> enjoying rational pleasures; but I like not to see their names stand foremost in encouraging idle debaucherie, which come not to comfort their parishioners, but only to pick their pockets, and to lead their minds astray.<sup>44</sup>—

Than this illumination nothing could be more picturesque, as every window was lighted up; and the glitter from dispersed cottages thro the trees has a pleasing effect; more productive of joy to the stranger than to the poor cottager who being thus mulcted for our glorious success will be left more in the dark than ever. But this illumination terrestrial had not long begun, when the heavens began to dash forth their lightnings; and to bring forward a night of excessive tempest, with an heavy rain (a rain much wanted) that will render travelling delightful.

WHITE HART, WELWYN.

Tea	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	2	6
Roast Chicken	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	2	6
Peas	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	0
Beef Stakes	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	0
Bread, Cheese & Beer	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	10
Wine	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	0
Negus & Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	9
Cakes	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	3
Letter	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	4
Rushlite	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	2
Paper	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	6
Servants, Liquor	-	-	-	-	-	-	o	0	6

By DESIRE of the  
**Rev. Mr. ROUSE.**

Positively the LAST Night.

**THEATRE, WELWYN**

On FRIDAY Evening, the 13th of JUNE, 1794.

Will be presented, a favorite COMEDY call'd

*Every One has his Fault.*

Irwin,	Mr.	MELVILLE
Lord Moreland,	Mr.	HARDING
Mr. Harmony,	Mr.	FRIMBLY
Edward,	Miss	CRISP
Servant,	Mr.	CRISP
And, Sir Robert Ramble,	Mr.	CRISP, Jun. X
Miss Wooburn,	Miss	GROVES
Mrs. Placid,	Mrs.	BAKEWELL
And, Lady Eleanor Irwin,	Mrs.	CRISP.

Singing by Master and Miss CRISP, and Miss GROVES.

To which will be added, a MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT call'd

**The ROMP.**

Old Barnacle,	Mr.	FRIMBLY
Captain Sighty,	Mr.	MELVILLE
Old Cockney,	Mr.	HARDING
Servant,	Master	CRISP
And, Watty Cockney,	Mr.	CRISP, Jun.
Miss La Blond,	Mrs.	CRISP
Penelope,	Mrs.	BAKEWELL
Quahiba,	Miss	CRISP
And, Priscilla Tomboy, (the Romp)	Miss	GROVES.

BOXES, 3s.—PIT, 2s.—GALLERY, 1s.

TICKETS to be had of Mr. CRISP at Mr. M.

On the morrow Mrs B with her son, daughter, and equipage pursued their journey into Berkshire whilst I work'd my way to London to encounter, to circumvent many most disagreeable circumstances and to study how to quit town as quickly as possible by striving at a ride into Berkshire.

## ii

*September* I am now striking up the second part of the tune, composed in 1794—the movements of which may prove so similar, as not to attract your attention: The first part has consisted of equestrian only—this may attack some piscatory pleasures.

*Biggleswade* Sorry I am not to have taken a diary of a very pleasant week at Biggleswade passed there with my son John (the only week of holidays he has had) in fishing pursuits having there remet after a long absence, a sapient angler, an itinerant, who is a citizen of the world and perhaps none of the honestest. But he is a shrewd, cunning fellow, makes excellent artificial flies, and understands to perfection the use of them. Now this was the sort of man that I wanted as a master—as my Isaak Walton; and I found him at Biggleswade, or rather he came there to find me.—

During that week I acquired much knowledge; and to discover that if in our River Ivel, there is pretty roach and chub angling, yet in the Ouse—6 miles distant, both chub and perch fishing are to be had in good stile. To this pursuit did John and I actively attach ourselves for one week and were then heartily sorry to quit our pastime, and the fine weather.—

*Saturday  
September  
6* For now September 6th the season has turn'd cold, wet, and windy. During our stay, this summer, in Berkshire,

where we retired after our long stay at Biggleswade, Mrs B ventured herself, several times in a horse chair, to my surprise after years of terror, when we formerly drove in that equipage which upon the Italian plan is one of the most useful family vehicles. Now, in one of these, I might travell about in family society, and with much luggage; (for I feel that I cannot trail about alone). So I talk'd to Mrs B. upon the subject; and to accomplish a beginning, I wrote to General B.—about an heavy Dutch horse he had to dispose of—Genl B. coming to town in August—brought this horse with him—and presented it to me:—So chaos is come again! But may I not resemble the man being furnish'd with a lemon—bought a loyn of veal; and was ruin'd by a civility? For I hunt about all the coach-makers shops and all the repositories, to find a chaise that will fit my horse, or rather my short intention of a drive, or rather Mrs B's nervousness; and, at last, fix'd upon, for hiring, one of those four wheel'd phaetons which, laden by a large family, is drag'd by one horse to Dulwich on a Sunday.

Frederick's ear ach delay'd us one day; two days of terrible rain cut off two more of our holidays, and now too when the summer is ebbing apace, and I feel such an impatience for a renewance of fishing.

My daughter A[nn]a<sup>45</sup> was married on Septr 3rd (Oliver's crowning day) by their special appointment! for I had wish'd that it should have happen'd 4 or 5 days sooner, or 5 or 6 days later that I might have met Mr S. according to long promise on the 1st Septr at Biggleswade.—But it could not be! So I was obliged to put back Mr S. who is now in the North! '*Look to her, Moor!*'

I now seek comforts from animals; and have a dog, a squirrel, and a canary bird.

Upon Tuesday Septr 9th after much delay from the wetness of the weather, I did resolve upon going—at all events, and now, learn'd reader, bear your eyes upon me—

*Tuesday  
September  
9*

from Duke St: to Tichfield Street, there you will see the horse harness'd to the one-horse phaeton, you will see, with smiles, perhaps the difficulty of his setting forward, and hear the *larned* advice I receive from ignorant, and out of danger spectators. T. B. ran by me on foot. I had passed Cavendish Square when the shaft breaking away from the chaise, the horse could do no less than follow the example:

The reins were wrench'd from my hands, and I sat (safely indeed) in my triumphal car, observing the outrageous kicking of my new horse, running to ruin, follow'd by a croud, as highly diverted as I was chagrined! 'That is he, the gentleman with the whip; how did it happen Sr? Your horse will be spoil'd Sr'. This was the alleviating discourse whilst I stood centry near the chaise: till the horse was led back by an assistant mob apparently little hurt: A smaller posse attended the broken shaft. After a partial repair with ropes, I at length, had the horse led to Duke Street; where I was to fee every contributor to the restoration of the horse and shaft.

Go I would, so I ordered the chaise forward to the new road, and to await me.—(Here I should add that Mrs. B will follow us in a day, or two, accompanying Miss S in a post chaise to Southill).

After much difficulty finding out the chaise in the new road, we, viz *F*, *T. B.*, and *Fancy* moved forward thro' heavy roads, and an heavy rain, which the high wind drove in our faces:—But these misfortunes are not to be thought of in a party of pleasure. Twenty times did I think of returning.

Having surmounted the drag, and hight of Highgate Hill the storm became so outrageous that I sought shelter and refreshment at an alehouse at the six miles stone.

No housing for the horse; for ourselves we procured brandy and water and bread and cheese and then push'd forward our trembling horse, who kicks, and plunges for some minutes ere he will advance.

Our arrival at the Green Man at Barnet appear'd a

pleasure, and to dry our coats and to get some tough chops for dinner.

It was really a bad day for November! and from our delays, and misfortunes the evening was quickly advancing; and what was worse my poor horses chest was terribly gall'd by the breast collar.

Here was a repair made of our cracks, and strains, by bars and bolts *charge 2s 6d*. Then was I resolv'd tho' near twilight, to undertake further pleasure; to reach Welwyn was impracticable: But at last, we did arrive at the White Hart Alehouse, Bell-Bar. Now such a ride, in such weather upon a good hackney, were a trifle; for then you had been warm and comfortable but here we came in benumb'd by wet and cold and did bustle ourselves to blow a good fire, and to order beds and supper.—It appear'd to me like an old hunting evening at an inn; but wanting hope, and comforts.—

Mr Mayes our landlord was abroad; but came home at 9 o'clock—drunk, and very fatiguing—he hung upon us and in revenge I made him drink up the pint of port; of which he could not swallow a glass. His address to F. was, '*Dear, how does your Mummy*'. Our horse being well we climbed to the garret where F slept in a truckle bed, and I rowled about upon a feather bed cover'd with blankets. The rain and the wind continued during the night and heavily in clouds brought on the morn; when I was hasty to rise and seek better quarters, but no one of this drunken alehouse was awake, till at length Mr M. stagger'd forth to receive the reckoning.

Wednesday  
September  
20

We reach'd Hatfield at 8 o'clock when the day began to *Hatfield* mend which with the sweet walk up Brocket Hall Hill and the arrival at Welwyn to a good breakfast, drove the *Welwyn* horrors of yesterday from my mind. Here I ought to have been last night and to have drank up my own wine. Mr B. our landlord is become a fencible which adds not a little to his swaggering vein; he made me observe his charger—his bit, and accoutrements; and I complimented Mr B.

upon thus meritoriously standing forth to preserve the peace of his country—the only mischief of these establishments may be—the lifting up the consequence of these fencible gentlemen and by that means, promoting a leveling disposition.

Having seen his horse it became necessary to talk about my own and to fit him with one of the farming collars; for to go at all were now impossible in the breast collar.

Breakfast, and a long discussion about field sports and field days, being finish'd we re-entered the family vehicle; which our newly equipped horse drew nimbly along, with pleasure to himself and us.

The day and the roads were fine and in my walkings up hill I amused myself in picking up pebbles; a new pursuit: but all pursuits from the cradle to the grave are good, as keeping mind and body alive.

Whilst ye can employ them both as much as they will bear—after altering harness 20 times and once passing a pack of hounds in the road we arrived at the White Horse, Baldock; where we dined most comfortably, and where the Lynn port is very tolerable.

Happier and happier do I find myself as the miles lengthen from London: My load seems thrown off—I cant carry it allways but must pitch it where I can. (Surely itineraries must be pleasant to the writer and reader: or how came Mr Rays ever to have been publish'd?—why it is as bad as mine?)

He travels away with little mention of himself or of the country, but only of the little plants he picks up. Why so may I of my pebbles; and say I pick'd up a pretty one to-day; for now I pry about the tops of hills and the bottoms of gullies and Mr T. (a seal engraver) urges me, by flattery to pick up *fine* peebles (for him to cut)—

Now this is the way with all great collectors and great writers; they must, they ought to flatter each other, to set each other forward; and for the better training of genius.

Baldock

What is Genius? What is wit?  
 A lucky thought; a lucky hit  
 Reason form'd on Constitution,  
 Leads to sense and resolution.

At Baldock I allways refer to hare hunting speculations but now I am going to catch fish, so up rise the thoughts of Isaak Walton and all his innocent descriptions.

Half a mile ere you reach Biggleswade and where the road turns off to Potton, stands the pleasantly placed ale-house the Spread Eagle which in distant quarters might be thought a good inn.—Reach my old shop—abt stables; sheets; chest, &c.—Then to send for my fisherman H. Oldstock, who comes from Bedford, to meet me here; and to listen to all his wild, cunning stories about his fisheries, his adventures—and his Bedford pupils, but little of what he relates is fact and about him there hangs such an air of cunning, and of duplicity as to make me dread him, and despise myself; and yet for the pleasure one often falls into dirty measures—

My ground angler F[inch] next had the honour of an audience—of a different kind—he professes only country cunning, not London knavery.

Upon our first morning Thursday 11th Septr. I had *Thursday*  
*September*  
 only to refit, to repair; to send for Spot; to have Van „  
 Trump shod; to arrange my fishing tackle and where and when to use it: and to hold long and sapient discourses with my piscatory dependants. After dinner at 3 o'clock (for we dined at one) we drove forth in the chaise (Tom B. riding the mare who allways at first goes very hastily) by Ickwell to Mr Windsor's; talk'd to him about many nothings with seeming affability; and then had the honor of an important conversation with Mr W. 'The Great Pan of the Dairy'—today Mrs B. comes from London to Southill with Miss S.; so I am to be there in good time to drive her home: When I came in, they were at dinner; and we were strongly press'd to stay—and to tea—and to be in the dark and danger; but I will keep good time, and daylight hours.

Even then in spite of what is call'd my hurrying impatience, we did not get into Biggleswade till deep dusk; when Mrs B. for one of the first times, did seem to enjoy the fire an ease of an inn after a removal from a cold room and the fatigue of civility.—F having now abandon'd the old grey poney will procure the loan of one much better and safer, from Mr R., a lawyer of this place who very politely made this offer to him.

Friday  
September  
12

I was up very early on Friday morning; and was to take my fishers with me (both of whom were introduced in form last night to Mrs B) F. of course follows on horseback.

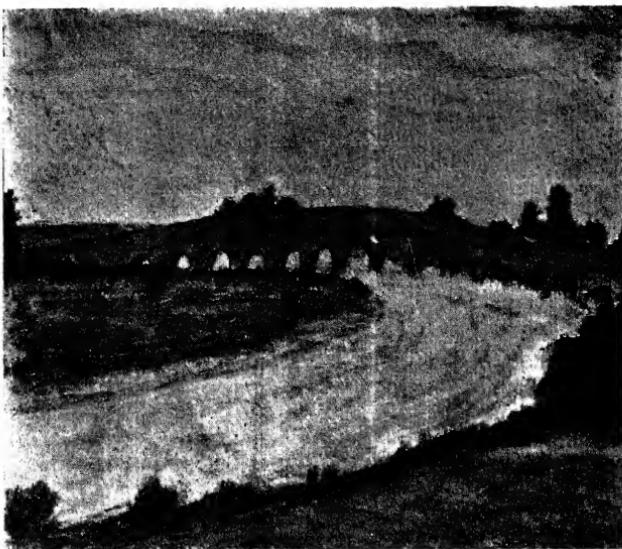
The day seem'd unpleasant and the wind was N.E. but I have only a strip of time. Hearing that the fishers were walk'd forward I hurried away (still as happily in a pursuit as ever I was, and hope long to continue) and taking the shorter road from Girford Bridge soon found my chaise could not move in cross roads, from its narrowness and the 4 wheels. So I had most tiresome dragging over Barford field till I reach'd Barford Bridge over the Ouse and the little Alehouse the White Hart. No anglers arrived! Where can they be? Ordering breakfast I had to unharness my horse (no man being at home) tie him up: and then in peevish despair to walk over the bridge of Barford —a bridge of great antiquity and of great length. Barford Bridge consists of seventeen arches is built of brick and very narrow.

Now F. arrived—with his *groom*; and then we went to breakfast.

At last my fishers arrive; 'having walk'd;—knew not of my going, mistake of our hostler, &c. &c. How many lies or truths, signified not; and to enquire only increases the deception.

That I might not act amiss, I sent to Mr G. a near farmer, who rents part of the river, to speak my intention; and with much civility; but he was compliantly uncivil.

At our outset,—F. with Mr Finch took to perch



BARFORD BRIDGE  
*from a water-colour by the Diarist* [facing p. 62



angling whilst Mr O[ldstock] led me forward to the fly fishing for chub; when I succeeded but little—and O. not with great fortune:

Thus we wandered along the rivers bank till we came to Wellington Mill, a famous spot according to O.—but the wind was cold and the fish were not in humour to be taken.—

Here we try'd our best skill; and here my master said the best fish were to be found. Some few we caught; but the hot weather and the long days is the lean for fishing; this fine season I lost in Berkshire! and now with terror look forward to a long confinement in London shivering thro a cold winter:—

We now worked our way back and upon the bank recover'd the ground anglers—and together return'd to the alehouse to dinner. Where I had wisely brought a pint of mountain wine.

Our dinner consisted of fish in plenty with a leg of mutton.

Oldstock was still eager for the evening; but we had employ'd time sufficient and the sulky Gurny overawed my intention.

Tea	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	4
Eating	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
Ale	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	6
Servant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	2
Hay & Corn	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	0
								<hr/> 11 3	

So I forced them to pack up; and away. My chaise was well cramm'd by my two followers, their rods, nets, &c, &c. F. and his follower on horseback. In this March we return'd to Beetson Cross, a most comfortable new built public house 2 miles and a half from Biggleswade, at the door of which stood to my great surprise Mrs B. who with her late nurse had achiev'd this walk—and drank tea here: She seem'd to admire the cleanliness of the house and

Beeston  
Cross

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

the civility of the hostess. Here was H. Oldstock left to repair his tackle and to form new flies, (and new lies) in which he seems to excell.

Mrs B. return'd with me in the chaise and to an early supper and an early repose.

*Saturday*  
*September*  
*13*

Having order'd breakfast to be prepared for us at Beaston Cross in the best and very good parlour—I hurried off Mrs B. at an early hour and that I might lose not an hour of the waining year, the wind and weather are not suitable.—I rode this morning (for the 1st time) and lik'd it; got to B[easton] Cross before 9 o'clock and pleasantly hurried about breakfast, whilst my master O. was dubbing his hooks. Upon this poor, unprofitable river (F. and T. B. diverted themselves by trying for perch) O. and I toil'd till we came to Blunham Mill where we took some small chub—as I had caught some dace in the way. B. Mill is not an unpleasant spot (all mill pools are in general spots of great beauty, as happy for the painter)

By this I get instruction and the method I hope, of managing my line and my fly so that if hereafter should I arrive upon the banks of a nice river stored with fish eager to bite, I should be completed as an angler.—We return'd to a late dinner at Biggleswade and then I had the comfort of a long quiet muzzing evening which with writing and supper fill'd up the measure of the day.

*Sunday*  
*September*  
*14*

Mr S. I have expected here; but no Mr S. being arrived I shall move forward to my own pursuits.—Oh for a summer again and such a summer over again and then I would know how to employ it; this we say of life could it but return! and then perhaps we might be worse than our former tether.

A long a pleasant walk before breakfast is this wholesome or not? Why good in summer I believe but otherwise in winter.

At coming in to breakfast found Mr S. but with no



## BEDFORD RACES, 1794.

TUESDAY the 9th. of SEPTEMBER. — Purse of 50l.

The best of Three Heats, once round the Course.	1h. 2h. 3h.
Lord Clermont's Pavntor, crimson, 8ft. 4lb.	—   1   1
Mr. Golding's b. f. Vixen, Orange & Pur 7ft. 12lb.	5   2
D. of Bedford's Jessica, Purple and Buff, 8ft. 2lb.	4   diff.
Mr. Watson's c. f. Mary, 8ft. 1lb.	3   4
Sir Charles Bunbury's Parrot, Pink & White, 8ft.	2   3

On the same Day. A SUBSCRIPTION STAKES.

Mr. Wilson's c. m. Maiden, Sister to his Eagle	1   1
W. Lee Anthomie's, Esq. b. h. by Marquis	2   2

☞ Mr. Hartley's Pony beat Mr. William's, for 50 Guineas.

On WEDNESDAY the 10th. — A Purse of 50l

The best of Three Four-Mile Heats.	1h. 2h. 3h.
Mr. Goodison's b. h. Dallam, Crim. 7ft. 10lb.	—
Lord Clermont's Halkin, Crimson, 9ft. 3lb.	—
Duke of Bedford's Virgin, Purple & Buff, 8ft. 12lb.	—

Mr. Fisher's b. h. Griffin, Pink, 9ft. [to be SOLD] |

Also to be Run for, a handsome Saddle and Bridle.

To Start precisely at Twelve o'Clock.

• An Ordinary for the Ladies and Gentlemen, at the SWAN.

☞ An Assembly in the Evening of the Second Day's Race.

W. LEE ANTHONIE, Esq. } Stewards.

R. TREVOR, Esq.

Bedford; Printed by W. Smith.

intention to stay hurrying on to London, upon very particular business. After breakfast he pushed forward and we soon followed our route—myself on horseback, our chaise well laden: (The roads are fine but the wind N. and cold). We stopp'd at (my *Walton* public house) the Anchor beyond Tempsford, to give orders for tomorrow; for as my time is short it must be employ'd.

Had I a full country swing, I should think of angling in bad weather, but I am eager for instruction: Fly fishing when rapid and productive, must be very gratifying, else your ground fishing in a good perch hole is a calmer and easy diversion: Fly fishers are the fox hunters who overate their own performances, and undervalue the simple, and more certain pastime of the (beagling) ground anglers. We arriv'd at the Cock Eaton at one o'clock; my ride was very pleasant. Here was a recognition of F's old friends and of his pack of dogs who came around us. Our dinner veal cutlets with a brace of partridges brought by us. Mrs B. went with old Mrs W. to evening service. As long as light permitted F. and I, two little boys holiday making, wander'd about the Castle Hill in search of rabbits; and then we had a stable lounge pleasant enough as both my horses are in excellent order. I am vexed to find from the impossibility of accomplishment, that my old hunting ideas revive, tho' glad to feel some stuff about me: Oh! how a legacy of £10,000 would bring rejuvinessence!

I built many aerial castles when by myself after supper, after the retirement of the ewe and the cade lamb: and in thinking I must send decent liquor to these inns, else when I am tired, and faint, I am forc'd to drink British spirits call'd brandy—or medicated sloe juice call'd port—till I am overwhelm'd by bile.

Monday  
September  
15

This morning I had appoint'd my generals to assemble at early day, upon the banks of the Ouse—to secure the ford leading to Wroxton, and then to possess the mill dam below the church. Strict and clear were my orders, I doubt'd

not the obedience of my troops; as a commander I am active, and punctual, I lose no time, I miss no opportunity.

At 7 o'clock I was stirring, collecting my body guard, with all our proper ammunition; before nine o'clock, I was at the Anchor Alehouse; but where are my troops? None arrived!! Was the D of York ever more chagrin'd?<sup>246</sup> A successful—or unsuccessful general must have his breakfast: This was on a pleasant stile—quite in the angling way. But Mrs B. is unwell and will not rouse herself, so looks heavily on all these matters.

What's to be done? Why first F and I will try our fortune at the staunch (whence this lower view is taken) but here we had poor success: Then in despair we resolv'd upon going to Tempsford Mill—a mile distant; I walk'd away first and F follow'd me in  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour.

Here we two dawdled till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past one o'clock; when lo! Finch appear'd with many idle excuses: 'Where is Oldstock?' 'He Sr, awaits you at the inn' 'Ridiculous at this Hour!' So then I had to walk back again and then to try with a fly with Oldstock opposite our inn till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock—eat some scrambling dinner—but in no comfort—as Mrs B. is cheerless.

(Few women can encounter difficulties or will bear up against trifling illness or calamity: Tender and born for indulgence they should indulge, and be indulg'd at their ease upon warm sophas; but flutter them then and they are anger'd by their exertion, and overwhelm'd by their timidity).

We were now anxious for departure, but as F and Finch were not come in I and O took another turn for an hour—upon the rivers bank—opposite our public house, where we caught some fish.

Our short return was in a fine evening, Mrs B from illness quickly retired to bed; but F and I quietly regal'd upon a good hot supper with all our dogs around us, I fancying that I was upon a hunting party in which, did fortune favour me, I would indulge for three months at

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

this season keeping two steady active hunters.—This place must have been a gluttanous quarter, from the name of Eaton-Socon, *Eat on—Soak on*.

Tuesday  
September  
16

On the following morning Mr Walker was to go coursing with F so he and I were up at early day: I was oblig'd to return to my anglers; after an hasty breakfast I had trott'd away to the Anchor before 9 o'clock.

The day was warm, but windy, seemingly very proper for fishing. Finch had try'd some trolling.

Oldstock and I went up the river for a long distance; when the water being deep and rough little could be done in our way. F had some unsuccessful runs.

At 12 o'clock I return'd to the alehouse to settle my accounts; which must be better arranged another year, going quietly and steadily to work. This years pursuit was taken up in haste, without knowing the right spots; for nothing can be done in hunting, or fishing without knowing every inch of country. Returning, I heard of the coursers and of a famous long course.

Not finding then in the open fields I hurry'd back, and to order dinner. F was full of description of his sport. Mrs B was unwell and eager to return to Biggleswade; so we dined at 2 o'clock, and by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 had repack'd.

## THE HONBLE, MR. BING

DR. TO EDWD GEORGE.

1794			s.	d.
Sept 15	To 3 breakfasts	- - -	2	0
"	To Servts Breakfasts	- - -	0	6
"	To Brandy in the Day	- - -	1	7
"	To Finch and Oldstock when came first	- - - -	0	7
"	To 4 dinners	- - -	2	0
"	To Holdstock at dinner time	- - -	0	2
"	To Horse Corn and Hay	- - -	0	7
"	To Ale in the course of the day and at night	- - - -	2	0
"	To Finch and Holdstock suppers	- - -	1	0
16	" " " Breakfast	- - -	1	0
"	" " " Dinner	- - -	2	0

Our cargo was a waggon load—fish, fishing tackle, linnen, &c &c; a hare and 2 great chub that F takes to his friends the light Dragoons at Biggleswade who clean his leathern breeches. Mrs B. spoke and felt, with pleasure of our return; for the Eaton is a goodish inn, yet this is more homelike, and comfortable.

Mr G[all] was call'd in last night for his advice, and assistance to Mrs B; he is as full of advice, and as assistant as any of the faculty: but what can they do? In youth we want them not, in middle age we must aid ourselves and in age who can aid us?— Their profits arise from folly, and idle imbecility; prevention will assist us for a time, and when prevention fails our end is come.

F and I pursued our early thoughts of ferreting; ('from the flea in the blanket to the elephant in the forest'); he, dear fellow thus urging me to youthful sports, make me feel young again:

He this morning was mount'd upon a little poney most civilly tender'd to him by Mr R. of this place.—

In our way—we had a good hare-hunt with Fancy from hill grounds.—

Our horses were left in the good stables, at the public house at Wardon.—Frank Young has lost his tarrier so we are ill off for dogs—but it was a fine day. In and around the hill formerly Nodes Warren—did we hunt; ferret and dig for many hours. Mr W. came to us.

How clear is F's judgment about him! A sneaker to his superiors—a tyrant to his inferiors who from cunning and cold blood passes as a wise and virtuous man.

Being exhausted—we sought some refreshment in his house and drank of his made wines. His wife's daughter is one of the most finish'd pieces of conceit I ever saw, a creation formerly unknown in the country, words drawn forth with precision and attire finish'd by fashion.

F and I heartily and pleasantly tired were glad to get home by 4 o'clock.

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

When lo! another deluge of country fashion to make a morning visit, Lady B. with all her adulations, all her satire—and all the Irish posse—comitatus with their wild brother now on a visit at Sutton.

All this inundated me; but they soon went away on their morning drive of fashion; and we went to dinner quite unfashionably.

We seem'd all tired—all eager for bed; F and I the more so as we intend'd to meet the hounds next morning: when lo! Genl. B[ertie] on his restless way from Lincolnshire. Then his supper—yawning, grindings, gruntings, and egotisms! So with him I did abide till 11 o'clock: Nothing new to start; nothing old (now) will he remember, seemingly ashamed of youth and happy times.

Thursday  
September  
18

Up at five (when as that great poet—the Marquis of S[alisbury]<sup>47</sup> says 'None but reapers are alive') got some milk, and brandy; and saw the sun rise before we got to Northill. T. B. who went with us was mount'd on a deplorable Rozinante, but which Rozinante I preferr'd riding—to my own mare who when she heard the hounds was so irritable, that I was oblig'd to send her home.

A storm of rain, and thunder now drove me, and F into a pitiful alehouse at the corner of Sheer-Hatch Wood.

Sheer-  
Hatch  
Wood

Here F and I remain'd a solitary hour—and eat some bread and cheese till the weather clearing up brought the hounds to the wood.—My beast was a wonder and disgrace! F rode merrily up and down the wood—whilst these idle,—ill manag'd high bred hounds—chopp'd about the covert, without ever enjoying a scent—or listening to each other; nor could they well, from the constant hallooing, and smacking of whips of the master and his servants;—by which hounds are cow'd, not encourag'd and in terror return to the huntsmans heels: Who then wisely declares, with his master 'that there is no scent; that the wind is too high;—that the leaves fall, that nothing can be done' &c. &c.

All these modern methods of hunting are to me unknown.—Let me recollect taking out my brothers *hare hounds* 22 years since to Sheerhatch Woods as soon as the harvest was got in; our pack was very numerous, perhaps 25 couple of old hounds and 15 couple of puppies. When we came near the wood—the huntsman and whipper-in spreading wide—every old hound from a wave of their hands rush'd forward; without the smallest noise, abreast into the wood—we follow'd slowly.—Presently the challenge of a noted hound is heard (the modern practice is to halloo and bawl) listen to him, comrade;—Ye know him well? Now the cry begins to thicken; every old hound clings to the pack—even the puppies begin to get away to them to taste the joy—and become in 3 or 4 hours half-made hounds—instead of distrusting each other and being whipp'd into ignorance this pack revell'd in mutual assistance: The wood seem'd to shake with their vociferous melody which might be heard for miles.

When the hounds ceased death of their game was the consequence. Those hounds who were not blood'd by destruction, there torn by bushes and brambles; the young hounds test'd the delight; and probably some of the murderer.

Sometime a hare hardpress'd took a round in the adjacent fields and gave the hounds a foretaste of stubble hunting. Sometimes they perplex'd a fox so much that he was glad to shelter in his earths.

The day now growing warm and the hound sufficiently exercis'd and the younger ones well lesson'd; one or two departing halloos from the huntsman, with one or two cracks of the whipperins whip, (then only used) brought away every hound quietly from covert nor did one dare (without punishment hereafter) to stay behind. In their way home there was no flagging or riding round them (as I have seen) to worry, and tieze them, by keeping them back or forcing them forward.

His Ldship<sup>48</sup> and his hounds finding that *nothing* could

be done, depart'd to their homes as did F and I to Biggleswade: where I was forc'd to dismount from my wretch'd nag.

Mr O. now paid us a visit and I was obliged to walk about with him. Then for *my morning* ride—upon my mare too, with F. and T. B. to the Warreners Lodge upon Sandy Warren; where (despairing of great hare-hunting) I purchas'd 4 live rabbets—, which we carefully return'd with.

Upon the meadows near Biggleswade I remain'd with the game till F. and T. B. went back with the horses—and came to me—at last after a tedious delay with my pack Fancy: who perform'd four excellent courses after these rabbets (far superior to the mornings sport) How pleasant how boyish this? reminding me of my youth at Southill: age and youth meet in likings.—The Alpha and the Omega. At dinner *we* sportsmen were rarely hungry; our evening too was quiet, with much reading for the 1st time; and for the 1st time that Mrs B. would honour my small library here with her inspection; for she despairs the stupidity of my collection, delighting only in novels which I abominate, modern ones I mean, tho' no man revels more in the works of Fielding and Richardson, or can oftener read Gil-Blas.

History and anecdotes; a well written tour; a surprising voyage or a description of antient customs, and manners.

These are the books for my money. Nor did I ever purchase books which are ever to be had at the booksellers. My library did amply consist, and what is left does consist, of curiosities; oddities; unique topics to be sure, in great haste, and in ignorance, I have cast some pearls away; which are now too closely kept, to come quickly to market.

You may think that I was early, and sufficiently fatigued; but in good truth, I rise tired—my mind is jaded, and my limbs feel as if tumbling from my trunk:—bad omens these! But I have had enough, lately, to tieze a Job.

So I catch each trifling pastime, and hurried off T. B. to purchase more game for us from the warrener; then F and I to more courses of the new and old rabbits when I proposed leaving these unhurt in the neighbouring bushes, to furnish future diversion can they be found again.—

After breakfast, we drove thro the meadows, to South-  
ill Parsonage—a scheme of visiting no other thought here; <sup>Friday  
September  
19</sup> dinner against dinner; form against form; scandal against scandal. In London you may shut your doors and sit snug but give way to the country taste, and you are hunted down.

Miss S[mith] comes into my chaise: I am nervous to a dread and Mrs B. increases my fears. Miss S has none so I drove bolder.—Meeting Mr D[ill]y and his coursing crew made my blood boil for I abominate these murdering ministers! At More Hall my horse started at Mr W[ells]'s beard—cross'd Rowney Warren near these *beautiful* cottages to Chicksands Priory.

O un-fortunate nimium may the poor cottagers of this Chick-  
country deem themselves, who exist within hovels of lath <sup>sands</sup> and plaster, that 'Let in new light thro' chinks which time has made'.

Here is little fuel to be bought, little to be pick'd up, but that is punish'd as theft, no land allott'd them for potatoes, or ground for a cow: Agues devouring the children: Despondence overcoming the aged. At the mercy of an oppressive farmer; at the beck of a domineering overseer.—To these cottages upon Rowney Warren near Chicksands Priory did Lady H[eneage] O[born] go with much tenderness, (when I was in the country) to medicine to the sick; but Madam said I, you only apply temproary balm; let them be consider'd by their landlord and allow'd to rent the small adjoining Vale betwixt the hills for their orchards, cows, pigs, and poultry, quickly then would the clouds of poverty, despair, and sickness, disperse at the rising of the sun of hope, content, and comfort—than

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

these cottages (the property of Ld T[orrington]) nothing can be more wretch'd; surround'd by hether they dare not collect, and by a profusion of turnips they dare not pluck.

Lady H. sitting with Mrs and Miss H. all in form; Sr G[eorge] was from home, I walk'd about and then return'd to a luncheon with Mrs B. and Miss S[mith].

About this sweet place not an addition to taste has been bestowed! What is done is done wrong; ground levell'd improperly; nothing to uphold monastic grandeur—We return'd to Southill; F. was abroad attending Mr I. S's shooting.

Here we stay'd dinner not to be avoided—and submitt'd to the forms and cold of a private house: But I will not be in the dark so hasten'd back to the ease, and fires of an inn.

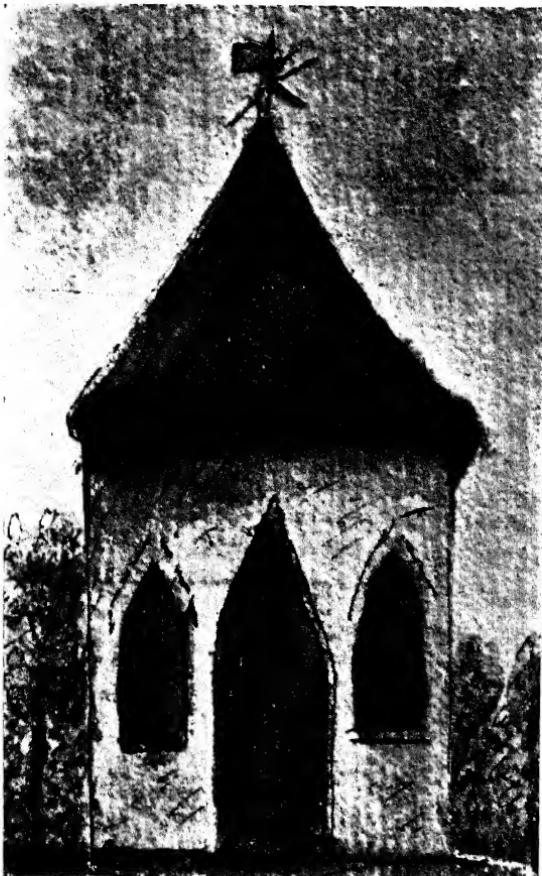
On the early morning F. and I try'd in vain for our former rabbets then coursed 4 fresh ones, two of whom we left for a future hope.

At our breakfast Mr W—n with his son George and a client Mr B—p came in from London in their way to Buckden; George was left to us till they return.—Rain and cold—but no rain could exceed that of last night.

At eleven o'clock the day clearing up—we rode and drove to Mr H's, where in that good house we stay'd some time—; and then treat'd G. W. with a long drive about Southill etc which was well bestow'd—as he—a gentle civil lad—seem'd truly happy and grateful. At home by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock when Mr W. and Mr B. return'd from their expedition—dined with us and sat till dark—; then off in the dark for their departure. Strange this to me who prefer bed and tranquility during the dark hours.

Sunday  
September  
21

We went to try for the rabbets but in vain they are either kill'd or crept away. Breakfast at 9 Mrs B., G. W. and F. went by invitation to Sutton. I am left at home to my meditations and to receive Genl. B. who writes that he



FISHING HOUSE AT CHICKSANDS

*from a water-colour by the Diarist* [facing p. 74]



will dine here at 5 o'clock; besides I do not like Sutton finery hours, and conversation. Miss S. call'd here, in her way to join that jovial crew. After drawing for sometime I walk'd about my rabbet field where I found and kill'd one: What will F. say to this? Fancy made the prettiest and most innocent point at a hares nest wherein 3 very small hares. At my old dinner hour I took a slice of cold meat—and then rode 3 miles Southward—where I loiter'd about. In my return was overtaken by the Genl when we hasten'd dinner.—As to the wines here now there are none for a sitting! Surely the General may take some Madeira in his chaise? Anon who travells in his own carriage has no right to complain.

The Genl talks away in his prosing stile till he loses himself and then says 'What was I saying'? Mrs B. and retinue came back in a post chaise with Lady B. at ten o'clock after our stable time and supping time. He and I have lost all conversation. He has buried memory in pomp, and new methods and is struggling forth to grandeur: I stare and smile at him and shrink into my own snugness.

I was up very early (on Monday 22nd) to see the General forth and then to set forward to London G. W. a quiet sensible lad, whom I could wish to serve, but alas, I cannot serve my son E[dmund] or myself and lack that pomposity that procures respect!!!

F., G. W. and I endeavour'd to find a rabbet; till the stage coach passed, into which we placed G. W. It rain'd fast till 8 o'clock when with fishing basket along, over my shoulder, I trott'd so briskly along, as to reach Shefford 5 miles in 25 minutes! Here I met Finch who came over night.—When I came to Chicksands nobody was stirring but Sir G[eorge] to whom I introduc'd my follower.

Mrs B. arrived to breakfast, here was Mrs C. and Mr W. the latter accompany'd me to my angling which was sadly delay'd from a want of baits (Sr Georges servants neither obey him, nor are civil to his guests)

Having set some trimmers we try'd for perch who came at our call and produced us excellent sport—tho we were pelt'd by the wind and rain: but the sport made me despise the weather: many and good perch did I take in this deep meandering stream: never was my float idle and notably did they pull.—Near to where the stream enters these grounds a fishing house has been erected by Sr G. of very proper taste which somewhat reminds me of my old Master Cottons to whom and my Maister Walton I allways refer. I felt myself *oblig'd* to return and dress for dinner at 5 o'clock when all the lady F's had arrived with all their clamour. These and a cold room ill suit'd me as one sort of port wine; however another kind not in esteem as was said suited my taste and of that I made ample libations.

Evening tea and then whist when Sr G. (who is an *old* man and not the boy that I am) escapes to bed: I being expected to maintain the field for ever.

Finch my attendant took some jacks the last of 4 lb weight. He retired to bed at Shefford but to be with me early this morn Sept 23rd.

I had a pleasant revolving on all the capaceties of this place and what might easily be done to render it charming. Sir G. at present is plagued by the pollevil—reverting to the past election with all the possibilities of a future one; in these wild (I think them) thoughts burying all the happy present all what I call the pleasures of life. The good servants 'The nice beds' 'The choice wine' 'The excellent horses' the approved cooks in the ideal vanities of politics and of false pride. I know when a perch bites well but does Sr G. know when he has hooked a freeholder or how long he can secure him?

We all bleed at different veins: I could not perhaps were I rich withstand a horse, or a pipe of Madeira.

Sir G. will only move at some high mind'd politicks (by which, however he expects to be repaid). In thus canvassing and succeeding for his son<sup>49</sup> he has indulged the wish

Tuesday  
September  
23



## SONG.

### I.

VILE Factions have ceas'd, and our wisest of  
Heads  
Have Concord restor'd to the County of Beds.  
All Classes of Mortals that favor the Throne,  
A Member accept, whom they now call their own.

#### CHORUS.

Happy we, who can see Unanimity reign,  
Young *O'born* for ever, *O'born* for ever,  
May he live to be chosen again and again.

### II.

Safe waft him, ye Winds, from the Regions severe  
Where Winter and Tyranny rule thro' the Year,  
To this fortunate Iland, where Patriots arise,  
Under rational Freedom, and fostering Skies.

*Chorus*—Happy we, &c.

### III.

Then join, all ye Freemen, with Heart and with  
Voice,  
To welcome the Youth that will honor your Choice  
Tho' green be his Years, yet his Mind is matur'd,  
He will watch o'er your Rights, and will see them  
secur'd.

*Chorus*—Happy we, &c.

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

for all his life; and at this sport he would act better than the son, who to be prased must never be seen.

We breakfasted in great form; then for another morning of fishing and of good sport again. In the two days I caught 50 brace of perch, none of them small and some of good size, besides a carp, and several handsome roach. Thus ends and successfully my fishing campaign—at 4 o'clock I return'd to dinner and to all the form and all the chill; Sr G. as usual all worry. Never sits still nor will permit anyone else; when he walks you must walk; when he rides you should ride: and when he rises from table, no one must abide there.

In the evening uninteresting whist Sr G. then goes to bed and at 11 we retired.

After dinner—my worthy barber Finch took leave of Sr. G.—O. getting his permission for future angling; but will Sr. Georges servants ever permit him? No; they love poaching too well.

Wednesday  
September  
24

The morning of Wednesday the 24th. proved dismally black and rainy with every show of early winter: lucky I have been to have had two tolerable days here.—In spite of weather I determin'd on departure but as often as I order'd my chaise there fell a fresh torrent of rain: As for our chaise preparation and harnessing and trunking that was labour'd at by myself and T. B. as no servant of the house was ready to assist!! So back to our inn I say.

We depart'd; but no one holding my mare or preventing him plunging T. B. was thrown! Away she gallop'd; at last he overtook us. The day and roads were terrible and the rain almost blinded us.

I am of the family of Tracey's with the wind allways in their faces. We were most sadly beat, and buffeted into our own quarters; but there we were consoled by quiet, good fires, and a interruption from form. Our dinner was hot; I attended my stables, and had only to recollect the miseries of the morning.

My turn'd out rabbets are either destroy'd, or wander'd

far away for I cannot find them and Fancy is not bold enough in her hunting. For an hour from 7 to 8 o'clock on Thursday did I puddle about in wet grass in this pursuit; when we muster'd to drive to Mr H's, Ickwellbury to breakfast—in form and haste! I must get collars for my horses or they cannot be tied up in bad stables.

Thursday  
25

Mr H. was hastening to Bedford about a yeomanry corps, an idle business particularly in this county. Ld O's hounds passing by raised F's impatience, and reminded me of my boyish days when I incessantly came to this house to hunt with this gentleman's great uncle—an elderly and very fat man whom we nicknamed the Professor.

With Mr H. we rode to the end of Sheer Hatch Wood and then hunted the track of the hounds in a full trot still before us thro' Moggerhanger and over Barford Bridge. Why leave much good country behind them? Because they know nothing of trailing and finding the open field hare; and like the trot and gallop over a country in desultory folly.—At Wroxton Spinneys a woody wild country, we overtook them hallooing, whipping, and doing everything but hunting. They gallop here, they wander there, and they know not why. My mare was so uneasy that I was obliged to keep aloof and in open ground. F, dear fellow, busied himself amongst them; but I could only follow, not to guide or guard him. The hunters wander'd further on, till a violent storm of rain drove me into a hedge to shelter, which sicken'd these sportsmen: So when the day clear'd up and soften'd they left off!

'Are you for home My Lord?' 'Yes Sir'.

'You will not try by the way?' 'No Sir'.

'Then let us be going Frek' Think of crawling home, *in pomp*, for 8 miles at early day over a good country, without letting your hounds spread and try! I understand not this!! Why my hare hounds should try back every inch of ground till they smelt their hot meal. We had 10 miles of return, think of that.

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Miss S. was with Mrs B. her brother was expected; who came in when our dinner was half finish'd. I would retire myself here, unvisiting and unvisited—but at present that won't do. After dinner, Mr S and I held long discourses about Ld O[ngley] and hunting: He, a young buck was only for the splash and dash of fox hunting and spoke with bitter contempt of hare hunting—; and so he well may here, managed as it is.

Tea—stables till Mr S rode home—; then we 4 sat down to Casino and to a comfortable supper at 10 o'clock. —Early on Friday morning I try'd in vain my rabbit ground (like Mr Ashmole<sup>50</sup> I write down each petty fond record).

F. went off at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 o'clock with T. B. to Mr H—y's to see him shoot. Miss S. and I breakfasted together; 'Our hostess keeps her state'.

The day was gray and cold; my ride was to Mr D's Hill Hall in gloomy retirement; to Mr M's farm about my puppy; gallop'd over the fine riding of Southill field to W. Warren; by Gastlings to Mr Well's—thence to Rowney (a kind of *farewell* ride) where I held discourse with the old people.

Then back to our statute and to dinner, when F. soon arrived, pleased with his day. Miss Rudd drank tea with us. I walk'd out to look at a young moon, and to reverie about hunting in my own way.

Saturday the 27th of September was my last day of asking. I call'd upon Frank Young yesterday to prepare another ferreting for the diversion of Masters Jacky, and Freky Byng. Mrs B. would for Southill Parsonage so I drove her to Brome Corner—whence she and T. B. proceeded in the chaise, F and I galloping away to W. Warden, near to which Ld O. and Mr P. were exercising their hunters! What folly! Gallop after your hounds and your horses will be exerciesd. But these new systems are founded in fashion, and having no other basis quickly fade away.

Friday  
September  
26

Saturday  
September  
27

In the good stabling at Warden (where the public house is not fit to be enter'd) we left as before, our horses. Then walk'd to the Gothic Lodge where F. Y. with his, and our dog, hunted thoroughly the wood about the white Summer-House Hill for rabbits—; and really was very good sport till 11 o'clock. Three rabbits and one hedge hog we dug out alive, and these with a  $\frac{1}{4}$  they kept for us, we coursed with excellent success. F. in some of his tumblings about lost his whip. We return'd to our stable and drank brandy and water, F. in triumph, would trot home with the hedge hog in a net.

Tolerably tired we both were and in equal haste for dinner. Mrs B had been long return'd.—A curricle drove in with some Irish acquaintance of Mrs B's; a visit was unavoidable tho' particularly avoided by me as neither understanding their breeding or language.

This was a loss of evening to me for I was dragg'd to see his coach horses drink warm water and then be swaddled up in cloathes. When we retired to our old fashioned hour of supper, they call'd for tea for she is most tediously fine and he is aquiescent: They have just finish'd a cold autumnal tour to the Lakes, because nobody of elegance can quit London during all the heat and stinks of a metropolis. I being tired at an unfashionable hour, hurry'd to bed.

Upon *Sunday* 28th *Septr.* I arose to take my departure *Sunday*  
and to make a calculation of expence, time and pleasure; *September*  
28 the weather has been very unlucky, wet and windy; the  
fishing season is past; and had I a horse, where could I  
find hunting? I have had but little quiet; but where is  
quiet to be had? Are we rich, are we poor, quiet seems  
impossible. The harrass of acquiring money, the harrass  
of spending money, wears us all out.

Mrs B's friends went off in their grandeurs with their  
servants and their led horses (I sometimes repine but that  
benefits me not).

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Our trunk went by the coach; our hedgehog was turn'd out into the back garden; and our rabbits are gone for aye! Two fowls presented to us by Mrs K was a civility. T. B. went off upon my mare first with a note to Mrs H; then to leave her at Wells; and return by coach. At 12 o'clock we departed, day and road fine. Come to Baldock at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past one; and there dined. At 3 o'clock in a fine autumnal evening continued our way to Wellwyn where we arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past five.

Wellwyn

## WHITE HORSE. BALDOCK.

Dinners	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	6
Beer	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
Wine	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	6
Fire	-	-	-	-	-	-	0	6
							8	0

Unlike the gaiety and warmth of the season at our last stop here. A mad dog had just been kill'd in the yard—after biting Mr B's greyhounds and other dogs—who will be hanged tomorrow.

Having nothing to do, I hasten supper and to swallow my last bottle of port—then to bed. T. B. not arrived.

St. Michael produced a dark, dripping morn which I should admire if turning my back on London, for a hunting party. No more of that. I am now for the noise, the dirt, the overwhelmings of London and of my situation.

[ON MEMORIAL TABLET.]<sup>51</sup>

Oh that it might be said of me,  
as Dr. Johnson said of Grey:

'He that reads this epistolary narration wishes, that to travell  
and to tell his travells had been more of his employment.'

## EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) His son Frederick had been made page to George Prince of Wales. (Vol. II, page 284.)

(2) His fifth daughter, who married in 1806 the Hon. Charles Herbert. She died in 1876.

(3) At the Dissolution Southill Rectory became Crown property. It was leased in 1562-3 to Thomas Marbery, and afterwards to Richard Lydall, and to Edmund Bostocke in 1607. In 1624 it had passed from the Crown into private hands and was conveyed to Humphrey Fishe and his heirs, who still retained half of it in 1695. The other half passed into the keeping of Sir John Keeling, after which it followed the same descent as the advowson until the parish of Southill was enclosed in 1797, when allotments were made to Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Barker as impropriators of the great tithes and to the Vicar for the small tithes. The advowson had been purchased by Sir George Byng before 1711, and remained in his family until 1795, when it was sold by George Byng, fourth Lord Torrington, to Samuel Whitbread, who united it to Old Warden in the same year.

(4) The Rev. Laurence Smith (or Smyth), Vicar of Warden and Southill, and his wife.

(5) A popular expression for a confinement; it probably arose from the fact that straw was often put down to deaden the noise of the horses in the streets outside.

(6) Charles Barnett. (See Vol. II, p. 298, note 26.)

(7) Hill Manor in Old Warden belonged in the year 1762 to George, Viscount Torrington, who in that year suffered recovery. After 1824 its identity as a manor was not preserved, though its name survives to the present day in Hill Farm.

(8) Lord G. Aug. H. Cavendish was Colonel in 1797.

(9) See Addison's *Spectator*—*Sir Roger de Coverley*.

(10) For Mr. Pym, see Vol. II, 'Tour in Bedfordshire, 1790', p. 291.

(11) Probably William Needham, who acquired the property in 1788. (See *V.C.H. Huntingdonshire*, II, 376.)

(12) Mother of the first Viscount Torrington.

(13) Gastlings, which derives its name from the Gastlyn family who

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

lived there in the thirteenth century, is in the west of the Parish of Southill, and in the fourteenth century the monks of Warden Abbey had a manor in the Parish of Southill called Gatelins Bury. George, fourth Lord Torrington, sold Gastlings Manor to Samuel Whitbread in 1795.

(14) This may refer to John Woodham, distiller, who died 15th August, 1790. (*European Magazine*, 238; *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 60, Part II., p. 769.)

(15) General Bertie married (1) 7th May, 1794, Eliza Maria, widow of Thomas Scrope of Coleby, co. Lincolnshire, daughter of William Clay of Burridge Hall, Notts. She died 1806. He married (2) 1809, Charlotte Susannah Elizabeth Layard, daughter of the Dean of Bristol.

(16) Douglas (Hamilton), eighth Duke of Hamilton (1756-1799). 'He was fond of boxing and of low company, and gave dinners to hackney coachmen'. (*G.E.C. Peerage*.)

(17) A name given to Innkeepers from the landlord of the Inn in Farquhars' *Beaux Stratagem*.

(18) John Harvey, who owned College Farm, Ickwell Bury, and also Ickwell Bury Manor. (*V.C.H. Bedfordshire*, III, 244.)

(19) His brother's agent and an Attorney-at-Law.

(20) Moggerhanger Manor was owned by either Robert or Godfrey Thornton. (*V.C.H. Bedfordshire*, III, 231.)

(21) In 1791, the theatre was pulled down to be rebuilt. . . . The architect of the new theatre was Mr. Holland. The dimensions were, length from east to west, 320 feet; breadth, from north to south, 155 feet; width of roof, 118 feet. The roof was surmounted by a colossal statue of Apollo. The boxes held 1,828 persons; the pit 800; first gallery, 675; second gallery, 308; total, 3,611 sittings. Receipts, when completely filled, £826 6s. There were eight private boxes on each side of the pit, and six on each side of the stage; two tiers of complete boxes, and half-tiers parallel with the gallery. . . . On 12th March, 1794, the new theatre was opened, with an *Oratorio*; and on the ensuing Easter-Monday (21st April), with *Macbeth* and the *Virgin Unmasked*. This new theatre was burned to the ground on 24th February, 1809.

(22) His third son, John, who died in 1811.

(23) John Griffin (Whitwell, afterwards Griffin), who became, 3rd August, 1784, fourth Lord Howard of Walden, b. 1719, d. at Audley End, 1797. Cr. 1788 Lord Braybrooke, Baron of Braybrooke.

(24) Probably Sir William Charles Farrell-Skeffington (1742-1811), cr. Bt. 27th June, 1786, sometime Captain in the 1st Regt. of Foot Guards, Col. of the Leicester Yeomanry Cavalry.

(25) Probably brother of Sir Philip Monoux of Sandy Manor, who died in 1809.

(26) Perhaps George Edwards, who died (State Papers) 1809, owner of the Manor of Henlow Warden (*V.C.H. Bedfordshire*, II, 280).

(27) James Webster, Rector of Mappershall from 1791 to 1833, built a new rectory in 1792.

(28) George Pretyman Tomline (Dean of St. Pauls), Bishop of Lincoln, 1787-1820.

(29) Henry Frederick, Lord Carteret, of Haynes Park, probably the most eloquent and accomplished of all the Bedford members of the Cabinet.

(30) See note 3.

(31) James Burnett, Lord Monboddo (1714-1799), Scottish Judge, Philosopher and Scientific Speculator. See article by G. F. Russell Barker in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

(32) The barber and fisherman at Biggleswade.

(33) William (Montagu), fifth Duke of Manchester (1771-1843). 'Lady Bessborough, in a letter to Granville Leveson-Gower, dated Sept. (1798), characterises him as "a great fool".' (*G.E.C. Peerage*.)

(34) On 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI was guillotined.

(35) Sir Samuel Luke of Haynes Manor, of Cople Wood End, was a zealous Parliamentarian and a strong Presbyterian, who sat as member for Bedford Borough, in both the Short and the Long Parliaments. At the Restoration he also sat in the Convention Parliament. He took an active part in the Civil War, and his personal appearance in connection with his Puritanism made him an object of Royalist satire. He is said to have been the original of Samuel Butler's 'Hudibras'.

(36) Edward Leeds (1728-1803), master in chancery and sometime Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, M.P. 1784-1787, 'a most impatient, pragmatical mortal'. (*D.N.B.*)

(37) 'Lavaterisms', i.e. 'reading of character by the features', from the name of Johann Kasper Lavater (1741-1801), physiognomist and poet.

(38) Launcelot Brown applied for the Chiltern Hundreds in May 1794, and was succeeded as member by George, Viscount Hinchingbrooke (*Beauston's Parliamentary Register*). He had only held the seat for four months.

(39) Lord Sandwich. The Earl of Sandwich here referred to is John Montagu, fifth Earl, son of the fourth Earl who so strenuously supported the Duke of Bedford in his political campaign and who died in 1792, and was succeeded by his son John. Hinchingbrook House was in the parishes of St. Mary and St. John, Huntingdon. The mansion is a very fine building of stone in the Elizabethan style. The courtyard is entered by a very fine and ancient arched gateway.

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

(40) Humphry Repton, see 'Tour to the North, 1792,' Vol. III. page 175 note 6.

(41) Lord Howe's famous Naval victory of 1st June, 1794.

(42) His eldest son, George (1768-1831), later sixth Viscount. His pranks as a midshipman will be found in *The Memoirs of William Hickey*. Edmund, the second son (1774-1854), later obtained an appointment in the Colonial Audit Office.

(43) Rouse was not the resident clergyman at Welwyn, but there is a record of his having conducted two weddings at Welwyn—December-January 1791-1792. The Rector till 1797 was the Rev. Thomas Bathurst.

(44) Edward Young—1730-1765—the Poet who was also a Playwright, built an Assembly Room which was, no doubt, in existence in Mr. Bathurst's time and it is there where the Play would have been produced. *Everyone has his Fault* is recorded by Allardyce Nicoll, but with no comment, in his *History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama*. 1927. p. 217. *The Romp* is also recorded by Allardyce Nicoll, but with no comment, in his *History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama*. 1927. pp. 145, 146-148, 151-165.

(45) His third daughter, Anne Maria (see Tree).

(46) Frederick, second son of George III, born 1763, married in 1791 the Princess Royal of Prussia, daughter of William II, of Prussia, and died in 1827.

(47) Probably James Cecil, seventh Earl (1780) and first Marquis (1789) of Salisbury, born 1748 and died 1823.

(48) In 1661 Charles II granted Ampthill Park to John Ashburnham. It remained in his family until 1720, when it was bought by Lord Fitzwilliam, who in 1736 sold it to Lady Gowan. The latter was succeeded by her son, who was created Earl of Upper Ossory in 1751, and he by his son the second Earl, who was Lord Lieutenant of the County from 1771-1818.

(49) Sir George Osborn's son, John Osborn, M.P. for Bedfordshire, elected as an Independent member, 15th September, 1794.

(50) Probably refers to the founder of the Ashmolean at Oxford.

(51) The insertion of these final lines suggests that it was the last Tour and so the end of these series of Diaries. But there is no certainty. It would be quite in accordance with the character of the writer if he started off within a few months, as cheerfully pessimistic as ever, to explore the neglected beauties of his own country.



GEORGE, FOURTH VISCOUNT TORRINGTON  
(the elder brother of the author of the Diary)  
*from a print kindly lent by Miss Byng-Lucas*  
[facing p. 86]



# A TOUR IN THE MIDLANDS: 1789

(*The hitherto missing first book of this Tour of 1789*).

Day	Weather	To What Place	Inns	County	Miles
Friday					
May 29	Pleasant but showery	To Barnet To Wellwyn To Biggleswade	Red Lion T. White Swan B. Sun G.	Herts. — Beds.	45
Saturday					
May 30	Do.	To Silsoe, etc. and back	George T.	Beds.	22
Sunday					
May 31	A charming day	A morning, and evening ride	Sun	—	12
Monday					
June 1	A fine day	To Bedford, etc. and back	George B.	—	22
Tuesday					
June 2	A very fine day	Walking and riding near home	Sun	—	—
Wednesday					
June 3	Fine morning rain	To Southill, Chicksands, etc., etc.	—	—	20
Thursday					
June 4	Frequent showers	To Eaton To Alconbury-Hill To Wandersford-Bridge	Cock G. Wheat Sheaf B. Haycock G.	Beds. Hunts.	40 40
Friday					
June 5	Heavy rain morning, evening clear'd up	To Peterborough, etc. and back	Talbot T.	Northampton	17
Saturday					
June 6	A squally day	By Stamford, etc To Colesworth	Angel G.	Lincolnshire	26
Sunday					
June 7	A windy clear day	By Belvoir Castle, etc. To Newark	Peacock T. Kingston Arms G.	Nottinghamshire	30
Monday					
June 8	A warm pleasant day	To Southwell, etc. and back	Saracens-Head G.	—	20
Tuesday					
June 9	Very fine day; at late evening rain	To Ollerton, etc., etc. To Worksop	Hop Pole G. Red Lion B.	—	25



# *A Tour in the Midlands*

## *1789*

### INTRODUCTION

FROM a Love of Ease of Mind, and an Hatred to all logical Squabbles, and Contradictions of the obstinate and unobservant, have arisen the desire, and habit, of Journalising; Weaving common Description with my own (uncommon) opinions.

My habits, and Thoughts are now fixed like rusty weather cocks, or like Matrimony, for better and worse; (my Ideas counter to taste, are at the end of my South-Wales Tour) and I begin, from Age, Disappointment, and Irritation of Mind (proceeding from some excellent Causes) to feel that I may be grown so saturnine, so old-fashioned, or so little inclined universally to applaud, and oftentimes so ready to find fault with bad Manners, and bad taste, (at least, what I think so;) that I am now offended with every Gentleman who shroves his Trees, Shoots the Rooks, and who will not manage his own Cellar; or use his discretion with his own Hounds, Stable, and Garden; but suffer his Gardener to cover the Ground with Cabbages, whilst he lacks asparagus, and Strawberries; will permit his Coachman to cut out his Horses Eyes; and his Groom to singe the Inside of the Hunters Ears, and tear off their Hides with a currycomb: and do abhor (as much as I do tight shoes) the fashionable Forms of modern Incivility: (Perhaps all men of a certain age, have ever indulg'd a Conversation of disesteem of the present time,

when compared with the past; when they were young, and gave the Law!)

If so, where can I bestow myself, when bolted from my Earth? Why, In the front Row of The Pit, sometimes, in Winter; there to enjoy good Poetry, and good acting; un-annoy'd by chattering Quality: and, in the Summer, I cou'd wish to lounge about The Country, in Search of Antiquity, and The Beauties of Nature: finding myself at an Inn, free, unembarrassed, How unlike the foreign traveller, who at the end of three (lost) years Returns (after much Expence, and Dupage<sup>1</sup>) in full Self-Sufficiency, Equipped with an amazing Rage for the Opera, and Vertu; and determined upon being a Patron of Fidlers, and Painters; wonders at the uncouth Manners of our Men, and the Paleness and Reserve of our Women;—Fatigues his Hearers with hackney'd accounts of Rome, and Naples; of This Abbè; of that Marchèsè; and of some divine opera Singers, who may possibly, do us the Honor of coming here in a few years!—Of this Country, its History, Advantages, Trade, etc., He is completely ignorant; and his Estates he only wishes to see in his Stewards Remittances:—

He may, indeed, be, once, tempted to visit the Old Country Mansion, from a Recollection of some early Happiness enjoy'd there;—But He finds it a melancholy place; So Hurries Him back (after an order given for the Timber to be fell'd) to the Set, (the only Set) of young men, whom he met abroad; with these He can delight in the retrospective charms of Italy, and Revert to the superb converzationis, where The Arch-Duke was so affable, and The Duchess so engaging!!

Many of these fine Gentlemen, it is to be hoped, will in time forget to despise these memories, and become intelligent Senators, and honest citizens; but, alas! the false taste so procured in their (cursed) Travells, is like the Bite of a mad Dog, never to be worn from the mind; and, generally, will break out in spite of every wholsome Medicine.

## INTRODUCTION

But why shou'd I intrude my, foreign-to-Reason, home-bred Remarks?

Read but the following Sheets, and you will discover how necessary for The Writer had been a fashionable Tour! To Remove his Prejudices, Polish his Manners, and Improve his Taste: Whereas now, by the Indulgence of Obstinacy, riding from alehouse to alehouse, Eating Beef, and drinking heady Liquors, He is Stupify'd into such a downright Brute, as to Snarl at all others Observation, and Spurn at the gentlest Assistance.



*A most Labourieuse Journeye into  
Distant Counteyes ; Performy'd by  
John Bynge, June, 1789.*

Friday  
May 29  
**I**LITTLE thought that I shou'd have taken another Ride appertaining to Hope; Now I Ride to be out of the Way, and to breathe some more free Respirations.— To The Enlistment of W. W.<sup>2</sup> of last year, I have added Mr P,<sup>3</sup> whose acquaintance I procured in my Exile at St. Omers,<sup>4</sup> when my Heart softened by Calamity was ready for Impressions.

We may compare ourselves, I hope, to the three conversable Travellers mentioned in that easy and pleasant Treatise, Waltons Angler; So that the bold Hawker may stand for P.; Piscator, the Patient Angler for W.; and Venator, the steady old Hunter for myself.

Poney is become my Property, for I cou'd not bear that Mr H[oward]<sup>5</sup> should sell Him and therefore purchased Him for what another offer'd:—I found that I liked Him, and that He understood me. That's the best Rule for Society.—So off I go on Horseback, and into Description; with neither Restiveness (I hope) of Steed, or Stile: in the reward of all Tourists; and, probably, as Extravagant, and as incomprehensible as the original John Taylor,<sup>6</sup> or the modern Mr Gilpin,<sup>7</sup> whose Prints are Ob-scurities, and whose descriptions are Lectures.

But, Beware of Criticism, Mr B., if you can; least it shou'd fall heavily, and deservedly upon your own shoulders; nor will it then signify your attempting Shelter by pleading Candour, and Honesty, and Truth; or by think-

ing that in weaving common occurrences of Travells, you ease the tediousness of eternal Observations of Things, so often described?—Write your own way, Sir, as well as you can; Divert yourself; But Trouble not your Head about others Works; For you are not an author, shou'd not be a Critic, and never will be a Poet.

I order'd that I should be called very early this morning (a Precaution doubly needless, because no Servant will do it, and I allways wake at the right time) that I may leisurely walk to Barnet, where Poney was sent yesterday.—My Touring Chaplain, W., is not Ready; and P., the Chevalier, but just arrived in town, pleads Business; So, To be punctual myself, and take all my Holidays, I Sally forth alone.—

Up at five, kissed my Lamb Frederick left in my Place in Bed, When, Encumber'd by a loose Great Coat (for it was a dripping morning) stuff'd Pockets, and a new pair of Boots, I made my Departure for this grand Tour.—What a misfortune that Poney is inadequate to carry me, and a small Portmanteau with my sheet and necessaries! Then I shou'd feel myself Independent; for in last Summers Tour there was so much trouble in removing our Baggage!

In this Tour I shall introduce, from lack of matter, and good description, a greater Number of Prints than usual; which will better exemplify than mine, or perhaps others writings.

The morning mists retired; and in the contest between clouds, and Sun-Shine, there gleam'd beautiful Tints, worthy of Ruysdael's Pencil. I found that I walk'd well; tho' often looking behind me for an assistant Stage-Coach, or Return Chaise; but luckily in Vain.—Such a lovely Spring, and of such hopes, was scarcely ever seen; with a Verdure unequall'd in other Countries, The Wonder of Foreigners and continued by Dews unknown upon the Continent! I skipp'd along like a Boy free'd from School.—Every Horse, Carriage, and Carter, were adorn'd with

oaken Boughs, and Apples, in memory of this once-famous Barnet day.—I arrived at Barnet, Lower Red Lion, soon after nine o'clock.—How d'ye Poney? Bring instantly some Tea, and some thin dry Toast; (Never any thing butter'd, or you get Stale Butter.)

In an old Book call'd *'Dialogues bothe pleasaunte, and pietifull'*, by Dr. Bulleyn, 1564—There is one betwixt Civis and Roger journeying out of London—and Civis remarks at one of the first Inns—'This is a comlie Parlour, very netlie, and trimlie apparell'd, London like, the windowes are well glazed, and faire Clothes with pleasaunte borders aboue the same, with many wise sayyngse painted upon them.' . . .

I here wrote to London, and left my loose Coat, and Crab-Stick: and Now you see me mounted.—My Old Friend Tray, Quartered at Barnet, was not at home; That's Wrong, as I said I should call; but right, as I wish not to be delay'd. 'The Blackbird tunes his merry Note'—'and The cuckoo now on every tree mocks married men.' These Sounds are to me more chearful than the finest Solos; and I despise the Fashions of preferring Musk Scents to the Hawthorn Sweets, and of passing Summers in London, in never ending Galas!

When I reach'd Hatfield Park Gates, an approaching Storm made me pull up near the Grey Hound Inn; and well I did, for it came down a Soaker.—There is certainly a vast pleasure in relating melancholy Events, for The Hostler was eager to tell me of a poor Mr T—t's being confined there, from a sad overturn in a Stage Coach. Knowing Mr T., (who formerly kept the Sun-Inn at Biggleswade, and, when at home resides in that town, bolt upright like a Gentleman) I ascended to his Bed Room; and found him recovering from an accident he was happy to relate, and at which I cou'd scarcely refrain from Laughter.

'Going to town, some day since, in a Stage Coach, The Coach was broken down near this Inn-Door, and Mr T. fell under 5 female Passengers with not much damage; (The Horses running off with the fore wheels;) When the

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Roof breaking in, sent an upper Cargo upon Him, which added to his former Load, bruis'd him, and cut his Head so much as to confine him here for several Days.'

Wellwyn

Clearing up, I continued my slow, and pleasant Route to near Wellwyn, when another Storm hinted to me the White Swan; (for it is as convenient in travelling to know the Stops of the Road, as in Hunting, The Covers, and the right Points.)—Mrs S. Talk'd about mutton chops: but I stuck to my demand of cold meat, with a gooseberry tart; and was right, for she instantly produced a cold Tongue, and a cold Fillet of Veal: as for her old fusty tart of last years fruit, I open'd the Lid, and closed it tightly down for the next Comer. No Tricks upon Travellers.

Some Sons of The Angle dined here; and one of them related to me every minute circumstance (as Sportsmen will do) of his Mornings diversion; How He turn'd one Trout, and had nearly hook'd another: and at last had done nothing.—Mr S.'s Sign Post, and Trade are both in sad decay; and She will soon bawl, and bewilder herself into A Bankruptcy; unless such expensive Sparks as myself often dine at her House, for I (wou'd you believe it) Spent therein 1/6d.—Mrs S. intends having a New Sign placed against her Front: The ornaments of her Husband a Bacchus, Sun, and Grapes, having fallen down, She much Regrets.

The Wellwyn Assemblies,<sup>8</sup> tho' continued, are not so frequented as formerly; when all the World danced not in London, or till August there.

The Nobility and Gentry of the County of Hertford are respectfully informed, that the WELWYN ASSEMBLIES for the Year 1789, will be as under, viz.—

MORNING	EVENING
June the 1st.	July the 13th.
June the 15th.	August the 10th.
June the 29th.	September the 7th.
July the 27th.	October the 5th.
August the 24th.	
September the 21st.	

Subscribers for the Six Mornings, each 12s.

Non-Subscribers 2s. 6d. each morning.

Subscribers for the Four Evenings,

Ladies 16s. - - - Gentlemen £1 4s.

Non-Subscribers,

Ladies each Evening 5s. - - - Gentlemen each Evening 7s. 6d.

After two very heavy Showers, well escaped, I was glad to be going; but fatigued of a known Road, I counted every Mile Stone.

Passing thro' Stevenage I recollect a Trick of an Inn-keeper there (often practised I believe); viz, That finding many People dissatisfied with his House, and wishing another to be set up; another Inn quickly open'd against him, which, tho' the worst, got much custom;—In a course of years it was discovered to be kept by one of his Waiters, who daily accounted to him.—

On this Old Ground I must snatch at occurrences, or tell old Stories; which, as description is worn out, is best both for Reader, and Writer.—At Baldock, where I intended to have dined, were the Remains of their yesterdays Fair, for there was a Cargo of Wild Beasts, and much Drumming and Trumpeting to A Puppet-Show.—The last Miles are allways long. So I thought the nine more to Biggleswade; for one grows melancholy in an Evening; Biggles-wade and I was glad to come into the Old Shop, The Sun, there to find my Cloak-bag, to drink some good Tea, to pull off my Boots and refresh. Near Baldock I passed by The Mill, of poor account, but noted formerly by the Ballad.

I think for a small Poney, and an old Gentleman, We did work enough: as to my Looks I received from Mrs Knight; the unpleasant Truth 'That I was grown wretchedly thin.' After Tea I cou'd not be quiet, but, *to fatten myself*, must take another walk, and I went up to the Church, and about the Churchyard; Poney eat heartily his Corn, and so did his Rider of a nicely-roasted Chicken, and plenty of custards, and green currant Tart.

I had then to write to Mrs Byng and to W. W[ynn]., to tell the latter of a Clever Nag that stands close to this House, and is to be sold cheap. My old Friend, The Waiter, and I are very familiar and we hold conversation without contradiction; which Mathematicians may say is unimproving but being long past Improvement, it suits me. As a Traveller I know not myself; Few People do; But read how John Taylor describes them.—

Sixe things unto a Traveller belongs,  
 An asses backe, abide, and beare all wrongs:  
 A Fishes Tongue (mute) grudging Speech, forbearing,  
 A Harts quick Eye all dangers overhearing,  
 A Dogs Eyes that must wake as they doe sleepe,  
 And by such watch his corpses from perill keepe.  
 A swines sweet homely tast that must digest  
 All Fish, Flesh, Rootes, Fowle, foule and beastly drest;  
 And last, He must have ever at his call  
 A Purse well lynde with coyne to pay for all.

Saturday  
May 30

A Gloomy Morning with much rain; So was glad to pass my early time in brushing up. There shou'd be none of this preventive weather to the destruction of Tourists, their time, and money.—It may be asked why then do I come so early abroad, before the Season is settled; but I have Reasons for my haste; or wou'd have stay'd another six weeks had I thought only of Weather: our latter Autumns have been the only fix'd fine Time; and with a good Party, wou'd be the pleasantest Season.—The Day Clear'd up at nine o'clock, just as I had finish'd my Breakfast, read a Letter from Town, and convers'd with my Landlord Mr Knight, who brought to me several Copper Coins lately pick'd up near the Roman Camp at Sandy: What an inexhaustible Mine; for they have been finding them for 1800 years! Every thing now can be so well imitated, and forged, that it is scarcely possible to know the original; for instance of art, I heard, the other day, of a Man at Birmingham<sup>9</sup> who quitting one line of Business,



CHICKSANDS PRIORY  
*from a contemporary eighteenth-century print*

[facing p. 98]



had taken to old coin making.—Of these coins he gave me one, with the Head of an Empress upon it.—

As I did not hear by the post from my Comrades that are to be, I shall expect to meet the advanced Party tomorrow: In the meantime must write down, or remember, 'Each trivial Law, each petty fond Record.'

I was in the field at 10 o'clock, and Rode thro' the Meadows to Southill,<sup>10</sup> in front of The House; over Rowney Warren, into Chicksands-Grounds;<sup>11</sup> a Pleasant day, with quick tropical Showers that made the Hawthorn which now powders the Hedges and Roads smell most delightfully: after searching the World for Shrubs and Perfumes, Pray what Exceeds this Plant in its various Beauties? Chicksands Grounds, and The Water are much Extended, and Improved. Within 2 Miles from Chicksands, on the right, is Castle Hill, with a Keep, and many Dykes, etc., but of the Record I never heard.—Upon an opposite Hill is a large Farm House, call'd Canon-Park Manor House; which has been of good account.

Than this part of the Country, nothing can be better riding, free from Stones, and allways dry. (Of Southill, Chicksands, and Wrest, I have closed description).—<sup>Wrest</sup> Passing by the Pales of Wrest Park,<sup>12</sup> much reduced in its Limits, I came in 2 more Miles to Flitton, a prettily-placed, dry village; The Church (which was my Object) I entered, to view the monuments of the Kent Family,<sup>13</sup> who here shew in marble magnificence. The old recumbent Figures of Henry Erle of Kent, and his Countess, are very fine; but those of a later date are abominable: a Son of the last Duke, a Lad, in a Wig, and Shirt!

The Duke himself, upon a cumb'rous Monument, as a Roman, with his English Ducal Cap! And a long fulsome Inscription to his merits; amongst which are recorded The Building of A Town-House, and his beautifying the Gardens of Wrest!!

In the dry Vault beneath The Clerk said that the very covering of The Coffins continued fresh.—At the Church

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Gate, I gladdened a little White-headed Boy with a Half-penny; He was so like my Frek.—

Silsoe

A short Road back brought me, at 2 o'clock. to The George Inn, Silsoe, a tolerable Noon Stop, free from Noise, close to The Park, and with a neat Garden; where on a Seat in a yew-Bush, I enjoy'd the fragrance of a Sweet Briar Hedge, Shelter'd from the Rain; I but just Escaped.

The Stable here is very good, and The People very Civil.—Unluckily, I was too late for their Eggs and Bacon, So was obliged to have a bad fry'd Beef-Steak;—but I brought good Sauce with me,—

The last time I dined here was with Messrs. Berties<sup>14</sup> and Taff;<sup>15</sup> Half of us only are Remaining!!! . . . . The Cottagers, every where, look wretchedly, like their cows; and slowly recovering from their wintry distress: Desereted by the Gentry, they lack Assistance, Protection, and amusement; However my Landlord says that in May, there are Mayers (alias Morrice Dancers) who go about with a Fool, A Man in Womans Cloaths (the Maid Marian), and Musick.—

Wrest is a deserted Place; No Residence, now, of Nobility; or of expensive Housekeeping! I made a longish, tedious Stay here; my Horse faring better than I did, in a good Stall, and with good Food; But my charge was very cheap, and the brown Bread excellent (white I allways discard), nor was the Sage-Cheese amiss. . . . I allways think of Dinner for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour before my arrival at the Inn, which gives me an appetite, and an hurry for eating; and I never Eat with so much good will, as when I come in heated, and can have my meat quickly; for then both Body and Mind are instantly Refreshed, and Recover'd.—

					D.
Eating	-	-	Beef Steaks and	-	8
Drinking	-	-	3 glasses B. and Water	-	6
Horses—Hay and Corn			-	-	5
Feeding—two Servants			-	-	4

Sr. II

I returned by Wrest-House, thro' the Park, thro' Shefford Town, and by the Meadows home, where I saw Mr Gall, who hires some of these meadows, and has just Levell'd the Castle-Hill (of which such *beautiful* Paintings are to be found in my Northampton Tour).—My Evening Pace was very Slow, but I often look'd behind me at the lowering weather, which ended in rain, just as I return'd to my Quarters.—It is really almost cold enough for a fire and my Landlord and Landlady have one in the Bar; where I went to hold conversation; and then was obliged to light mine, and order an early hot supper;—at an hour when a genteel London Dinner is finishing, and the Opera beginning!

## FROM A COUNTY PAPER.

'By a letter from the neighbourhood of Stamford we learn, that on Sunday preceding the day of rejoicing, at Irnham-Hall, the residence of Everard Arundell, Esq: a Mass and Te Deum were said in thanksgiving to the Almighty for his Majesty's recovery, and an excellent Discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr Walton. On the Tuesday following that old mansion was illuminated, the windows in front were decorated with many curious devices and transparencies, particularly a large one of his Majesty, and another of Fame proclaiming the joyful tidings of the King's Health being established. Two sheep were roasted whole, and the populace were regaled with barrels of ale. The parish also united and testified their loyalty by their bounty to the common people and liberality to the poor. At nine in the evening several curious fireworks were displayed, with firing of guns, flags flying, ringing of bells, etc. The night concluded with a ball to the tenants. The great hall was elegantly lighted up with lamps, which made a brilliant appearance; a genteel cold supper was then served up, after which many loyal and constitutional toasts were given and drank. The whole was conducted with the greatest mirth, cordiality, and decorum.

Reading this (grand) account in the County Papers of this evening, has occasioned the following Remarks; which may savour of a want of hospitality, Conviviality, etc.—But they are my opinions, and I cannot restrain them.

(Tho' Sorry to stand single in a opinion of want of Praise of pompous Treats, as appear to me Insults on Poverty;

and instead of assistance to The Poor, only put the Miseries of their Situation in the strongest Light, thence to feel more poignantly their own misfortunes. These Ideas which may be deem'd cruel, repugnant to Jollity, and devoid of Gentility, arise from these pompous accounts, and fulsome commendations of such Grandees, who (from Pride and waste) Give Oxen and Sheep to be roasted whole, and thrown, with Barrells of Beer to the Populace, who were delighted, elated, etc., etc. Now can any thing be more mischievous (not to say diabolical) than such destructive Follies! Were the pompous, ill-judging Donors of these Splendours, to consider that some of the poor wretches, who struggled for a piece of meat, of a Draught of Beer, have left at home a Wife and Children shivering with Cold, and perishing of Hunger, They might be taught, that to make their Neighbourhood comfortable (and, even, to spread wide their Fame) the Cottager shou'd have Land sufficient annex'd to his Tenement to find a regular Support for his Family: and much more noble, how much better Judg'd, than the empty Blaze of Riot ending in Drunkenness and Prostitution, and in wishes to obtain, by any means, those Luxuries of which they have just had a Taste.—Would The Donors of these Scrambling Treats (of which only The Wicked and the Sturdy partake) make a Calculation; and then carry his intended Bounty to some Slop-Shop in the City, for the purchase of fearnought-Cloth, Woollen, Caps, Thick Flanells, and Warming-Pans. They might, when Xmas came, clothe the aged, comfort The Infirm, and cheer the perishing Poor.—How much better does this sound in my imagination, than The Huzzars around the wasteful Bonfire, the drunken Squabbles of The Mob, or The hireling Paragraphs of the News-Paper.)

I enjoy'd my Port wine, and Pigeons very much; and also, what Mr K. might not so much like, The Quietness of The Inn, where I was the sole Guest; except some Crickets, who chirp exceedingly, and so much to my

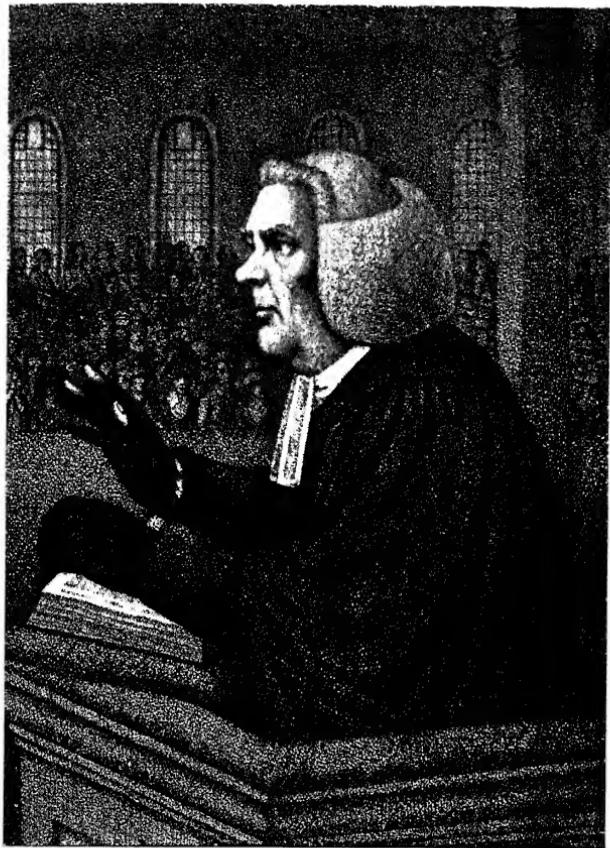
Pleasure, that I shou'd like to turn out several into my own House, to get a Breed, by way of Game upon my Manor.—When so many curious Investigations are written upon Trifles (as a long and lately publish'd elaborate Treatise upon the Cuckoo), why will not some inquisitive Philosopher recount the History of The Cricket, and Explain why He makes so much Noise in the World!

It is an old Saying That 'The better the Memory, the <sup>Sunday</sup> worse the Judgment'; if so, I ought to possess a profound Judgment, having such a shallow Memory, as to be obliged to write down at night what I had done in that day, or proposed to do on the following; else the Employ of one wou'd be forgotten, or the Business of the other left undone.—On this day I was to expect some of my company, and had promised to meet them at Baldock in their way down.—But soon after my rising (which was not early, as my Night was passed in such Spas'ms as may do me up in a Twinkling) I receiv'd Letters; one from Mrs Byng hinting that I may epect her on Tuesday made up for the disappointment of H.'s and W[ynn]'s not coming as I expected, the former is prevented by business, the latter by Idleness; so poor I am left alone here: But I yet hope that H. may be able to come down, for a day at least.—I had first to answer their Letters, expressing my Hopes of seeing them; and then consult Mr G. the Apothecary (who was waiting in the Bar, the arrival of the News-Papers) about the State of my Stomach, which, from having been abused, and now wearing out, causes disturb'd Nights, with most unpleasant Sensations: Mr Gall (a good Name) determin'd to send me a most efficacious Medicine, and is in the right to Stick by this Inn, where for his many Agreements The Landlord and Landlady are kept in tight repair.—Mr K. now rode with me to see a Farm lately hired by him: In our Way drinking of the (so often-mention'd) Well Water in the meadows, which assuredly ought to be fenced, described, etc., etc., etc.—His Farm, a mile

further, was a Large mansion; (once I remarked to a Country Fellow 'This is an ancient place'—'Aye Master', answer'd He, 'It was so formerly.') It is surrounded by a moat, has a large Garden, and two good Parlours: as He intends to let it with some grass ground, I doubt not of his getting a Tenant; if there are those who Love Quiet and Retirement; and heed the French Proverb '*Que fait aimer les Champs, fait aimer la Vertu.*' At present, there is a conceited Farmer in it, with an affected, ugly Daughter, as He calls Her. It might be made a comfortable Place; and have plenty of Tench in the moat.—This Farm ought (if possible) to have been purchased by my Brother, as it is encircled by his Farms, and pays to him the great Tythes.—After walking in the old-fashioned Gardens, and finding two Birds' Nests (a circumstance of consequence to a Cockney) One of them a Blackbirds in a thatch'd Summer-House, I parted from Mr K. but retained the Company of his pretty Spaniel, who hunted very amusingly: my strole was by Ld Ongleys,<sup>16</sup> to Ick-well-Green, and so home by Upper Caldecot at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 o'clock.

A lovely, growing Day! Such a Shew of plenty upon the Ground, with the lasses in their best Bibs and Tuckers, exhilarated my Heart; and I thought I was passing my Time very rationally.

After Dinner, I cou'd not do better than prefer my apothecary Gall (an high-german Doctor) from The Bar, into The Parlour; and Let him loose, at no expence, upon my Port Wine; relaxing myself from *deep Studies*, and hard writing. The Doctor either has, or pretends to have (to please me) a Taste for antiquity, and talks of Castles, Old Camps, etc.; and wou'd shew me the best way to Caesars Camp, and to Chesterfield,<sup>17</sup> where they find Roman Coins.—The Waiter tells me, That The Doctor is a Lutherian, aye, says I, a Lutheran; No Sr. a Lutheran—Perhaps you mean A Moravian?<sup>18</sup> There you have hit it, sir, It is a Moravian.



PRINT OF THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE

*inserted in the Diary*

[facing p. 104]



The Doctor now comes Mounted to attend me; and we rode first to see the Doctors Stud, a Brood Mare, a Colt, and a Hackney, and his two Cows; Thence over The Sandy Hills to near Everden Church (whence were many people returning from the Evening-Service) where a famous Preacher<sup>19</sup> has been renowned in his Pulpit for many years His Face appears to me abundant of Honesty, Zeal, and good works; tho' no Disciple of Lavaters<sup>20</sup> there seems as if much useful knowledge were to be acquired from the Study of Physiognomy.—To his Church does the County flock for Instructions, and Consolation: But He is generally term'd a Methodist: and as such held out by the Clergy, as a stumbling Block, and a dangerous Character.

Now what the Title of Methodist is meant to signify I know not; but if these Preachers do restore attention, and congregations within the Churches, and do preach the Work of God, They appear to me as Men most commendable; and as useful to the Nation, by their Opposition to the Church Ministry, as in an opposition of The Minister of the Country, in Parliament: Active Orators keeping Vigilant Observation, and Preventing any Idleness in, or abuse of their authority; and so tending as effectually to the Preservation of our Rights, as these Methodistical Preachers do to the conservation of Religion. They are like military Martinets, who are scoff'd at by the Ignorant, and Indolent, but who preserve the Army from Ruin.

Thence We Returned by Hazel-Hall, Mr P.'s, to Caesars Camp; Below which is Chesterfield (alias Castra, as all our Chesters were) wherein Coins are still found: It is in high Garden Cultivation, as all the Kingdom ought to be if Interior Management were fully consider'd; and then this Country might, like China, be under eternal cultivation; (the more People and the more Stock, the more Product;) and none of the present idle fallow work, want of Population, and want of Encouragement, arising from a thirst of monopoly, which turns meadows into

Sheepwalks, and rears Thistles instead of Potatoes!!—The Doctor and I parted good Friends.—Many Shew Folk are arriv'd for our Fair; and betwixt two of them has been fought a great Battle this evening.—The Waiter says that I must go to The Fair tomorrow, where 'They will be all *higgledy-piggledy* and much Pastime'; and so I hope to do.—After Supper, I walk'd forth to take a peep at the moon; and was not displeased at hearing the Skutting of Lovers; most comfortable in the Summer for The Poor, who come forth with the Butterfly for a little Buz: But couches and candles do better for The Rich than these Squeakings of Chill'd conceit in our half-warm'd climate. Luckily I had a coal fire to Return to; a great help to the animal Fire. Without Books, and Company, there is no setting up; so I soon felt a wish for Bed Time.—

Monday  
June 1

A new Month; and may it prove a Happy one.—There is plenty of Employ upon my Thoughts; and if there is good Weather, I shall hope to find about me a sufficiency of Health, and Strength, to undergo a little bustling.—I was early up, after a good Night, to a fine morning, and to a Bowl of Buttermilk,

False Luxurious, will not Man awake,  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour.  
To Meditation due, and sacred song?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life;  
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!—*Seasons.*

My morning Walk had been quickly taken, but that I wou'd pay my Respects to the Duke of Ancaster who was on his Road to Grimsthorpe (his country seat) who pressed much my coming there—or with any Friends on my Tour—'who might take Batchelors Fare.'

He likes the country, and is hastening to enjoy it; as some men do.—But no women; for my Lady Dss, and her

Daughter Lady M. Stay in town for more Galas: She, my Lady Dss (like other Ladies), fancys that London is the only Place for a Girl to get a Husband in, and her daughter is of the same opinion; so The Duke, like a civil Husband, assents, tho' He may feel, like me, That She might in the Country be well married, but that in London She is lost in the confusion of Dresses and Perfume; Countess, or Courtezan, all alike; Dress or deed; '*Pull Devil, Pull Baker.*'

After *my Friend his Grace the Duke* had departed, I vetch'd a Valk in the Vields near the 'ouse of Mr Sams, whence came my Buttermilk.—To-day, for the 1st time, there are Strawberries and Peas arrived; of the former I ate at Breakfast: what wou'd I have given to have transferr'd them to Frek., standing by me with a look of Joy and thankfulness!

Before my Horse was ready I went to see how the Fair went on, and there met Mr Snitch<sup>21</sup> of Southill a respectable Butcher, and also my acquaintance of yesterday at Knights Farm a Fellow of the Looks and Manners of a Swindler; and as Quin<sup>22</sup> said, 'If that Fellow be not a Rascal, God does not write a legible Hand.'

There were many Pharoahs lean kine and some nags with several Slight-of-Hand Men, and a Learned Pig; for since the first of these learned grunting-Gentry, that was so much admired, the Piggish Race have improved amazingly in wisdom; and disperse their knowledge over the Kingdom at the very cheap rate of One Penny per Head.

My Ride was To Northill, and to Cople-Hoo, where I turned to the left over some closes, to View, what I so long intended, Wood-End. The Mansion House for many ages Woodend<sup>23</sup> of The Luke Family,<sup>23</sup> whence Sr Samuel Luke

'Forsook his dwelling and out He rode a Colonelling.'

being accompanied by a man of the name of Bedford

'One Ralph who in the adventure went his half.'

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

The Lineal descendants of the Bedfords,<sup>24</sup> still live in this country. The last of the Lukes died, poor about the year 1732

“Tis sung there is a valiant mamaluke  
In foreign land yclep’d . . .”

I entered this old mansion, and was shown into many Rooms well wainscotted, in one of which remains one of these old, grand mantel-pieces, which were very ornamental, and highly painted; were generally composed of wood, and sometimes of Stucco: In this are three grand Figures of Faith, Hope and Charity.—The Farm, with much of the neighbourhood, belongs to the Duke of Bedford: What a link of Yeomanry, and Country Happiness, such Purchasers become!

The Farmers son took me to what is call’d Hudibrass’s Hole, to which with some difficulty we crept; in the dark under Rafters. It is a concealment that explains itself to have been made for some Popish Recusants; as there were in all Roman Catholick Houses, soon after the Reformation, when the Laws against Popery were strongly Enforced.—The House has been moated round and some old twisted Chimnies are left.—This is an exact Resemblance of their old Kitchen; and of others of the same date: Where happily conceal’d from worldly knowledge, and peevish Grandeurs, The Ballad was their History, which they merrily troll’d over a can of stout October.

The Figure and manners of The Farmer were the very portrait of Hudibras, and what a Painter wou’d instantly catch at; as well as those of his Daughter, if He wanted a Face and Form for a Venus: For she was extremely Beautiful!

The surrounding country is wooded and of grazing Grounds; where many calves are suckled for the Land Market. A mile of pleasant Lane brought me to Cople Village, and here, as formerly, tying Poney to the Church-yard Gate, I summon’d the Clerk with his Key.—The

only curiosities in this Church are the Luke Monuments of a granite marble, with Brasses and Inscriptions in old Letter which I had not time to copy: That of Sr Walter Luke and his Lady have been well painted, and adorned.—In another Mile I came to Cardington, a Village of much Neatness, with all the Houses so smart, and the Green so nicely planted: To add to which there was (to-day) a little Fair, and a Stall, and a Turnabout to make the children sick after their Gingerbread. This Church and Church yard (of which I have spoken before) are in the best conservation; for Messrs. W. and H. being at variance (luckily for the Village) strive which shall most benefit, and adorn it: consequently the Cottages are neat, and comfortable; For what cannot the Riches of the one, and the Charity of the other, accomplish, or point out?

Mr Howard is now at home: Why won't He Stay there? He has done enough for his Honor, and for the advantage of mankind: But That a man should like to pass all his life in Prisons, and Pest-Houses, becomes a stark-staring Madness! and unless some Benefit had not arisen from it, would be universally thought so.

At Bedford an old Building (probably monastic) stands at the bottom of the late George Inn Yard;—It is now under Repair: The Masons told me it was A Romish Building. The font must have been removed from Caldwell Abbey, or The Friary; It serves now to receive The Rain Water, in the Swan Inn Yard. Did I live in this Neighbourhood, I should strive to purchase it, and then place it in my Garden, (or amidst my Ruins) with the best Inscription I cou'd give.

My Host, of the true fat Breed, said that Dinner was just ready, and instantly brought in a Roasted Fillet of Mutton (a joint not very common) with Cabbage, Cucumbers, and Sallad; and upon this, and Cheese, I fared very well.

Then for a Walk, to find out where Caldwell Abbey Stood; From this walk, a very hot one, I returned to

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

another Glass of Brandy, and Water; overtaking upon the Bridge, a clean-looking Woman, leading two fine Boys,



*View of the Bridge, at Bedford*

Contemporary pen-and-ink drawing inserted by Lord Torrington  
in the Diary

dressed in light Blue, the Livery of the great (Harper) Charity<sup>25</sup> here; upon my admiring their Looks and Cleanliness, She Thanked God for her Luck in getting them upon so good a Foundation; and in giving her two such Healthy and well-disposed Boys, that were the comfort of her life.—There was something wonderfully pathetic in her Words and Looks; and her leading in either Hand, these her Hopes, Whom she alternately Survey'd with Fondness, and Transport.—My second walk was, first, to look at the outside of St. Paul's Church, the largest, and best in Bedford.

I ask'd two old men for directions, and they said 'They were Dunny,'<sup>26</sup> and I answered to them peevishly, 'That's my ill Luck, allways to enquire of Deaf People.' Of one

old man I enquired his age, and He answered (not being deaf) '82 years' and that He cou'd walk 5 miles in 2 Hours. The Landlord, at my Return, sat himself upon the Edge of a Table; and We convers'd about Elections, and other country subjects:

Now it is allways right to converse sociably with Landlords, both for information and cheapness; for mine charged, to-day

	D.					
For Dinner	-	-	-	-	-	10
Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	6
Hay and Corn	-	-	-	-	-	4
Servants	-	-	-	-	-	4
						—
						S2 0

Très bonne Marché.

At 4 o'clock I beat my March; and Returned by Willington, Muggerhanger and Girford-Bridge: A good, and pleasant Road, the longer by 2 miles than that of The morning....

I would have gone back on the opposite side of the River; had any thing Remain'd of Newenham-Priory....

After Tea, I went up to The Fair, and was jostled about, but not tempted to set in the heat, and stink, to see a Shew. The immoderate Bawlings of the several Buffoons diverted me much, endeavouring to draw in company by their balderdash humour: one, in particular, (who was very Vociferous) after arguing for a long time, tryd their Pity (like Mr Bayes),<sup>27</sup> saying 'That his Head must be cut off,' holding a sieve to receive it; His Executioner was an amazon in a grand Riding Habit, who cry'd, 'One,—Two —', and at the 3rd Flourish. He bobb'd away from her broad sword: and this merry Performance was several times Repeated, to the terror of some tender-hearted Females, who trembled for his Fate.

I now took the Tour of The Out-Skirts, to see the company going home; and found that, till 30 years of age,

The Gentlemen attach'd themselves to The Ladies; and afterwards to their Beer, as few of them cou'd steer a strait course.—And yet how happier are these People in their (selldom returning) Pleasures, than the fine world in going, merely for Fashions Sake, to see an old woman, Madame G. (of whom I read so much in the Papers) an old woman of near 60 years of age, Grimacing and Capering!!

Well; Let me and Poney move our dance agreeably: When we are together, it is a Pas de deux, and when I am on foot, it is a Pas seul.

There is a good going young Horse at the next door, that I wish'd W. W[ynn]. to have seen and bought; but as he neither came or wrote, probably He was sold at the Fair. I give sufficient encouragement to the French, by a consumption of their Brandy, of which I commonly call for a Pint per Diem.

A close for this day: and this I hope will be last that I shall pass alone, upon this Tour.

Tuesday  
June 2

A day of Impatience; and of the assemblage of The Troops under my Command from their several cantonments to the Camp at Biggleswade.—Those that did not send Refusals to my orders, of course will come; and those that write they will, certainly must come. The Post has not brought a Letter either from Mr H, or W. W.: Why not write one Line? And then meals are properly prepared, and Beds Engaged. Now I can do nither for them! and they will perhaps say, 'Why you knew we should come.' Why cannot you write so? I will keep the Pigeons, and Asparagus, and The Beds; which otherwise at your coming you will find Bespoke. Mrs B. says, that she will come with P. in the evening; (at ten o'clock, I suppose!)

From The Office has arrived Bell's New Paper The Oracle:<sup>28</sup> He and Jim are breaking Partnership, and setting up against each other, to their mutual Ruin; and no one cares which is right, or which is wrong.

A New Newspaper,  
Will be published on the Fifth of June 1789—entitled

## The Oracle

BELL'S NEW WORLD.

The Arrangements are now preparing on a Large and Liberal Scale.

J. BELL, of the BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND, respectfully informs the public, that he is no longer interested directly or indirectly, in the Newspaper, which he originally INSTITUTED and ESTABLISHED, under the Title of THE WORLD; as even the printing thereof has been RASHLY and UNHANDSOMELY withdrawn from him, by CAPTAIN TOPHAM.—J. BELL, at present a free and he hopes an IRREPROACHABLE agent, therefore, means to submit a NEW DAILY PAPER to the Patronage of the Public.

His Plan will be novel, interesting, and useful.

If long experience,—extensive literary connections,—the most immediate and unbounded sources of intelligence, and a proper stile of communication, can warrant a hope of attraction—all these qualifications the Publisher has to offer in his favor. Every exertion shall be made to gratify public taste, and completely to answer the BEST PURPOSES of a Daily Print.—

“Tis not for mortals to command success,  
‘But we’ll do more, Sempronius, WE’LL DESERVE IT.’

In order to ascertain the number as nearly and as soon as possible, J. BELL will consider it as a singular and important obligation to be favoured with the names of such persons as mean to encourage his New Paper.

This will be a dragging Day for me, for I dare not go to any distance of Survey; so must Skim about home: It galls me the having no Letters.

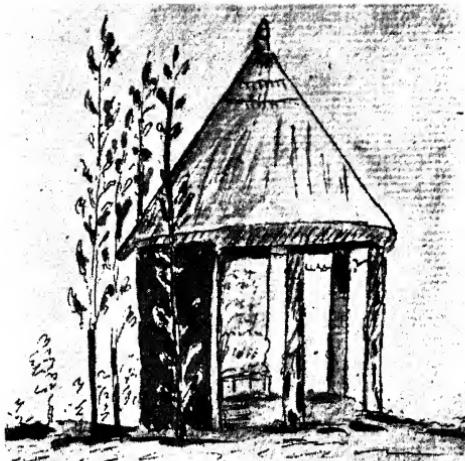
After Breakfast I walk’d to The Fisherman’s just below, Where in his Ponds I try’d to angle and set some Trimmers; and was there mett (that’s the Plague of Popularity, and Civility) by a Mr W.: to whom I explained my Intentions of Quiet, or else:—He carried away with him many of my Compts., and The Oracle Newspaper. I next took a short Ride to call upon Mr T. returned home after his

most terribly-laughable Accident: He was ever a Man of a yawning complainant Humour.

At my Return I was Surprised at the sight of W. W.'s Servant and more at his verbal Message, 'My Master will dine with you.' At what Hour, and where is his Note? 'That is all Sir.' How easy is the writing 6 Words on a Slip of Paper, to be sent by either your Servant or the Post! So I said, This is my hour of dining, two o'clock, and to it I shall go: for I cannot wait upon an uncertainty.—The Cold Beef, Tarts, and Custards were Excellent; and then I gaped, and threw my Legs about, as those People do, who are never urged, by Mind to act, or think; for I now can do nothing by myself but wait in anxiety upon Uncertainties; Having first paid my own Bill to this Instant, to prevent Confusions etc., etc.

No W. W. at 5 o'clock: Here did I sit, like a Lady waiting for her Company; and in such kind of twitter. At my angle till 8 o'clock, when I caught 3 small Eels, and a Perch, and threw them all back.—At 8 o'clock I rode backwards and forwards for an hour; as much fatigued by Expectancy, as The Travellers cou'd be by Journeying: afraid to order Supper, and vex'd to have engaged Beds.—in London I am told that People had no Servants to send, forgetting there was a penny-Post!<sup>129</sup> Till a certain Hour one is Vex'd, but after that alarmed: Some accident may have happened upon The Road, or some Sickness in London! Luckily it is an Empty House here; Nor do I think it so frequented as formerly; For The White Horse at Baldock, 9 miles short of this, is become a good Inn, Eaton, 10 miles further a good Inn; and Brigden, 6 miles further on, a very good Inn.

At eleven o'clock, at night, arrived The Company in two chaises; In one Mrs B. with Mr L[oveday]<sup>30</sup> and in the other Messrs. P. and W[ynn]. my future companions de Voyage. They had been detained as they said by Business, and I was satisfied by seeing them. Supper of good account; with much clamour of orders, Enquiries and State-



A RURAL SEAT AT CHICKSANDS



THE FOURTH LORD TORRINGTON'S WHITE  
SUMMER HOUSE

*from water-colours by the Diarist* [facing p. 114]



ments, rather allay'd by the Supper Sight, of which we eat in haste; and then in haste retired to Bed.

My night was wretchedly spent in the horridest *Wednesday*  
Spas'ms; which must put me in much care about my Eat-  
ing, and the observance of many Rules; else I may knock  
up! So I rose heavily, and very languid.

We all assembled soon after nine o'clock to Breakfast; and then we were to drive about, under my Direction, having agreed upon Staying another night here.—This Drive common to me, I hope was not unpleasant to them; over Ickwell Green to Warden Church, to see the View from thence, and the lately erected Mausoleum for the Ongley Family, in the Church Yard;—which Church Yard is of most pleasant situation, and wherein is this Inscription.

Here our Children lies, with their pretty Eyes  
Whom God seem'd fit to close  
He tane them home while they were young  
To take a sweet Repose.

I find that my Greediness to visit Churches, and church yards hourly increases, as they all can furnish somewhat of Antiquity or of curiosity and this has Lord Torrington's White Summer House on a Hill Top, overlooking The Grounds, and House, Called upon Mr Walker; and then, whilst The Gentlemen looked over Southill House, we renew'd our compts. to Mr and Mrs Smith<sup>31</sup> and their Family, at the Parsonage, partaking of their usual hospitality. Thence to Chicksands Priory; Where Sir G. <sup>Chick-</sup><sub>sands</sub> Osborn,<sup>32</sup> amongst many Improvements, Decorates his Grounds with Rustic, and other characteristical Buildings; Safeguards from wet weather and Retreats from heat, and ever enticing forward the Walker and Rider: on the Lawn above the entering Ground stands this Rural Seat commanding a very gay view of The Country, and of The River.

We had now a good opportunity of seeing The Old Religious House (Sir G. with his company being walk'd forth) which is, probably, one of the most perfect now existing, for great Part of the Cloisters are entire, and being glazed, afford a most pleasant, and gloomy Passage to The Library. In these windows, and on the Cloister Walls are some painted Glass, Monumental Stones, Brasses etc., to which Sir G. politely says, I have been an ample contributor.

One Brass I brought from Wrotham Church,<sup>33</sup> and as I believe from a Grave Stone of The Byng Family: when in my profession They were call'd The 4 Brazen Byngs!!

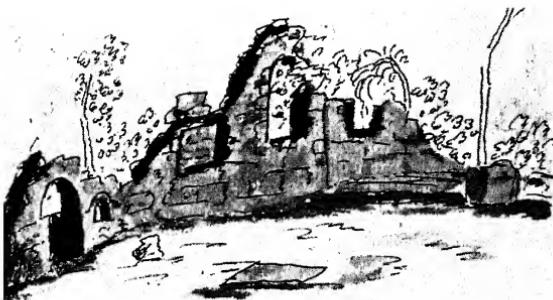
Another, of a larger size, is also nail'd up here (August 1789) which will hereafter be mentioned in this Tour.

From the Family's absence we had a quiet opportunity of seeing this good House, in proper keeping; and observing the famous Royal Bed<sup>34</sup> supposed by the Williamites the Scene of the Warming Pan Imposition.<sup>35</sup> An excellent original Picture of O. Cromwell is also in this House; painted by Lely.

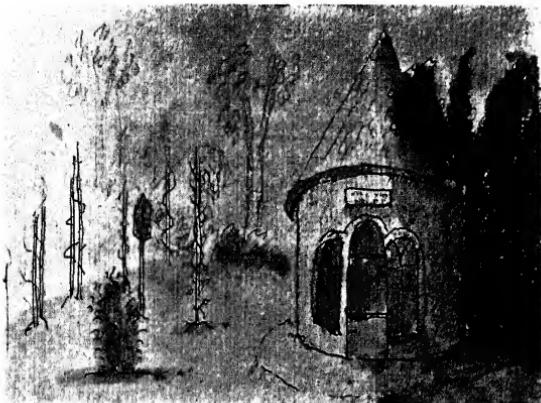
We then took the Drive over the beautiful back grounds, where we mett Sir G, and his company, who took us to his Hop Ground (a curiosity in this country) where there is a pleasant Sitting Room, whose walls are well painted with Hops.

I agree with Sir G. in taste, as to the Invention of Old Chapelries etc.—as if belonging to The Priory.

For in a pleasant wood He has erected by a Pond Side a well constructed heap of Ruins (call'd St. Mary's Chapel where is an Inscription That here Lie the Bones of many a Monk who *closed* his days at the Adjacent Priory of Chicksands: (Sir George's Son with much good humour has joined the c to the l, and made a new reading *dosed* his days.) In The Hop Room We assembled for some time; but in the conversation I bore a bad part, having a headache from my last nights complaints; however as Guide, and Linguist, I strove to exert myself.



A WELL-CONSTRUCTED HEAP OF RUINS  
CHICKSANDS



IN THE HOP GROUND AT CHICKSANDS  
*from water-colours by the Diarist*  
[facing p. 116]



Sir G. gave us every proper Invitation of Stay, which at this time was not to be accepted; but which Mrs B, and I mean to profit of in the Course of this Summer.

Below the Hop Ground, on a small knoll, a cross with Steps beneath, has been lately erected; which Sitting upon, These Verses floated in my mind,

Here may some Wretch spurn'd from the rich mans Gate,  
 Sit sadly pond'ring on his own hard fate;  
 Who, whilst beneath him ample Harvests Spread,  
 Feels almost famish'd from a want of Bread;  
 Views plentious Hop-Grounds, gay Pavilions near,  
 But He no Hovel has, or Drop of Beer:  
 Natures sweet Bounties that around him rise,  
 Do naught assuage his Woes, Or Stop his Sighs.

Then Feel ye, Great, Ye who in pomp Repose,  
 Haste to Avert, Or Ease your Neighbours Woes;  
 Think on This Cross;—Benevolence Pursue;  
 Who died thereon, Suffer'd for Him, For You.

*J. Byng, 1789.*

At our Parting, We drove thro' the noble Woods: and on quitting this Place—I must offer my tribute of opinion of The present Mansion; which is as well worthy the Visit of Friendship, as it is of the Inspection of Curiosity.

Our Drive of Return was by Gastlings Farm, where we Spoke to Mr W.—and then thro' the Hill Grounds, and Meadows home: A long and late Drive; and I was terribly worried by a Head-ache; and to have the opening of 50 Gates.

A good dinner relieved me not; So I hastened to Bed, whilst the Gentlemen sought their fancies by going upon the River, with a Casting Net; (tho' it rain'd fast): and I had the pleasure of seeing them in their Navigation drag'd along by a Man in the middle Stream, where The Water only reach'd his Knees. As for myself, I Slumber'd till 9 o'clock; when the Rain fell with much Violence, which had sent home the Fishermen well souused.—Our Supper was late, and long; and with much Discourse about our

array, our Intention, our Hopes, and Fears.—Little Poney is in great Gaiety, and being the Opener of Every Gate, gave a curvet when it was finish'd: an happy Presage of his Spirits and Powers!

P. rode a Horse (to-day) of this Town, upon Trial, W. upon Mr L.'s mare—and Mr L. accompanied Mrs B. in a post-chaise: He appears to be a young Gentleman of polite, accomdating manners. A lack of Bilberries with the other Tarts, I advised Patience and Content 'For you will find them all *Bill*-berries to-morrow morning.'

Thursday  
June 4

The King's Birth Day.—I put on a clean Shirt; but made no new coat for The Occasion.—There was, this morning, A Delay about the new Horse, as whether P. shou'd purchase Him; However, at last, by the advice, etc., of T. Bush,<sup>36</sup> and P's consideration as to Horse-Hire, He was bought.—Now The grand arrangements being finish'd, We, The English Greys, march'd away; but tho' assembled, we are not yet under that steady Discipline that I hope may be observ'd. Mrs B.—is convoy'd forwards in a Post-Chaise by Mr L.—I was Guide to the cavalry over Biggleswade Common to the Sandy Hills, that we might take a Survey of Caesar Camp; when the View is gay, and The Outworks of The Camp are very perfect, being maiden Ground.

At our descent, we were pelted by a Hail Storm, so quickly, as to drive us under some lucky Trees for Shelter: all last Night there was an heavy Rain; Let it Rain at night, and that will make our Riding Comfortable. We now soon came to Eaton, where before our second Breakfast was ready, the Post-Chaise arrived; and we then all went to see The Church, which is large and lightsome, with a good old Font.

These old Fonts afford much curious Sculpture; and on no account shou'd be put away, as they too commonly are to give place to some modern marble Bauble, the crafty Introduction of some mason, who then happens to be

Eaton

Church-Warden at Eaton. We passed an hour: In a mile forward we left The town of St. Neots to our right, the Steeple of which Church is very lofty, and well-built.—The sky was full of Storms; to escape a near one of approach, we put on at best Speed, till a Blacksmiths Shed at Paxton shelter'd us; and therein we waited its downfall being join'd by many Field Weeders.

In Society Such a Hovel is diverting; alone I have endured it gloutingly: our stay here was half-an-hour; when luckily the weather clear'd up.—On this Road are quarter'd the Scotch Greys, a fine Regiment, with many advantages, of Nationality of Caps, and of a beautiful and particularly colour'd Horse: of much more size and Shew, than our Squadron can boast.

In some miles from Bugden, another storm threatened us and we next refuged in a small public-House, call'd Creamers Hut, where in a neatish Parlour we ate our Bread and Cheese, with as much Satisfaction, as the finest Dress could be borne at the same hour in St. James's Palace.—This delay seemed to throw us out of our Time of dinner; which was to be prepared for us, at 3 o'clock at Alconbury-Hill; where We did not arrive till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past that time; and then dinner not ready! We were rather peevish at the delay—for the half hour before dinner is allways a snappish time.—The dinner was better than I expected in this filthy Inn (The Wheat Sheaf) which to the miseries of a cold alehouse, joins the charges of a London Tavern: for 2 small Tench stew'd in a black Sauce were charged 7 shillings.—You may Suppose that on this day we have often great-coated, viz. myself and P., as for W. W. He has encumbered himself with an oil-skin coat, and apron, the Stink of which is intolerable, but, probably, a Brier Hedge may ease him of his Appendage, and rip up his Balloon. He has also brought with him, his little dog Wowsky, to add to his Plagues; so that if my Old Friend Taff were alive and here. He wou'd say to him, 'I see, Sir, you have got a nurse child with you'; (meaning an idle Incumbrance.)

We were soon at Stilton, lately fill'd to see this ill-fought Fight;<sup>37</sup> Thence we continued trotting along, not much in Company; for my Companions fly away like Hares, but I must play The Tortoise, and perhaps Poney may win the Race.

The Evening was pleasant, and the last 3 miles near the Nen Banks made some amends for the dreary country from Monks-Wood.

At 8 o'clock we arrived, (The Chaise some time before



Engraved heading from the Bill at The Haycock at Wansford Bridge pasted by Lord Torrington into his Diary, and showing the traditional figure of the man asleep on a load of hay who, caught by the stream, did not wake up till he drifted on to the bridge.

Wansford us) at the Haycock Wansford-Bridge, where W. and I, were so comfortably lodged, and treated in our Tour of last Summer.—

After Tea, and a walk over the Bridge, we play'd two Rubbers of Whist, till a good Supper came in; of which I was scarcely allow'd (like another Baratarian Governor)<sup>38</sup> to eat; for fear of Spasms: The finest Peas, which, at their first appearance, are much my liking, were denied to me; Tarts likewise; Custards ditto;—This was very right, but very hard! Nor dare I venture for some time till the memory of my last spasmodic Night be blown away.

Our Horses are well lodged here; and I think that I *Friday June 5* never slept in a better bed or Room, than in those of last night.—A Week has now slipp'd away, and little Touring yet begun. To-day it rains hard, with a blustering November Wind.

Lucky to be in Society, and in a good Inn.—I saw at early day my Poney's Shoes taken off, and that He was well, and strongly Shod; which Shoeing I hope may last the most of our way.—I, Mrs B. and P. breakfasted at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9 o'clock, but W. and L. did not appear till Eleven.

All the Post chaises being out, we deferr'd our drive till the Evening, and order'd an early instead of a late Dinner.—The two late and sick Risers now betook themselves to Fishing, from damp Grass, and in a Nth. wind to improve their Healths; whilst P. and I walk'd to a pretty Village call'd Thornhaugh, in a very rural situation, where stands a neat House of the Dean Proby of Lichfield,<sup>39</sup> close to the small Church;—In the Church Yard, o'erun with rampant weeds, I took down this Inscription.

#### WILLM. CAVE.

I serv'd a great and noble Duke,  
With Truth, and Honesty;  
The Lord above hath call'd me hence,  
To serve the Lord most high.

Our Walk sent us hungry home to a good Dinner, well chosen, and well dressed; and there was a Tench of the largest Size I ever saw. But I am afraid to eat!

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Peter-  
borough

The Fishers, who had a bad mornings Sport, return'd after Dinner to their Pursuit; when Mrs B., P. and myself drove in a Post Chaise to Peterboro'. The Talbot Inn; where ordering Tea to be prepared, we view'd The Cathedral; the outside of which They much admired, but thought as I did, of the meanness of the fitting up of The Choir, and of the miserably-fancied Screen.

The Stone which mark'd old Scarlets Remains,<sup>39a</sup> being removed several yards from the right, and old spot, renders ridiculous the Verse under his Picture 'But at your feet there doth his body lie.'

Six o'clock morning Service, in The Chapel appropriate for that Purpose, has been disused for some time, to the great joy of The Performers; and as the Choir Service does not draw an audience, it were better to shut up the doors, and render the whole Business a Sinecure.—Nothing can be worse built than Peterboro', or more melancholy; Not even a dragoon to walk about the Market Place.—They are now eager for their Races which begin on Tuesday next.

But Races are now no longer sought after, or their Balls an object of desire to Ladies who may dance everlastingly in London!

Many horses are already arrived at Peterboro' for the races, which begin on Tuesday next. The noble earl Fitzwilliam and family are daily expected with much company.

### PETERBORO' RACES, 1789.

TUESDAY, June 9th, HUNTER's SWEEPSTAKES of FIVE GUINEAS each, carrying 12ft. To which is added FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Right Honourable EARL FITZWILLIAM. The best of Three Two Miles and Half Heats. Seven Subscribers.

WEDNESDAY, June 10th, the CITY PLATE of FIFTY POUNDS, for Three-year-old Colts and Fillies, that never won. Colts, 7ft. 12lb. Fillies, 7ft. 10lb. The best of Three Heats. Once round for a Heat.

THURSDAY, June 11th, the MEMBERS' PLATE of FIFTY POUNDS, for Four, Five, Six-year-old, and Aged Horses. Four-year-

olds, 7ft. 4lb. Five-year-olds, 8ft. 4lb. Six-year-olds, 8ft. 11lb. and Aged 9ft. Winners of One Plate this Year to carry 3lb. of Two Plates 5lb. of Three Plates or more 7 lb. extra. The best of Three Four Mile Heats.

To be shewn and entered at the Angel Inn, on Monday the 8th Day of June, between the Hours of Four and Seven o'Clock in the Evening, when a Certificate of the Age and Qualification of each Horse, etc., is to be produced. Entrance Two Guineas each, and Five Shillings to the Clerk, or double at the Post. Each winning Horse to pay One Guinea towards the Scales, Weights, and Drums.

Every Horse to stand at the House of a Subscriber of One Guinea, and to be plated by a subscribing Smith of Half-a-Guinea.

No less than Three reputed Running Horses, etc., to start for either Plate; and if but one, the Owner shall receive Five Guineas; if Two, Five Guineas each, and their Entrance Money returned.

No Crossing or Jostling; nothing but fair Running will be allowed. Any Disputes which may arise about the Entering, Riding, or Running, shall be determined by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint, and that Determination shall be final.

RICHARD BENYON, Esq. }  
The Hon. LIONEL DAMER } Stewards.

Gentlemen are desired to order their Riders at the Time of Entrance to mention the Colours they intend to ride in, and not to alter them.

The turf is remarkable fine.

There will be an Ordinary at the Angel on Tuesday and Thursday—at which Inn there will be a Ball on Thursday as usual.

An Ordinary at the Saracen's Head on Wednesday. The Comedians will be at Peterborough in the Race Week.

There will be a regular MAIN of COCKS fought at the Angel Inn during the Races, between the Gentlemen of Leicester and the Gentlemen of Peterboro'.

Feeders { FAULKNER, Leicester.  
PEARSON, Peterboro'.

We soon return'd to our Tea; and were then in haste to be gone. In our way back I enquired about an Old Ruin at Longthorp and one answer was that it had been a Chapel, another, that it was a Tower.

We turn'd to the right into Lord Fitzwilliams Park at Milton, which is a large Flat, and not a place I believe, much Visited; Indeed Mr Norton, Our Host of Wandesford, told me that it was not worth going to; but that all

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

the World went to see Burleigh:<sup>40</sup> and so it luckily Escapes an overun.

However we found Milton House<sup>41</sup> to be a noble, Venerable Pile, and wish'd much to enter it, but were refused; So cou'd only peep thro' the windows into The Lower Rooms, which appear'd very comfortable, and Elegantly furnish'd: but not in the Old Taste! The Library, particularly, seem'd to be a most desirable apartment, and there must be some fine Rooms up Stairs. There is no View from The House.

The Water is a Stagnate Serpentine below the Garden, where an ugly Green-House is now Building.—A Refusal of the Sight of any House known commonly to be seen, is very unpolite, and cruel upon The Tourist.

There cannot be a stronger Resemblance of any Place, than of this, exhibited in a beautiful Print.

As the Evening was far advanced, I had no time to see the Inside of Castor Church, which is a large and lofty Building, and might have been part of a Religious Foundation that formerly stood here.

There are very large Barns yet remaining and much unequal Ground, that seems to have been built upon.

On Returning, found The Fishers to have caught but few fish; However, Mr L. seem'd sorry not to be able to go forward with us, and hinted an Intention, if possible, of joining us. We have already got a Standing Joke amongst us (about a Taw) that serves for a Stimulator; as shou'd be the case in all Societies.

Our Supper was as good as the dinner: and W. W. forgot his morning complaints.—Nothing can be better, of an Inn, than the Eating, and Bedding of this House.

*Saturday  
June 6*

A morning of much haste, of packing, of Settling Bills. At 7 o'clock I arose and hasten'd Mrs B. for she is to go to town, to-day with Mr L.

After fast'ning up our 3 several Portmanteaus, Breakfast and Salutations, We took our desevering Leave; and

were now for the 1st day on our Touring Scheme. Our Baggage will come forward in a Stage-coach; and be in time for the Bed Hour.

For the first few miles it continued a blustrous day: To Burleigh-House We rode, but did not enter, it being neither my wish, or theirs; but I thought that they ought to pass thro' the Park to Survey the Oaks, The Water, The Bridge, and the outside of this Superb Mansion.— At Stamford are Quarter'd The South-Lincoln Militia, a Set of as awkward, unsightly, ill dressed men as cou'd be drawn together.

Stamford

I never cou'd find a convincing answer to my Question, why these men shou'd be drag'd forth, annually, from their work and their Families to be ruin'd as Husbands and as Husbandmen?

When The Country shall require their assistance in Time of War and Invasion, Then Let them come forth in strength, and with the richest and most esteem'd country Gentlemen at their Head; and No danger cou'd be so hasty, as not to allow Time for a better discipline than what they now get in their debauch'd monthly Training.

Let The Serjeants, who are establish'd, make a monthly progress around their districts, and see that the men Balloted are upon the Spot; who in an instant may be assembled: But now, What Gentleman of Fortune will undergo such campaignings as these!

Every Gentleman of the County, of Wealth, and consideration, wou'd start forward in Times of danger to serve his Country; but they cannot submit to these black-guard musterings; (so cunningly managed by the Adjutant, and his Deputies;) For the Kingdom is now part of a great annual expence for a national Shame; and every Vice, and every City mischief are transferred into cottage Quiets.

I stopp'd for some time in Stamford in search of a Stomachic Medicine; and to wonder at The Troops! and then

by myself, for my Troops had march'd forward, survey'd this old Gate-Way on the eastern Side of The Town; where the walls are tolerably entire.—Stamford is a large,



*Last view of St. George's Gate, Stamford, Lincolnshire.*

Contemporary pen-and-ink drawing inserted by Lord Torrington in the Diary

but an ill-built Town, without Shade around it, or manufactory within it. Detach'd from The Town stands the ancient Chapel of St. Leonards, now serving as a wood House to a Farmer; The Arches are of great Antiquity, and curiosity, and as old as any thing existing; In a short

time it must fall to the Ground. From Stamford keeping The Bourn Road, in 3 miles I overtook my companions: Leave the Village of Ryal to our right, pass over a fine turf Common and so to Little Bitham, from which place we soon enter'd Grimsthorp Park; (by a shabby Gate, and without any Lodge!)

Thro' Grimsthorp Park is a long ill-kept Road that <sup>Grims-</sup><sub>thorpe</sub> leads thro' the wooded Part to the open Ground—the View of the water, and of The House opposite. Here I rode forward to Enquire after his Grace, and was soon introduced to Him, my Horse being led into an Out-House; 'My Lord, my two Friends are with me—we wish to see your Grace's House and Place;—as for our Company, Do with us as you please, To dinner, or not, as is most agreeable'—'My Dr. Sir, will they take a glass of wine, and see the House? My Cook is in town, and I am unprepared.' We walk'd out, and Returned with my Comrades, and then his Grace obliged us to see every part, every Closet, of this wretched uninhabited House.—The New Front Hall were built by Sir J. Vanburgh<sup>42</sup> in all his clumsy Taste; The other Parts, very old, and outside Chimney'd, were all clean, as his Grace observ'd; (how shou'd they be otherwise?) of Pictures there are many bad ones of men and Horses; but of which his Grace is a bad Nomenclator: one of Dogs and Bears, He call'd a Hondicotter, instead of Hondius, and He brag'd of a Vandyke, King C.'s Family, which is a most miserable copy.—Here are some faded Pictures by Sir J. Reynolds—of no Value to any one; and the original Paintings by Hogarth, of the 4 Times of the day, which wou'd be highly Valued by some. We were obliged to be drag'd into every Bed Room; and his Grace desired me to fix on that I shou'd chuse to Sleep in when I came there (to which I inwardly replied—'You need not fear that I shall ever come again.') My civility was strained to a degree, I was very hungry, and without hopes of food; and to be obliged, too, to see his forlorn cold kitchen, and his Vanburgh, tasteless, devotionless

Chapel! In front of The Mansion, is a most extensive Lawn on both sides of the ugly water, upon and near which is neither Tree nor Shrub.

The back part towards the country, and The Village of Edenham, is of pleasant appearance. There is no Pleasure Ground, or a Rose to be found! To me it appears Strange That any Man, of any Fortune, can Permit his Grounds to lay in disgrace. A Barrell of Paint is of easy Purchase, and of easy use to ornament and preserve Gates and doors: and altho' hasty and grand Embellishments weaken Fortunes, and being foolishly begun, as sillily End; yet why not Employ 2 or 4 men who might under your Eye, Plant and Repair?

For even such assistance would in a few years, highly adorn even a great Domain: Whereas those who from Idleness and a pretence of Expence, will neither Employ themselves, or one single Labourer, whose work they must direct, are supinely content to see The Nettles spring up around them; shatter'd Gates that will neither open or Shut, and Hedges whose Gaps are stop'd by Hurdles.

By self-experience I know how easy it is from a bundle of shrubs, and an apronful of Roots, with a Spade, a dibble and a Trowel, to beautify a Small Garden. But I will not allow even the Plea of Poverty to be an excuse for filth, and neglect; When a cripple of an Alms-House can frequently produce his small Chamber garnish'd with Prints, and his allotment of Garden flourishing with Roses.

I said to his Grace—‘Where is the Kitchen Garden?’ ‘Oh, that we will Walk to see.’—But, now, after a two Hours Survey of the House, my civility began to Halt; (for I had already seen the Kitchen; and what cou'd be in the Kitchen Garden!) So I would not go there: Why Then Bring forth the Horses, said his Grace (from some Hovel). But first you shall see the Dairy; which was as mean, and as ugly, as could be!

Upon mounting my Cold Horse, and bowing away, I felt as disatisfied, as peevish, and as hungry as might be:

Of Servants I saw none, so saved Tipping; and only one Curaty kind of Visitor, of whom The Duke took so little Notice, that He seem'd glad to ride away with us.—We talk'd not—I was sulky, and looking out for a *Public-House* with a *civil Landlord* for of private ones I felt sick. In 3 miles to Corby, where, tho' there was an alehouse, we did not stop, as 5 more miles would bring us well in; tho' our poor Horses had long been without Food.—From Corby We passed by several Woods, whence the bald-headed Marquis tallyhoo'd many a Fox.

The Angel Inn at Coultersworth (on the north Road) Coles-<sup>worth</sup> had a smiling appearance, but not so was mine, when I found only two Portmanteaus arrived, and that mine was missing, and might be gone to Newcastle; with all my little comforts, and my greater comforts, as my Sheets, Physick Box, etc. The only Things that poor R. Crusoe had saved from The Wreck, were a Nt. Cap, and two Shirts, and two pair of Stockings that were in P's Portmanteau.

But I bore it, (as, I think, I do heavier attacks) with Philosophy. There was civility, and a good stable; as for the weather, it blew bleak November.—our Dinner now begins to be of the right Sort; and instead of Tench, and Trumpery, 'Here Bring in your cold meat—or any thing that is ready,' and so we fared as well as at our grand Services; But W. W. (being, perhaps, under a Promise, or under a Whim) must needs leave us to make a Visit at Grantham. He did so last year, and may prove as successful now! Visiting, and Touring are inveterate enemies. So ordering a Boy on Horseback to attend him with his Baggage, He went off triumphantly; and will make a grand entrée into Grantham.

P. and I left alone would not be Idle; In spite of wind and wet, we, after dinner walk'd up the Village, as dirty as in winter, to the Apothecarys, (for a medicine for me) whom we found a civil odd sort of man; and here P. read his Newspaper, whilst the Medicine was making. We then

crossed the open Fields for half a mile to The Hamlet of Woolsthorpe, famous for being the Birth-Place of Sir Isaac Newton; and we enter'd and Survey'd the Room, in the Old Farm House, where He was born; and then, our curiosity contented, Slid back our Slippery Path to Coultersworth, and by Twilight walk'd around The Church-yard, wherein this was the best Inscription I cou'd make out.

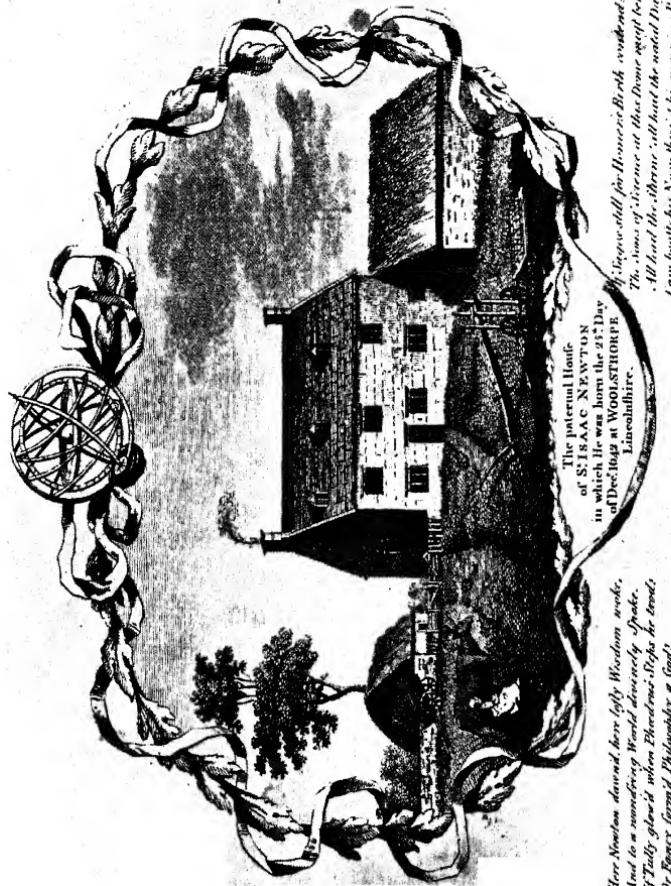
The Grave, kind reader, to a Level brings  
Heroes, and beggars, Galley Slaves, and Kings.

At our Return we found our Horses well bedded; and as at Xmas, or on a Hunting Party, listen'd to a howling wind;

The Bladed corn be lodg'd  
The Castles topple on their Warders Heads.

In such a thought, we desired the company of our Land-lord Mr T.,<sup>43</sup> one of those old conceited sportsmen, who having gallop'd over the country on a stiff cast Hunter, has assumed a consequence from being noticed by my Lord, in the field; for want of other Society. —Of Hunting He knows nothing but Hallooing, and of killing the Game; whether by heading a Fox to Cover, or by turning up a Hare at the nose of The Grey-Hounds:—and then without having had a minutes Sport in the day, brags over his midnight cup, what a fine large Fox they had kill'd: 'What had you a good Run?' 'No—Damn Him, He was sulky, and would not break cover.' Then boasts of the blood of his high bred Hunter; having been taught at Newmarket; that nothing but blood and bone (and such like Nonsense) can hold their wind; and that hairy-legg'd Horses are all dunghill; whereas he look before Him, He would see the Butcher and Baker galloping untired, whilst his conceit feels satisfied on such a jade.

We did not Sup in State: but only had a cloth spread upon a side Table, with some Cold Meat, and Brandy and Water. I trembled at the approaching Night, as might a Bride.



The paternal Illoof  
of S. I. S. A. C. N. E. W. T. O. N  
in which he was born the 25<sup>th</sup> Day  
of Decr. 1642 at WOOLSTHORPE  
Lincolnshire.

Of George Child for Horatio Birch, worked  
The stone of silence in the stone receptacle  
At least the silence without the noted Dan.  
From a copy of his Name, that is his monumetum.

Here Newton descend, born lefty Wolden under,  
And to a sonning Wolden denvency Spake.  
If Tally ground when Phœbus Nigh he tend,  
Mr. Bacon form'd Philology a Great  
T. Waller ab 1722

[Facing p. 130]



Mr Pennant<sup>44</sup> in one of his tours relates a youthful Journey in a Stage-Coach, and if a distant Stage Coach Journey of former times had been related, it wou'd have form'd a Volume of adventures; whereas now—an assimilation of Life and Ideas render us all vapid, and tiresome.

*Sunday  
June 7*

I have ever been so fond of travelling description, as to be delighted at the Entrance of the Passengers in the Play of The Beaux Strategem; as formerly, every Passage betwixt woods and every hollow-way were notorious for Stories of Robberies; and then how happy did the tired Traveller deem himself in having escaped the Perils of Robbery, the dangers of bad Quarters, narrow Lanes, and deep waters; and so much the better then, say I, for

They made Visitings acceptable; They made Tourings curious;  
They kept Provisions cheap; They preserv'd counties beautiful;  
They kept out Roguery;—They kept in Honesty.

As I proceed in Tour Writing, and Print-Pasting, I get Bold and Vain, Believing that all Diaries become Valuable from Age, and that topographical Prints must become rare and curious; tho' I often Revert to some sad Diaries I have read, or heard of, as one of a punctual woman, who wrote:

Friday.      Buried my poor dear Husband.  
Saturday.      Turned my *Ass* to Grass.

and tho' this is ludicrous, yet with over Study, and devoid of Nature, what does Tour Writing or any other Writing become?

Tourists should think for themselves, and forget what they have read, for sadly do Recollection and Invention Clash. If possible, I wish to glean my own Remarks, and pick up the few ears that the rich Farmer-Tourist may have left. Descriptions should fall from the Eye upon The Heart; so that the Ignorant might feel, and the Scientific acknowledge the Truth of every Page; I am neither disabled by ease, plenty, and years; but wish quietly to digest my thoughts, and my food. From being nervous (splenetic

perhaps) I seek not gay and fashionable society; The conversation of high-bred women is, now, a Logical Spatter of upholding improbabilities, or of contradicting plain Truths: If you are quickly convinced, their Sport ceases, for the Intention of modern cleverness is to perplex, not elucidate; and this kind of argumentative Sparring, The Ladies have picked up from polite Lawyers, and Parliamentary Orators, who egotistically prate Mankind to Death; and have taught the flatter'd Fair to dash away, in their absence, in Controversy, and Investigation. I must own myself unequal of Intellects to wander from common Conversation into such vasty Labyrinths; so that, when obliged to visit, I endeavour for some time to listen; then look about for my Hat, to make a comfortable Retreat, and sneak into what I think an happy Retirement.

Thro' Life I have been eager to undertake the Business of The day;—I shave with cold water; and when I had a tolerable head of hair, I cut it short in Summer to avoid Trouble, and to be what I call comfortable. I knew formerly, two gentlemen, who spent many hours of every day at their Toilettes, where they remain'd immoveable; picking their Teeth, adjusting their Neckcloths, and not be hurried to the Sports of the Field, or The Table.

Our Charge at Coultersworth was reasonable;—and both men and Beasts well lodged: around the Inn, and Garden, are many fanciful Paintings, as one of a man, pointing [To The —]; and on the House is a Bas Relief of Sir I. Newton.

We took the high road, in a very high wind; and only stopp'd for 5 minutes at Great Panton Church, whose steeple is very beautiful and in Preservation; The Road was hard and stoney, and P., used to the Norfolk and Suffolk Sands, thought it very bad; but had he ever been in the North, or in Wales, He must think this charming. Grantham Steeple is wonderfully high, they say 98 yards; 'Tis Height makes Grantham Steeple seem awry.'

We left our Horses at the Gate of The Angel Inn, of

good, but old appearance; The George Inn of new and grand Building, (commonly call'd Jack Manners' Inn) seems to be in a grand stile, and is kept by a Waiter from Brooks's.<sup>45</sup>

Grantham Church is very large, and lightsome, but contains nothing of antiquity, except The Font; The best monument is to the Memory of the late Sir Dudley Ryder: The Bells are ten in Number, and reckon'd very tuneable. We enquired after our comrade, W, who slept at Mr B's, the Ministers.<sup>46</sup>

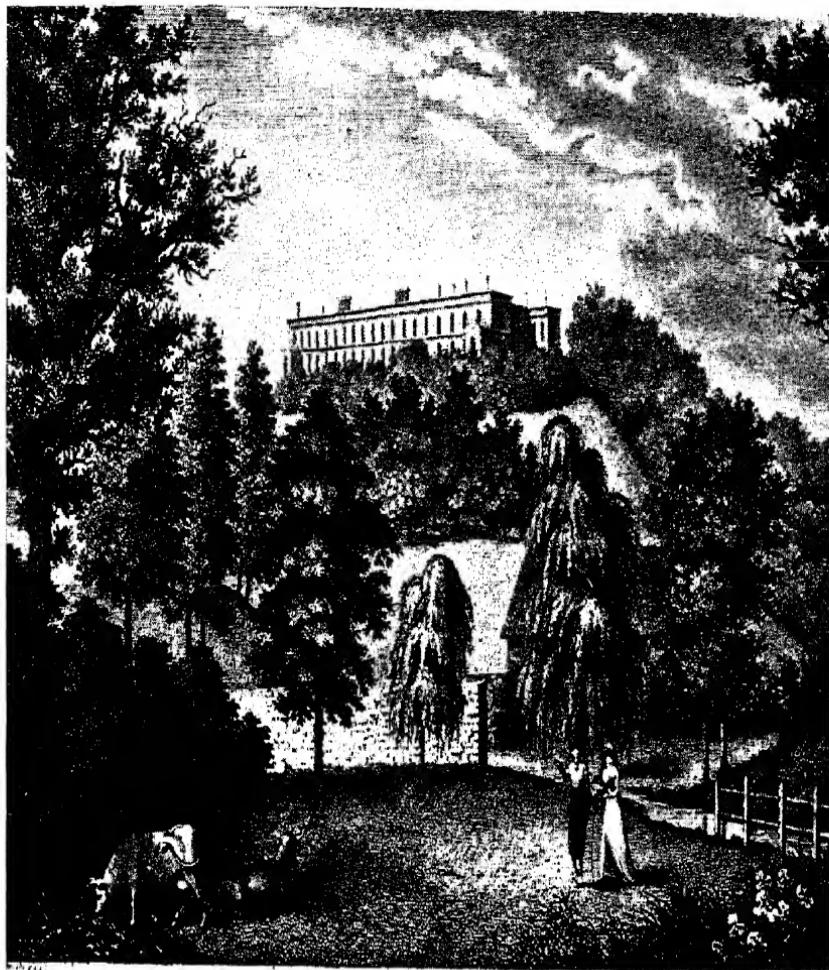
We hence turn'd into The Melton Road, and soon came to Harlaxton; Here is a grand, and most extensive View, to the right, over The Valley of The Trent, and into Nottinghamshire: Denton is a very pleasant Village, where Mr Wellby<sup>47</sup> resides in a good old mansion, surrounded by some spacious Ponds.

Here Belvoir-Castle rises to the View, in awful State: Belvoir In our way we passed by the ruin'd Church of Woolsthorp the Church Yard of which is still used as a Burying Ground. When we approached The Belvoir Stables, we enquired for an Inn (for my wish is for a noon Stop at a quiet Inn, and there to eat of the Family dinner), and were directed to The Peacock, a House of the proper sort; Here they spoke of a Leg of Mutton to be ready in an hour, one o'clock.—We then walk'd up The Hill Belvoir-Castle, where every thing is in neglect, and Ruin, and in such a state it has long been ; stingy Minorities succeeded by wasteful Follies! Here is neither Grandeur of Old Buildings, or of convenience of new; The situation is very bold and commanding; tho' I shou'd detest living on a Hill-Top, and to be obliged to eternally strain up and down Hill, in peril, and Fatigue.

The Housekeeper soon came; of a very drunken, dawdling appearance.

The Rooms to the North are of the latest date, and command a boundless Prospect over the Vale into Nottinghamshire; They are large, some very large, But in the

whole House, there is no Furniture (Pictures excepted) that a Broker would think worth the carrying away; Nor one Chair, Table, Carpet or Curtain of use or comfort! In this Condition was the House found by the late duke; who, instead of refitting, repairing, and such like necessary and honorable Works, laid about him, like a dragon to buy Pictures (a finishing, not a commencing Taste); and, in truth he did that with Judgment, for finer Pictures are not to be seen; but they are all lost about in confusion: Now all these young (Romish) collectors lavish away a fortune in Italy, without enquiring after their professional Riches, or knowing that their Old Stair-cases and Gallery contain noble Portraits, and original Paintings, which are suffer'd to rot, unregarded. This is truly the case at Belvoir! Besides a most superb Collection of antient Portraits, here are to be seen the best works of Sir J. Reynolds, and Gainsborough.—The mistakes of the House-keeper were numberless,—pointing to a Picture of the great Duke of Buckingham, she call'd him that Villain Felton; finely confusing the Murder'd with the Murderer! An old Bed, curiously worked by a Countess of Rutland, in a tapestry Room, with fine velvet Chairs, is the most antient Observation in the House.—I will be bold to say that the Great Dining Room is as richly hung by the finest works of Reubens, and Morrillio, as can be; in this Room is likewise the Portrait of Henry VIIIth by Holbein, that came from Southill. There is also a long Gallery where the Pictures (a wonderful Collection of antient and modern Skill) are not yet hung up: a Large Room, like an auctioneers Room, leading from this, is filled by fine Paintings, piled about, at all corners.—I think that fine Pictures are a beautiful Addition to the elegancies of Life; But when I see the walls of great rooms cover'd by valuable Paintings, and at the same time wanting good Chairs, Tables, Grate, Curtains, and Carpets, I contemn such mistaken Pride and Folly! There is an old Shabby Chapel; disused to Prayers; and instead of the necessary number



BELVOIR

CASTLE

*The Lord of His Grace*

*the Duke of Rutland*

### BELVOIR CASTLE

*from a print inserted in the Diary*

[facing p. 134]



of Servants, but 4 of any description are retained. Pitiful Savings! One Night's losings at Play of the late duke had furnish'd this House: at present there is not an habitable Room, or a Bed fit to sleep in. When K. James 1<sup>st</sup> (that rude, cunning, half-witted Blockhead) was entertained here at his coming into the Land of Canaan, and was shown the grand surrounding Domains of the Earl of Rutland, He exclaimed, 'What a Glorious Traytor He would make.'

Out of Doors there are no Improvements, no Pleasure Grounds—and as at Grimsthorpe not a Rose Bush to be seen; as if for the last 100 years all had been left to Ruin.

General Poyntz set down before Belvoyr Castle, where Sr Gervas Lucas was Governour for the King, Summoned it, and assaulted it, but both to the like purpose, till after a Siege of four moneths, The House and Castle was deliver'd up to him on the 2 of February, upon honourable conditions, Sr Gervas and his Officers, being convoyed to Litchfield.—*Heaths Chronicle*.

On our descent from the Castle to the Peacock Inn, after a Survey of one Hour and an half (not half time enough for observation) we found that the Leg of Mutton, before mention'd, did not seem to be intended for us, for The Landlady said, with a sour Face, that it must be kept for her Lodgers.—'If so, Madam, I answer'd, Get us any thing you please, and we will give up the mutton.' Now whether this was said, by me, in such a complaisant manner as to win her Heart, or that otherwise She relented, but She almost instantly returned with her Maid Servants, placing before us a Round of Beef boil'd, a *Leg of Mutton* roasted, with Greens, a Rice Pudding, and a Gooseberry-pie; and all this serv'd up with smiles!

#### BELVOIR INN.

To dinners	-	-	-	-	-	o	2	o
To Brandy	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	o
To Wine	-	-	-	-	-	o	1	9
To Horses Corn and Hay	-	-	-	-	-	o	o	10
						o	5	2

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

The room was newly white-washed and the Floor of bricks; just such a Room with such a day, as I dined in at Rockingham in my last Summers Tour; and this I had been describing to P. I had nearly forgotten to speak of one family Picture, in The Castle (hung up at an odd Corner, for they are all put carelessly about) of an Earl and Countess of Rutland, with their two children, who were bewitched to Death.<sup>48</sup> The Library (if any in this not-reading family) was locked up.

We were now directed down the Hill into The Vale to Botesford, where I was led to survey the Monuments of The Manners's,<sup>48</sup> and an awkward rugged ride, we found it.—Botesford is a long dirty Village, has a beautiful Church with a very lofty Spire; and the Chancel is fill'd by the magnificent Monuments of The Rutlands; the inspection of which thoroughly, and reading the Inscriptions (particularly that of the two children who perish'd by Sorcery<sup>48</sup> would employ a whole morning: They are beautifully carved in marble. The Parsonage of this rich Living (Mr Thorotons) is now Rebuilding. This Inscription is on a Tombstone in The Church-Yard.

RICHD. WHITACKER

1775

Aged 24 Years.

Our Lifes a Journ'y on a Winters day,  
Some only breakfast first, and so away;  
Others stay Dinner, and depart well fed,  
The longest lived but sup and go to Bed;  
Those most in debt who linger out the day,  
Who first depart has less and less to pay.

The Road from Botesford thro' new Enclosures was very rough and unpleasant till we reached the Nth Road at Long-Benyngton; whence we rode slowly on over a flat meadowy Country (where were many pastoral shews of milking by maids on their Sundays dress) to Newark.

At Grantham they leave off the Stone, and build with a

flaming red brick, of which Newark is built, and looks like a new Town.

We put up at The Kingston Arms. W. not arrived! After Tea, P. being employed in reading Newspapers, I walk'd around this clean well-built Town, and newly paved.

The Market Place is of much good Building, and Newark Beauty, the Bridge begun by The Marquis of Newcastle. The Trent here did not make the appearance I expected; But The Castle, of which this North West Front only remains, looks nobly over the River.

A Pleasant walk by the Bank of The Trent; and then return'd to take another Tour about the Town with P. There is a Cross lately repair'd (to shew the difference of Times) both here, and at Grantham, and guarded by Iron Rails: This, I observed to P, who is a good Catholick, as a good Sign! We had a front Room at our inn and a very good supper—which half finished W. W. appeared, P soon retired, but W. and I kept up till 12 o'clock.

From an alacrity of mind, and a freshness of skin, I *Monday*  
*June 8* commonly pass for not old; but now in company of young men, I must endure the Title of Old Gentleman, which at first sounds unpleasantly, till the Title is regularly confirmed, and then, if Health accompanies, it becomes a Boast.

I come abroad to be busy, and active, nor will I lose time: Every moment of good Weather shou'd be employ'd. . . . My sheets of last night I fancied damp, and so in my old custom I drew them on the floor, and slept betwixt the Blankets: often, formerly, I have been in like distress with the unfortunate Couple, so ridiculously drawn—in some humourous pictures. . . . When up, at 7 o'clock, I found, with Pleasure, that there were in P's Portmanteau, 2 Shirts, 2 Necks, and 2 pr. of Stockings of mine; so, having kept my Nt. Cap in my Pocket, this makes a sufficient change.

Absent from family perplexities, and divested of Luggage, I am quite an easy man, and free from care; except as to Poney, who merits all my attention. W. W. a young man, must be taught the same; For he said His Horse went lame, and I this morning on examining his Feet, found his Shoes just gone, so instantly order'd him to be shod.—I had a Barber to attend me; for my Implements of Beautifying are all gone—to Newcastle—upon a coasting Voyage!

A Bookseller in the Market Place furnished me with much Information about my County Progress.—Breakfasted alone; my comrades preferred Ease to Observation Stay'd at home; whilst I, *young* and *active* like my Poney, took the Nottingham Road; whereon I rode with a jolly civil Farmer, who directed me in my Intentions, and accompanied me to Farndon: Here to my Surprise, The Trent flow'd in as copious a Stream as the Thames at Kew; but a Branch of it runs under Newark Bridge.—

I had some Fears of Poney's Behaviour in the Ferry Boat (for I well remember laming a favorite Horse in such a passage) but He perform'd safely, tho' with much Spirit, as we had other Horses in the Boat; besides a Bevy of Belles, and the Ferrymans pretty little Daughter, Steeriste, to whom I gave a Penny.—The Farmer, who rode a mile with me, remark'd that this was the fullest Blow of Hawthorns ever known; and gave me much direction about The County.—My Pleasant Road brought me to the Village of Rowlston, thence to Fisherton on the Rivers Bank—where were many Anglers employ'd in Chubb catching; and so by Notown, to Thurgarton, where I hoped to have found some Remains of The Priory of Benedictines.

Passing thro' the Village, I came to The very old Church, and seated myself, in much contemplation, and Quiet, for half an hour, in the Church Yard; till the Clerk arrived.

About 15 years since Mr Cooper chose to build his new

house upon the old Spot; taking infinite Trouble, as the Clerk told me, to overturn any remaining Ruins.—Now let me appeal to any man of Taste, if necessary, or to any Man of no Taste, by way of Remonstrance, and ask him whether these Ruins, being left, wou'd not have form'd great Beauties in his Grounds and Gardens? And whether a new House would not have look'd better in another Place than stuck close to the Church, without a Sight of the noble old Steeple?

I had neither Pencil or Paper about me (like a Block-head) or might have attempted something like a sketch of The Church; and written down a good Inscription abt. Loving and beloved Ruth, and Truth, etc.—This fine old Steeple must soon fall, for it is full of Cracks; but 'Such Flaws are found in the most perfect Nature.'

It was but lately that a Love of Antiquity was pursued; For myself I am glad, tho' the Priory was gone, to have seen The Steeple in good time; Shortly, Little of this kind will be left to see. Most of the Church has been pull'd down;—at the Eastern End was found, what The Clerk call'd a *desolate Pavement*, which was thrown away with the Rubbish; The inside is dark and damp, as the Church Yard Ground has risen considerably.

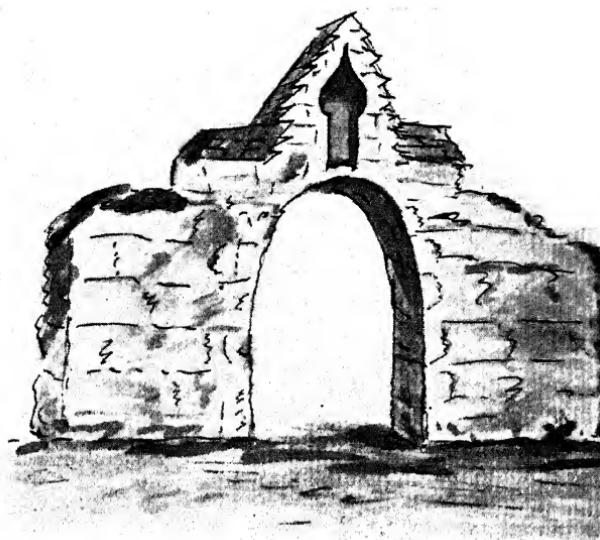
In regard to the Decay of religious Duties, which every person can remark, The Clerk said (to my regular Enquiry) that Singing had been disused about Six years.— At Botesford, yesterday I made the same enquiry, and found that tho' the Psalmody there was on the decline, yet was it tolerably supported by 2 Bassoons, a Clarinet, and a german Flute.—Nothing shou'd be more encouraged as drawing both Young and Old to Church, than Church Melody, tho' the Profligacy and Refinement of the age has abandon'd and ridiculed it: But were I a Squire of a country Village I wou'd offer such Premiums and Encouragement, (of little cost to myself) as wou'd quickly rear an ambitious, and laudable desire of Psalm-Singing, and put forth a little Chorus of Children; than which nothing is

more Elevating and Grateful and Sublime, hearing Innocence exert their little Voices in praise of their Creator.

For let Fashion say what it can, Every Ear is more gratified by a chorus of youth, than by the most violent Exertions of Taste.

Leaving Thurgarton I came upon a higher Country, and in two miles to Hallaton, where I walk'd around their Chapel, and survey'd a very old Building opposite, adjoined to the new and neatly-built Farm House.

Thence I soon came in sight of The pretty Town of Southwell Southwell, and of its superb Collegiate Church; and put up at the Saracens-Head Inn, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past one o'clock; (having been on my ride 4 Hours and an half,) where, to my great contentment, I was instantly Served, in a large Room, with Cold Beef, Cold Veal, and Gooseberry Tart: and having fared sumptuously, sent for the Clerk, a reverend old man of 82 years of age, 'and his big Hose,—a world too wide for his shrunk shanks,' who shewed me every part of this beautiful, well-kept Church, and the most elegant Chapter House, the carving about which is the best executed, and the lightest I ever saw.—Everything, to my Surprise, was in good Order; The Screen, unlike to that of Peterboro' (indeed every thing shew'd unlike Peterboro' in management), is of both Sides of the best-timed Gothic Sculpture.—There are 16 Prebends, 6 Vicars, Six singing men, and 12 Singing Boys, besides Verger, an Organist, etc., belonging to this Church.—The Roof of The Choir is admirable, and with the other Parts looks Clean and well-kept; No dirt, No broken Windows! A New Room is now building for their Books, which at present are lodg'd behind the Altar.—At a small distance from The Church, Remain These Ruins of the Archbishop of Yorks Palace; which enclose a Garden at one end of which is the Sessions House, wherein reside one of the Vicars (who all seem to be, with the rest of The Choir most comfortably, nay superbly Lodged). A beautiful old Chimney yet endures.



OLD GATEWAY AT SOUTHWELL

*from a water-colour by the Diarist*

[facing p. 140]



These Ruins, well preserv'd, are clothed with Ivy, and look as they shou'd do.—At the end of this Building, I sat me down upon a Stile (having first gone into the Town to buy a Pencil) and try'd my untaught Hand at drawing the western, and the best of the 3 old Gateways, leading into The Church Yard.

At the small Shop I enter'd, I sat for some time with the Master, and his Mother, an old woman of 80; and at the next door lives one of 92.

This must be a very healthy, as well as a cheap place; for coals are at 10s. per tun, Beef and Mutton prime Pieces 4 pr. lb. Veal 3d., Butter 4½d.

I then return'd into the Church Yard, and transcribed this (*most excellent*) Inscription.

WILLm. CLAY.

Died 4th Octr. 1773, Aged 53.

Here lies A Sportsman, Jolly, kind, and free  
 From the cares and Trouble of this World was he  
 When living, his principal and greatest Pride  
 Was to have a fowling Bag Slung by his Side  
 And in the Fields and Woods to Labour, toil, and Run,  
 In quest of Game with Pero, Cobb\*, and Gun,  
 But now, poor Mortal, He from hence is gone  
 In hopes to find a joyfull Resurrection.

At most Cathedrals, under the Eye of a Bishop, Six o'clock Prayers are left off; Here they are Continued, and there is Regular Service performed 3 times a day all the year round.

The Bell now ringing for Evening Service carried me to The Church, where I was met by Dr. Marsden, a Prebend, who offer'd me, as a Stranger, every civility, as a Choice of Anthem etc., and I then enter'd a Stall.—If I commonly find fault, I shall seldom be wrong; and if I sometimes praise, you may suppose it right: Therefore let me now express my astonishment of Pleasure at hearing this Service.—The Prebend was attended in due Form; —The Prayers were read most leisurely, and devoutly, by

\*Two favorite Dogs whom He survived but a short time.

Mr Houlson, one of The Vicars; The Organ was excellently play'd; and four Singing Men, and Eleven Boys, sang as carefully as if at the Antient Concert!—The Anthem of 3 parts, 'Sing O Heavens,' by Mr Kent <sup>49</sup> was capitally perform'd; and I was told that one of The Boys was reckon'd to have the finest voice in England, and that the men has been sent for to The Abbey-Musick.—The Service being concluded, I waited upon Dr. M., to thank him for his Politeness; and to express my Astonishment at the decency, Regularity, etc., etc.

(B) Give me Leave, Sir, to express my Thanks for the Pleasure I have receiv'd; and my wonder, at the Proprieties observ'd.

(M) Why, Sir, I believe you have found it here, different from other Places.

(B) I have indeed, Sir, and can report the difference.

(M) What Refreshment will you take, Sir, Wine, or Tea before you renew your Journey?

(B) Nothing I thank you, Sir, but my Journey has been happily delay'd an Hour.

I wish that my Comrades had been with me; To have Charm'd the one, and converted the Other. On Returning to my Inn, I call'd for Tea, and had then to pay this *Enormous* Bill: and to receive at my Departure many Bows from the Family.

Southwell is a well built, clean Town, Such a one as a quiet distressed Family ought to retire to: Coals, Provisions, and Religion to be had good and cheap.

In my Road of Return I saw them sousing the Sheep for their Shearing; a Ceremony as ridiculous as the ducking of a Pick Pocket.

Wash Sheep for the better where Water dooth run,  
And let him go Cleanlie, and drie in the Sunne:  
Then Share him and Spare not, at two daies an end  
The sooner the better, his Corps will amend.

*Thos. Tusser.*

Upton Village I passed thro; to my left Averham Park—that was, but now dismantled, cut down, and farmed; Averham Church stands in the bottom near the River: Kelham House,<sup>50</sup> where Ld. Lincoln resides, is a Staring, ill-sash'd long window'd Thing, and much too near The River.

<i>Saraens Head Inn</i>	
<i>Southwell</i>	
<i>Eating</i> —	0. 10
<i>Bedandy</i> —	0. 6
<i>House &amp; Haycorn</i> 0. 5	
<hr/>	
<i>Tea</i> —	1. 9
	0. 8
<hr/>	
	2. 5

Here I crossed The Trent over a long wooden Bridge; and in two miles return'd to Newark.

W. and P. were gone a fishing; No News of Portman-teau! as I learnt that my comrades had seen the Church, I order'd forth The Clerk, and an odd Dog he was, So drunk so deaf, and so conceited: He Swore, and brag'd about his Church, which is certainly a grand Building, but did not show to me in advantage after Southwell; The Screen is fine, The Church is light, but therein is nothing for an antiquary, except some stain'd glass in one Window; How ever it is a noble Building, and they have Singing Boys, and a fine organ. More time I shou'd have allotted to the Survey, but for the absurdity of The Clerk.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) A curious word, obviously meaning money or services fraudulently obtained from innocent people duped by the unscrupulous.

(2) (See Note 2, Vol. II, p. 131.)

(3) (See Note 1, Vol. II, p. 131.)

(4) *St. Omers* was at the time a fashionable French watering place.

(5) *John Howard*, the great prison reformer, was High Sheriff of Bedfordshire at this period.

(6) A well-known writer of the period with a knack of easy rhyming. He made a considerable number of journeys, which he previously advertised, in order to obtain money by writing about them afterwards. (See Note 45, Vol. I, p. 202.)

(7) (See Note 11, Vol. II, p. 415.)

(8) The Assembly Rooms were built at his own expense by Edward Young, the famous author of Young's *Night Thoughts*. Young became rector of Wellwyn in 1730, and immediately turned his attention to the popularization of the waters for the purpose of alleviating the ailments of his parishioners and of bringing wealth to himself and prosperity to Wellwyn. The spring lay in the centre of the village, on the left bank of the Mimram, adjoining the flour mill, and Dr. Young enabled those who came to drink the waters to while away their time with music and entertainment and social intercourse. The popularity of these Assemblies survived the death of Young in 1766, who had also laid out a Bowling Green and added many attractions. The well, which contained the water's spring, was discovered in 1924 in the Yard of Messrs. Adams, Builders, in Mill Lane, but subsequently was covered over by rubbish, and though the Assembly Rooms still stand, they have been converted into cottages.

(9) It is possible that this refers to Matthew Boulton who set up minting machinery in Birmingham in 1786 and from then until 1797 he was trying to obtain a Government contract for minting copper coin.

(10) (See Note 49, Vol. III, p. 326.)

(11) (See Note 91, Vol. II, p. 270.)

(12) The eleventh Earl of Kent, in 1710 Duke of Kent, had no sons alive when he died in 1740, and the manor of Wreste descended to Jemima, his daughter Amabel's daughter.

(13) The de Grey Chapel at Flitton Church contains a long series of monuments, the earliest being that of Henry Grey, fifth Earl of Kent.

(14) (See Note 4, Vol. I, p. 61.)

(15) (See Note 3, Vol. III, p. 321.)

(16) Robert Henry Ongley was the second Baron from 1785 to 1814.

(17) Chesterfield was a name given to a field near Sandy.

(18) 'The United Brethren', which still exist, were expelled from Bohemia and Moravia in 1627.

(19) The Rev. John Berridge, fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, was Vicar of Everton from 1755 to his death in 1793. He was an intimate

friend of John Wesley, who preached in the Church and Vicarage of Everton. Berridge was 'an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ', and his itinerary did not endear him to the incumbents whose parishes he 'invaded'. The Bishop appealed to these incumbents, admonished Berridge, but allowed him to continue the work for which he seemed so well fitted.

(20) Johann Kasper Lavater (1741-1801) was a Swiss divine and poet, chiefly remembered as the inventor of the so-called science of phrenology or physiognomy, as he called it.

(21) There is a Record in Southill Register of John Snitch Butcher and his wife Elizabeth having had a son in 1788 and another in 1790.

(22) The actor Quin (1693-1766) was well known in his day as a wit and his sayings were often repeated.

(23) The manor of Launcelyn or Woodend, was for many generations in possession of the Luke family until it was sold in 1686 to Sir William Gostwick. It was pulled down by the Duke of Bedford about 1858.

(24) There was a Samuel Bedford Vicar of Southill 1710-1752 and also several Bedfords connected with Fenlake Barns Manor.

(25) Sir Willian Harper founded a free school at Bedford, the trustees of which were made a body corporate in an Act of 1764, when their income was about £3,000 a year.

(26) A slang word, at the period, for a deaf or stupid person.

(27) Bayes was the name under which the poet Dryden was ridiculed in Buckingham's 'Rehersal'. The name was taken from the sprays of bay laurels which were woven into a wreath to crown a conqueror or poet.

(28) There are contemporary files of this periodical in the Burney Collection at the British Museum.

(29) There was a penny post existing in London as early as 1680.

(30) (See Note 9, Vol. I, p. 240.)

(31) (See Note 10, Vol. II, p. 415.)

(32) (See Note 91, Vol. II, p. 270.)

(33) There are no memorials to the Byng family now traceable in Wrotham Church.

(34) This famous bed was reputed to be the bed on which the Old Pretender, Prince James, was born.

(35) An allusion to the story that James II's son, afterwards called the Old Pretender, was a suppositions child introduced into the Queen's bed in a warming pan.

(36) T. Bush, the younger, the son of the Diarist's former manservant, see Note 1 (a), Vol. I, p. 199.

(37) It was through a fight at Stilton between Daniel Mendoza, 'The Fighting Jew', and Richard Humphries, the 'Gentleman Boxer', on May 6th, 1789, that the sport of pugilism received its greatest impetus in this neighbourhood. Daniel Mendoza was born in 1763 and became Champion of England, being chiefly famous for his four great encounters with Richard Humphries. The battle fought between Humphries and Mendoza on May

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

6th, 1789, at Stilton, at which 3,000 people were reputed to have been present, was won by Mendoza.

(38) In Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Sancho Panza was made Governor of Barataria. Wonderful feasts were constantly laid before him, but his doctor always said that they were unwholesome.

(39) Baptist Proby, D.D., Dean of Lichfield and brother of the First Baron Carysfort, was Rector of Thornhaugh from 1766 to 1809. He was a cousin on his mother's side of Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, which perhaps explains his appointment to Thornhaugh. He was also Rector from 1750 to 1805 of Doddington in the Isle of Ely, a living said to have been worth about £11,000 per annum. He died in 1807 and was buried at Lichfield.

39 (a) A well-known sexton who interred Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Aragon. Scarlet died in 1594 at the age of 98.

" You see old Scarlet's Picture stand on hie  
But at your feet there doth his body lie  
Second to none for strength and sturdy limb.  
A scare babe, mighty voice with visage grim.  
He hath entered two Queens within this place  
And this town's householders in his life's space  
Twice over; but at length his own time came."

(40) *Burleigh House*, built by William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley, between 1575 and 1587, is one of the most important examples of Elizabethan domestic architecture.

(41) The present mansion was partly erected in the reign of Henry V, and completed in that of Henry VIII and is still characteristic of the period in which it was built.

(42) This entertaining dramatist and architect was no doubt at the period thought by many a foolish fop.

(43) Compare Vol. II, p. 292.

(44) (See Note 1, Vol. I, p. 199.)

(45) The fifth Lord Torrington was an original member of Brook's.

(46) The Rev. George Barrington was Vicar of Grantham from 1789 to 1792.

(47) The fine old seventeenth-century manor house was replaced by a large modern hall between 1879 and 1883.

(48) See *History of Belvoir Castle*, by Irvin Eller, pp. 61 to 66, and 374 to 376.

(49) James Kent (1700-1776), the writer of many anthems, published in 1773, whilst organist of Winchester Cathedral and College, a collection of twelve anthems.

(50) In the description of Kelham in 1797 in Thoroton's *History of Nottinghamshire*, there is a reference to the trees being young and parts of the buildings not being sufficiently screened. This no doubt partly accounts for Lord Torrington's complaint of the building's 'staring appearance'. The Hall was burnt down in 1857.

## A TOUR INTO KENT: 1790

<i>Day</i>	<i>Weather</i>	<i>To What Place in Kent</i>	<i>Inns</i>	<i>Miles</i>
Friday				
Sept. 17	A fine hot evening	To Farningham	Black Lion T.	18
18	Hot day	To Aylesford, &c. To Maidstone	Anchor Ale House Star B.	28
Sunday				
19	A fine day	To Charing, &c. To Ashford	Swan B. Saracen's Head T.	26
20	Do.	To Hythe, &c. To Dover	Swan B. York-Hotel B.	28
21	Do.	Around Dover	—	—
22	A charming day	To Barham To Canterbury Remain.	De of Cumberland Ale House King's Head B.	26
23	Rainy morn; Stormy eve		—	—
24	A pleasant day	By Feversham, To Sittingbourne To Rochester	Rose G. Crown B.	30
25	A fine day	About the Dock-yard; Barracks; &c. . .	—	—
Sunday				
26	A pleasant day	To Dartford; &c. To London	Bull B. —	35
—				
10			12	191

G—Good; T—Tolerable; B—Bad.



## *A Tour into Kent: 1790*

As I never Tour without taking short notes, so I must retravel the Ground of this (therein having viewed many Places highly worthy of Notice,) in graphical description; making my Pen a short Introduction to the Prints, which may be, in no distant day, thought curious.

Having hurried over a very bad dinner in Duke Street<sup>1</sup> *Friday  
Sept. 17* at two o'clock I was accompanied by Mrs B.[yng] and my sons John, and Frek, in a coach to West<sup>r</sup>. Bridge; there to meet my old compagnon-de-voyage Col<sup>l</sup>. B[ertie]: —Poney led thither by T. B[ush]; my sheets, and small Parcell proceed with Col<sup>l</sup>. B's servant in a one Horse Chaise.—Not seeing Col<sup>l</sup>. B. at W. Bridge I rode forward; and at the second Turnpike learn'd that he was in advance; and overtook him in 3 more miles.

What charming weather! and what an Harvest of Plenty! From Eltham a delicious country to Foot's-Cray Village: From the hill above, there is a beautiful view of Foot's Cray Place,<sup>2</sup> in a lovely vale, Water'd by a rapid Trout Stream;—Herein might my foolish uncle Admiral Byng have sat down at a cheap Rate; instead of being gull'd (blockhead as he was) by an architect, to build a Stare-about Pile near Barnet.—<sup>3</sup> The moon now rose—and we had no other apprehension but what rose from the hop-pickers lounging about the Road;—When strange to relate we heard the cry of hounds, and saw a Pack, in full cry across an adjoining field, followed by a galloping Sportsman! 'Now Col<sup>l</sup>.' said I, 'could Ghosts take various shapes for amusement, here was a whole Troop of them! For who else could hunt at this hour?'—

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Farning-  
ham

We walk'd on foot down Farningham Hill,—to the Black Lion Inn;—where the Col<sup>l</sup>'s servant was arrived, who now took care of his Master's Horses with a most

Black Lion Farningham		
Bread & Beer	0 - 3	
Beef —	3 - 0	
Potatoes —	0 - 6	
Cheese —	0 - 2	
Wine —	2 - 6	
Brandy —	1 - 0	
Brush lights —	0 - 4	
Bread & Cheese —	1 - 6	
		—
	9 - 3	

ridiculous Parade:—servants are either brutal to, or ignorantly fond of, Horses.—Walking over the Bridge—and Stable attendance employ'd us till Supper Time: We were early in Bed.

Saturday  
Sept. 18

In our Road of last night, all the way from London, a man often gallop'd by us, often stop'd; and at last upon his very Jaded Horse, Reach'd this Inn. It then appear'd to be an hired Horse from this Inn, which his drunken Rider had so abused in the course of this day, that the



FARNINGHAM BRIDGE

*from a water-colour by the Diarist*

[facing p. 150]



animal soon after coming in, Expired of a broken Heart: —Surely such Barbarity should come under the Law's Notice, and the Perpetrator be amply punished! Up early from a bad Bed; but any Bed serves in this weather. This Place, tho' by a quick clear stream, is gloomy; and the surrounding country steep and stoney: In the church there is an handsome monument of The Ropers.<sup>4</sup>

To the left of our Inn, Have been Erected, long since, 3 arches over the River, which are so ably delineated in the following Leaf.—After Breakfast, and the Hot Rolls we took the Road hilly and stoney to Wrotham Hill; whence is a grand view of the Vale beneath—and of the country beyond; This Hill till lately—was dangerously steep—but now so cork-screw'd that a chaise may trot down it, with safety.

Wrotham—‘The sacred Store House of my ancestors’, lays in the Bottom; It has a large church, and a Living of the first amount: In the church Wall is a stone of very great antiquity, on which our Family arms<sup>5</sup> are carved; but no memorial of them could I ever find in the church!!

(Robert Bing of Wrotham Esqr served for the Borough of Abingdon in the first Parliament of Queen Elizabeth anno 1559; and in the 34th year of her Reign was Sheriff of The County of Kent.—He married to his first wife Frances, Daughter and Heir of Richard Hill Esqr. by whom He had three Sons, George, John and Francis, whereof the two last died without Issue; and by his second wife, Mary, Daughter of Wm. Maynard Esqr., He had Issue three Sons, of which William was Governor of Deal Castle, and a Daughter Anne, married to David Polhill, of Orford in Kent, Esqr.—The said Robert Bing Esqr died on the 2nd of Sept 1595 in the 37th of Elizabeth seized of The Manors of Wrotham, Charlton, Rust-hall in Spelhurst by Tunbridge, Stodmer-Hill and Stock-Hill Manors in Yalding, and Stanstead Manor and Leyborne Wood in Leyborne &c. &c.)

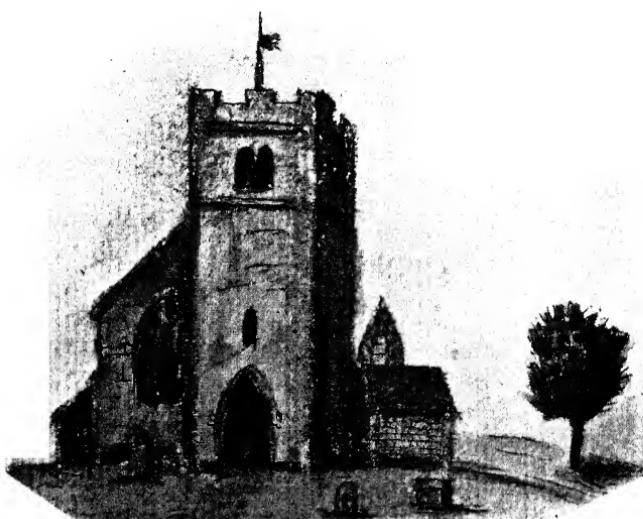
How different are these Roads and the mode of Travelling to what I remember when my happy annual time of visiting in this country came on about 40 years ago.—My Brother, and I, upon our two Horses, (mine Little Driver) attended by the old Groom, Joseph Man, and the Pointer Sancho, left London early; following the Coach which carried my mother, her maid servant, and a female Relation. Now this Coach, was drawn by 4 large black dock-tail'd Horses, and driven by an old, stiff, crook-finger'd Coachman, who Jehu'd, yawn'd and double thong'd, till we reached Greenwich Hospital at 9 o'clock; where we were Expected, and kindly Received at Breakfast by Dr. and Mrs C[ooke]<sup>6</sup> There stay'd two Hours;—commonly my uncle also, attended us on Horseback with his Groom.—Remounting with Pleasure (for I got tired of the confinement of Greenwich) we cross'd Blackheath to Eltham; and here The Road became so narrow, that a servant was always sent  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile in advance, to Remove obstructions.

Instead of these cool, overshaded Lanes, there now runs a wide exposed Road over the Hill, and dale; which, no doubt, meets universal approbation; but I look back with Pleasure to the shaded Lanes, twining around the Cherry Gardens. After a long, tho' pleasant crawl, we arrived at the Top of Farningham Hill; where the Road was then so narrow, and steep, that the Drag chain was fasten'd. Crossing the River at Farningham, we arrived at two o'clock at the Red Bull kept by the widow Prat; who was right glad to see her old acquaintance, and The Young Masters looking so well. My uncle James Master,<sup>7</sup> and his Brother here awaited us; our coach was lined with Red Cloth, with its first painting, heavy Top, and low fore wheels; The seats, and Bottom narrow to an Extreme; and the whole unassisted by Springs. A joyful Regale here of Beans and Bacon and Fowls. A History of the Country was Related by the Widow Prat; and of what Gentlefolk had lately passed that way.—

Now my uncle D[aniel]<sup>8</sup> would often lead us Boys (The



AYLESFORD BRIDGE



AYLESFORD CHURCH  
*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 152



Coach taking a wider cast) a bye Road from Wrotham thro the Hurst Woods of vast Extent, till we enter'd my uncle M[aster's]<sup>9</sup> Grounds on The Stand-Field (perhaps so-call'd from some Stand erected upon this Hill to View the flight of Falcons.) At Yotes Court<sup>10</sup> we commonly arrived in time to receive the Embraces, Enquiries &c. of our old uncle, and our Cousins Columbines,<sup>11</sup> before The Supper was served up:—which on that first night was super-abundant.

To Bed at ten o'clock, their usual hour, after our Fatigues. In two miles The Vale becomes very beautiful; passed near Birlings Church and Place;<sup>12</sup> and now beginning to tire of Heat and Dust we sought an Halt. Seeing Aylesford to our Left we descended to it—passing by Aylesford Preston Hall, the old Seat of Sir Thomas Colepeper<sup>13</sup> which is a pleasant Green Place in a delicious country. Our Forefathers—you may perceive, if ignorant of Taste and grand Improvement, knew full well how to collect their comforts around them.

We enter'd Aylesford by a steep old Stone Bridge; and so to The Anchor Ale House, as bad a stop as could be, with most miserable stabling. The Day was so gay that any misery was to be Endured—so we attempted to be happy over our bad mutton chops and a Pudding with Brandy and Water. We saw, whilst at Dinner, a Gang of well-mounted smugglers pass by: How often have I wish'd to be able to purchase a Horse from their excellent Stables.—No Dinner could be worse than ours; nor could a stupider Inn Keeper be found! But we were highly gratified by our walk after Dinner; first to the church yard, then to the beautiful walk towards the Friars where The Dowager Lady Aylesford<sup>14</sup> Resides. (Ailesford is 4 miles by Lande from Rochester and there is a faire Bridg of Ston over the Streme. LEYLAND) The View, from below The Elms, of the River, the Town, and Preston Hills of a well-wooded rich Country, screen'd from the North by

the Hollingburn Hills is composed of the loveliest scenery. The Bridge must be one of the oldest extant. Our landlord was a surly ignorant Brute; nor would answer to any of our Questions about Harvest, Hop Picking, &c. &c.

After this hot walk tho' so much to our satisfaction we hasten'd to go: Recrossing The Bridge we turn'd to the Left over Fields, (the Gates of which were luckily unlocked) near The River, to Allington Castle: near to which is much made Ground, and highly raised mounds.

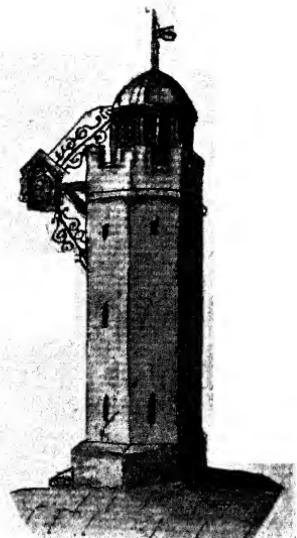
Allington Castle is as concealed a Spot and of as much Curiosity as can be found; In it resides a Farmers Family and Cottagers. It should be a survey of 3 Hours:—but all Tourists hurry Thence to Langher; and so to Barsted; where we came, at the Col<sup>l</sup>'s desire to hunt Family Antiquities.—At a small Inn having taken Tea, we walk'd to The Church; but our search was in vain as to Bertie monuments. Herein are some of The Fludds,<sup>15</sup> and of The Cages,<sup>16</sup> whose Family Seat is in view, and looks well.—The Twilight now came on, and our Road lay thro Hop Grounds, where every creature (even at that hour) was employ'd in Picking Hops, with their whole Families; For the little Children in their Cradles (a pleasant and novel sight) were strew'd, dispersedly amidst The Hop Gardens:—The Twinkling Lights aided the Imagination and made me fancy it like a scene in a Pantomime Dance.—Ld Romney's Seat, The Mote,<sup>17</sup> which we pass'd by, appeared to advantage by moon Light.

Maidstone

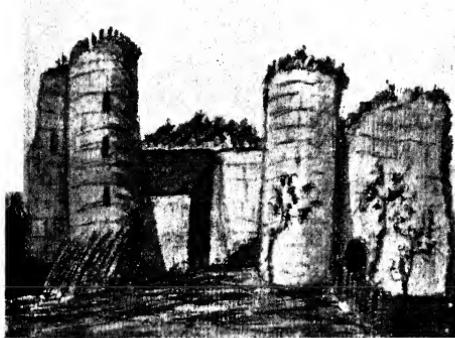
Enter Maidstone, a large ill built Old Town; where we Housed at the best, tho a miserable, gallery'd, shatter-paned Inn, The Star. Then till supper time stroll'd about the Streets, which are gay on a Saturday Night. Our waiter was an intelligent Fellow, and our Inn only endurable from the Warmth of the Weather. No actors, or shew in the Town! We kept late Hours; even till half past ten o'clock.

Sunday  
Sept. 19

I awoke early, and was about at 7 o'clock; and first to



CONDUIT TOWER, MAIDSTONE



ALLINGTON CASTLE

*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 154]



The Bridge over The Medway; whence The College, The Old Palace,<sup>18</sup> and The Public Walks are view'd to advantage. All the surrounding Country is rich, and

<i>Start Mardon</i>		9
Brandy	— —	1. 0
Wine	—	2.. 0
Bread *	—	— 2
Teat	— —	2.. 6.
Parsley & Butter	—	4
Potatoes &c	—	6
Roast Beef	—	— 8
Cheese	— —	2
Porter	— — —	3
Candle	— - -	2
Breakfast	—	1.. 6
		9 .. 3

beautiful. The church is low, and Roomy; but surely not half capacious enough for The Place: So that let the Living be ever so Valuable, still there is no Receptacle for Churchmen! So The Religious must fly into other Persuasions. The old clock & Conduit Tower (1567)<sup>19</sup> must be taken down when the new pavement shall take place. The Old Gateway of The College is a fine Relict, and on the other side of The Church Yard are some curious Old Barns. Indeed there is much to observe about this Spot. (John Luff, alias Leys, was last master, and had a Pension

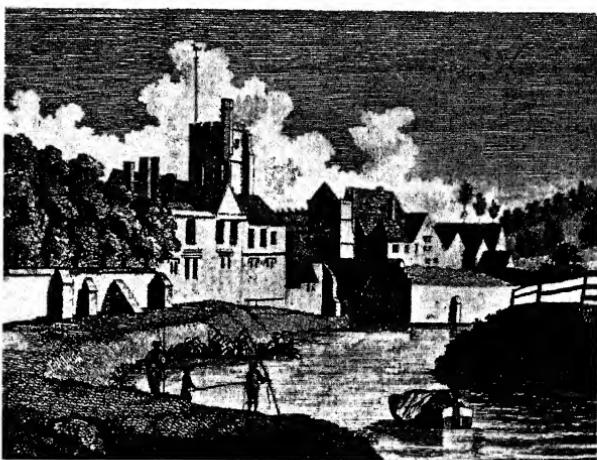
of £48 16. 8. allowed him, which He Enjoyed ann. 1553: when there remain'd in charge many pensions to the surviving Incumbents of This College—(Willis). Will<sup>m</sup>. Courtney, Archbishop of Canterbury, 19th Rich<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> founded a college here to the honour of All Saints. It was endowed with £159. 7. 10. pr. an. (Tanner.))

This was my first Round. My second was to The Public Walk upon The Medway's Brink; where The Elms are growing well, but in The River at low water a Duck cannot swim.—Here Col<sup>l</sup>. B[ertie] join'd me in my Walk; Thence we Return'd to pay our Bill, which could not be from our orders Exorbitant, tho' screw'd up by Bread and Parsley and Butter. Glad we were to be restored from this black Inn to the country; where we soon pass'd The Mote, the Seat of Ld Romney, an house and place of very habitable Description. Some few miles of good Road, in a charming country, brought us to Leeds Park, Ld Fairfax's,<sup>20</sup> of pleasant and unequal Ground, thro' which a Stream flows, capable of the greatest Improvement: The Park likewise wants much planting. The Pleasure Ground thro' which The Stream passes, forming several cascades, is at a distance from The Castle, which stands safely, and awfully in a large Pool of Water. Having had for its owners, during a course of years, a continuation of aged men, it has neither been Improved, nor demolish'd, but were a man of Taste and Fortune master, who would (keeping up the Antique) Repair, and refurnish the old Castle; Deepen and Clean out The Pool, (now sadly choaked up by Weeds,) Plant The Hills, and Enlarge the water in The Valley; It would be one of the first and most curious Places in this Kingdom. The Col<sup>l</sup>. was charmed with The Scenery; as everyone must be: For some time we sat us beneath a Grove at an hill Top, contemplating all these Beauties; the bemoaning our ill choice of Day (Sunday), or the Rudeness of Ld F. in refusing us admission to the castle.

Leaving the Park, we soon Left Lenham on our Right,



THE BRIDGE, MAIDSTONE



THE COLLEGE, MAIDSTONE

*Prints inserted in the Diary*

[facing p. 156]



(riding in Heat thro' heavy sands) and went to see where is nothing to be seen, The Remains of Royton Chapel.— Thus is one often humbug'd by printed accounts of visionary Videnda!— —

We now Hasten'd to a Dinner Stop; and after a long, and hot Ride, arrived at a mean public house in The Village of Charing, where The Stabling was Wretched; but Charing The Hostess very civil. (The Col's servant in the one Horse Chaise, with The Baggage, does not go with us; but makes his own way to our Night Halt.) We devour'd half of a Roasted Pig, with part of a Pudding, prepared for The Family Dinner; Then look'd into and about The Church, to which The People were then coming for Evening Prayers.

Near to The Church in front of a Farm-House, to which they form a Skreen, are many Remains of Walls, and arches—like those that did belong to some Old Castle, or House of defence, and I did my best with my pencil. Our Road from Charing led at the foot of Hollingburn Hills with a bold and noble view to the Right to Eastwell Park,<sup>21</sup> to enter which we paid a Penny Toll at The Gate. This is a noble Park, with Lofty Hills in The Centre commanding fine Views, both inland and of The Sea; but The Timber has been cruelly fell'd and every part is in Waste and Disorder. Into the magnificent Old Mansion I was forbidden Entrance; as Mr F. H.<sup>21(a)</sup> with 'much company were at home; and dinner would soon be Ready'. (half past 5 o'clock! An Elegant Transfer of London Hours!!) Every part about this Place, lays in neglect and disorder; with neither a wish to preserve, Repair or keep clean!

Another Toll Park Gate brought us upon the high Road from Sittingbourn: How most extraordinary are these petty Tolls exacted at Park Gates, for the avoidance of a bad roundabout Lane?!!? The weather now became Ashford Low'ring—Four miles, and to Ashford, a Town of good appearance, and well situated: where we put up at The

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Saracen's (vulgo Serjeants) Head. After Tea we walk'd about The Street and Churchyard, till the Rain drove us in. A stable Time, a short supper; A Wish for Bed. (Asscheforde Church was in a meane to be collegiatyd by

~~as before Sept. 20~~

Tea	0 4:6
Supper	3 3:0
Wine	0 1:0
Wine	0 2:6
Breakfast	0 1:6
Wine	0 0:2
	<u>0 9:8</u>

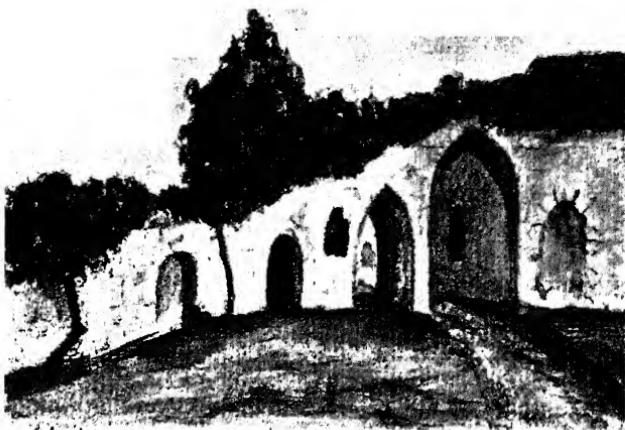
the Request of one Fogge an Gentilman dwellinge there about that was Countrowlar to Edward the fourthe. But Edward dyed or Fog had finished this enterpris. So that nowe remaynethe to Asche forde the only Name of a Prebend, and this Place hath the Lands, Priests, and Chorists, but removable. For they have no Comon Seale. (Lelands Itin.).)

Monday  
Sept. 20

Bad Beds, Bad Stabling, bad wine: but fine weather, fine Roads, fine Country. This is a clean, well paved Town, with some inland Trade. We went to The Church, but could not get the Key: I took down this Inscription in The Churchyard:—

JOHN IVY.

Here lies whom God by sudden call  
Has forced to leave a World and all  
His wife and eke his Children small  
Lament his most untimely fall.



RUINS NEAR CHARING  
*from a water-colour by the Diarist*

[facing p. 158]



There was much Rain in the Night; with too much Wind for our Fleet in the Downs. We left Ashford at 9 o'clock and upon a pleasant, gravelly Road, passed in the Front of Mersham-Hatch, an unseemly mansion of Sr W. Knatchbulls,<sup>22</sup> with fir Trees and such-like minutiae around it;—a common in front; and back'd by a staring Park. All nature seem'd refresh'd by the Rain; hailing the Return of vegetation. Crossing the pleasant common of Brabourn, to Skelling, we soon turn'd off, to the Left, To View The Ruins of Ostenhanger House. Strype in his annals vol. 2 page 314 mentions 'Queen Elizabeth at her own House at Westenhanger' and after The Defeat of The Royalists at Maidstone, 1648, many Prisoners of them were confined in this Castle. (Costinghaungre was Creals Lordeship, of sum now corruptely caulled Westenhanger. Poyninges a late held it. The King hath it now. Lelands Itin.) It was formerly surrounded by a large Park, long since dismantled. There is a New Building, and a good Farm House, within the Enclosure of The Old Walls and Turrets; one Tower is call'd Rosamunds Tower; The present stable was a Chapel.—The Farmer, with Mr Champneys his Landlord (now here on a Shooting Intention) behaved to us with much civility and accompanied us around The Place.

After a gratifying Survey, we joined The Road; and in 3 more miles, after smelling the salubrious Sea-Breeze, Descended by a fine dip into The Town of Hythe. Dinner <sup>Hythe</sup> being order'd at the Swan Inn. I, having with some difficulty found The Sexton, Walk'd up the Hill To the Church; whence is a fine Sea View—It is a good Edifice—with an attach'd, dry, above ground Building in which are piled up an immense Quantity of human Sculls;<sup>23</sup> formerly belonging (according to the Sexton) to Danish Invaders, who were slain upon the Beech. Some of these The Sexton Produced as remarkably thick, which I should suppose, in many cases, was of advantage to The Wearer. (But why so preserv'd? Or why This Building of an younger Date?)

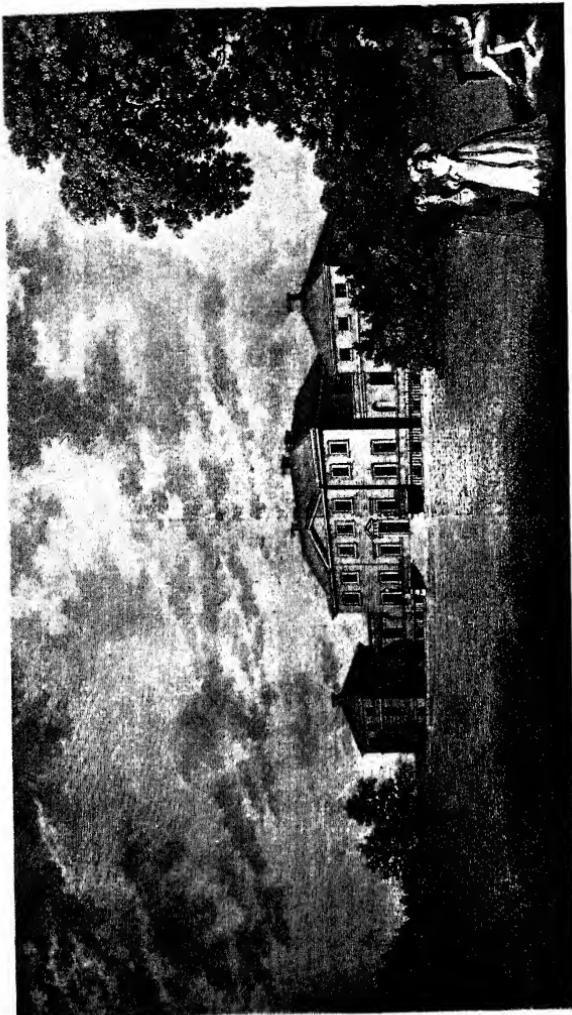
## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

This is a good Station for Sea-Bathing, and Retirement, for The Rides up The Country are shady and pleasant. We now walk'd together to the Battery upon the Beach, which might prevent the approach of a Privateer. Our dinner consisted of Herrings split; and the Roes lost:— odd cookery this! With Beef Steaks, which is allways a tough Business.—Port Wine not drinkable: One starves in a tour, but in this, with the air, and exercise, consists the salubrity.

Swan Down Herring	
Rump Steaks.	1 - 8
Herrings	0 - 8
Mataice, & Batter	0 - 6
Cheese & Bread -	4
Wine	—
	2 - 4
	<hr/> 5 - 6

After Dinner, quitting Hithe, we rode up a Lane of one mile to Saltwood Castle; a Noble Ruin Indeed! Of great amount, and of much Remain; for the Walls around are in tolerable state; The Ditch deep and wellwooded; The Chapel in disordered Perfection; and the Gateway of approach in Preservation, with good apartements above it; wherein an old Lady resides (The Lady of The Castle) who, tho observing us from the windows, dared not hazard any civility to two such *tremendous Knights*.

The Prospect from it is very beautiful, with a Sea View to the Coast of France. This noble Ruin (one of the best I ever saw,) is but little noticed or visited; whilst Tourists, Idly, and pompously, declame about Welsh, and Scottish



MERSHAM-HATCH

*from a print inserted in the Diary*

[*facing p. 160*



Ruins; Just as English Travellers love to brag of Curiosities and Views in foreign Countries, without ever enquiring for any thing at home, or having ever stood upon Leith Hill in Surrey!

Knowst thou the Way to Dover?  
Both stile and gate, horseway, and foot-path.  
(*K. Lear.*)

Much bluster'd, and buffeted by wind, over the exposed Hills, We came, (leaving Shakspeares Cliff at a small distance to our Right) within Sight of Dover Dover Castle; and soon into the Towne of Dover, To The York Hotel; where, amidst Noise, and Racket, we procured a mean dirty Parlour for ourselves, and a kind of ship-hold for our Horses. Bad specimen this, To the French, of English comforts!—Bread, and Wine, not to be endured; with a nasty brown fricassee, and old tough Partridges! A Room fill'd with Wind; and ship Stinks!! Up till eleven o'clock.

An early Stroll upon The Piers, where I saw two Packet Boats (with Exiles, voluntary, and involuntary) sail for Calais; also a King's Tender: and there was an Ostend East-India man<sup>24</sup> laying off The Harbour.—Many sailors employ'd in Whiting Fishing.—To Breakfast.—Then we walk'd upon The Beach. Viewing the new Hot and Cold Salt Water Baths,<sup>25</sup> and to where Mr S[mith] with idle, extravagant oddity, has built himself a House,<sup>26</sup> and has, also, scooped many Strange Recesses out of the Chalky Rock; which are now abandon'd to the violation of The Town. We, next, climb'd The Castle Hill; and upon a Bench, at the foot of some steps sat for a time in admiration of The Prospect.

*Tuesday  
Sept. 21*

It seemed necessary to have a cicerone about The Castle, to talk about Julius Caesar, and Queen Elizabeth; to make us Examine the Queen's Pocket Pistol; To fling Stones into The Well; to see the Old Sword, and Keys;

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

and to peep into The Old Church, now a Five's Court. Descending the Hill, we walk'd to the North End of The Town to view The Old Ruin'd Church, call'd Grace-Dieu; now converted into a King's Storehouse.

Across the Road in the opposite Field are the remaining Ruins of St. Martin's Priory.

A.D. 696. Wietred, King of Kent founded a college of Secular Priests here, who were turned into Benedictine Monks by Archbishop Theobald A.D. 1139. St. Martin was the tutelar Saint of this Monastery, whose Yearly Revenues at the Dissolution were worth £170. 14. 11. Dugdale. £232. 13. 5. Speed—TANNER.

Here are grand Barns; with a *Gateway* of *great antiquity*.—and around are those traces, walls and mounds, that employ the mind and observation of an antiquary.

Having made this quiet observation—alone—and at mine Ease, I strolled back thro the Town (observing a newly erected mischevious Play House)<sup>27</sup> and visited Mrs P. who formerly kept the Inn called The City of London<sup>28</sup> Our dinner was ill served, and nasty as possible, with not-drinkable wine! Our Evening Ramble was to a survey of The Mote Bulwark, a seemingly unnecessary charge; but not a tenth Part so ridiculous as The Battery upon The Hill, built by an Engineer, (a quondam acquaintance of mine) for the purpose, only, of pillaging the State. After a long, cold, and tedious walk, we had to endure a tedious evening, from the Want of good apartemens and good cheer.

*Wednesday*  
*Sept. 22* Wind sunk; sea quite smooth. Tho' up at seven o'clock I was too late to have a good view of Seven Ships of The Line, tiding down The Channel from The Fleet in the Downs; But, hurrying down to The Piers, I could survey them tolerably well, with my pocket Glass, especially the two hindmost, The Victory, and Robust.<sup>28a</sup> No knowledge



BUCKLAND CHURCH



ST MARTIN'S PRIORY, DOVER

*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 162]



of this at our Inn; nor of the general Salute of the Fleet in The Downs; Nor of anything else? Never did I Enter a more dirty, noisy, or more imposing Inn, than this York House; for we were charged most exorbitantly, for wine not drinkable, for musty Fowls, and stinking Partridges; never did I leave an Inn with greater Pleasure.—I had bought 4 mackarel, just caught, for 6 pence; and lodged them in the one Horse Chaise.

Keeping The High Road for two miles we came to the Village of Buckland, a pretty Village in the Vale with Paper Mills, Here, Quitting the high Road, and turning to the Right, over a nice Hare-Hunting Country, where I recollect the Joys of my Youth, came (at my desire for the Colonels Indulgence) to Waldershare Church; in a most happy sequestered situation, well begirt by Old yew trees. The Key of the church being a distant search, we had a long sitting in the church Yard (where my poor pencil went to work). Entering the Church I soho'd to my Honor and the Col'<sup>l</sup>'s Pleasure a noble monument of The Hon<sup>le</sup> Mr Bertie<sup>29</sup> (2nd son of Montague Earl of Lindsey.) and of his Lady, in white marble well wigg'd ruff'd and cuff'd. . . . Here The Colonel Revell'd for some time in family Pomp! and desired, at parting that the Inscription might be copied and sent to him.

Waldershare Park,<sup>30</sup> and House, are close adjoining: a good Domain, and a good House,—with a pleasant country around them. Above The Village of Elham, we could descry The Fleet in The Downs and perceive the smoke of their Feu-de-Joys,<sup>31</sup> fired in honor of The [Day].

Throughout our Ride, I was Relating, to the Colonel, The Meandres, of my youthful Huntings over this country; To all which 'Did Desdemona seriously Incline'.

We now came to Barfreston Church. The antiquity of Barfreston This Building is most curious; and of its kind nothing more worthy observation: The extraordinary sculpture over The Door is now most barbrouslly, (and foolishly for the Parish Profit) shut up; and blinded by a modern

Porch. The Eastern Front is worthy of much observation; for where is more Saxon antiquity, or an upper window of more Beauty to be seen? The Inside has by modern, and frequent alterations, lost all semblance of antiquity.— From Barfreston we soon came upon Barham-Downs, a dry and pleasant spot; Little Information of our Road could be procured here; and at the cottages none, as all the People were at Hopping—a narrow stoney Lane led to a wood; wherein we plunged for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour: (Being always forward in time I can afford this uncertainty,) at last, clearing the Wood, We came to a Place call'd Palmerstead; and so, by much roundabout, to Burstead—another fruitless Research of Col<sup>l</sup>. Bertie's; Whence sprang his hopes, or false Intelligence I know not, but I know that the only discovery of Family Magnificence was made by me.—Burstead is only a mean Farm-House.

We now came into better Roads, and an inhabited country, (for an hour we wander'd in a wild country);— To Hardres and so into the Maidstone Road, which, by a long descent, brought us, at 6 o'clock into Canterbury. Here lodg'd at The King's Head Inn, in a good parlour, The Colonel would order so large a Fire, as to Exhaust me.— Canterbury is much improved by the new paving, but the Inns are wretched. Whitings, and our mackerel served for the chief of our Supper, whilst The Colonel eat away of Whitstable oysters: Nor did we Retire till the (very) late Hour of Eleven.

Canter-  
bury

Thursday  
Sept. 23

A dark rainy November morning. After Breakfast, The Colonel, and I walk'd to Mr S[immons]<sup>32</sup> (our Distributor of Stamps) a Stationer, and Mr Somebody here; from whom I borrowed money and Books. Then to the Cathedral Service; which we thought well performed, and that a well-chosen anthem was well sung by two good singing Boys....

The Col<sup>l</sup>. (to my surprise!!!) must now set forward to Rochester.



WALDERSHARE CHURCH



BARFRESTON CHURCH

*from water-colours by the Diarist* [facing p. 164



The Col<sup>l</sup>. being now *order'd* to Rochester, and I left alone, I had to walk about The City of Canterbury,—so rich of antiquities! (which being often and accurately described I shall only mention as the occurrences of my Lounge). The old gateway of The Black Friars,<sup>33</sup> moulder'd with age, has been but lately taken down, nor are there any Remains of this religious Foundation. Not so of St. Augustines,<sup>34</sup> where many, and curious monuments of antiquity Exist; as The two Gates & Ethelbert's Tower.—The Church of St. Martin is in use.

Having gratify'd my curiosity here, I walk'd by the wall to Dungeons Hill, now improving for the Town Parade; and by an old gate upon which on the different Fronts are written *Wellcome, Farewell*. To the Castle, a curious old magnificent Ruin; and of such strength as to be unworthy of Demolition. From the Castle I made my Wander by the old Walls, and Gates of this old, and much worthy of observation, Town, till I reach'd my Inn where I ate of a tolerable Dinner, and sat (during the Rain) till the Hour of The Cathedral Service; which was as sadly slurr'd over as any Dissenter could wish.

I then chose to be shewn (the old shew) the curiosities of the Cathedral; and by a Boy in full, ignorant Prate, I was made to observe The Monument of The Black Prince and to Recall the memory of The daring Becket. The Screen and painted Windows would yet do Honor to the Popish Faith; and might raise a sigh over the Ruins of Religion!

After this I passed a long tedious, Evening (for the days are too short to be alone, from home, and in an Inn where you are unknown, and disregarded) and had only to lounge to a Coffee House, and to prose over the News-Papers—At Supper time I had more of a melancholy, than pleasant Reflection, of the night I passed here in my Flight to France, November 1777.

Up at 7 o'clock; crossed the street to a Barber's Shop, *Friday Sept. 24*  
165

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53.2

FAVERSHAM RACES.



On TUESDAY the 19th of October, 1790, the following Prizes will be run for  
In MILL FIELD,

A Hunting Saddle and Bridle,

VALUE FIVE GUINEAS.

Free for any Horse, Mare, or Gelding, that never started for the Value of 10l. at any one Time. The best of  
Three Two Mile Heats. To start at Ten o'Clock. To carry Catch Weight. Entrance 2s 6d.

A SILVER TANKARD,

VALUE TEN GUINEAS.

Free for any Horse, Mare, or Gelding, that never started for the Value of 50l. before the 1st of September, 1790.  
To run the best of Three Two Mile Heats. To carry Catch Weight. Start at Three o'Clock. Entrance 5s.

A Saddle, Bridle, and Whip,

Value 3l. 13s. 6d.

By Hacks, that never started for the Value of 40s. To run One Two Mile Heat. The First best to have a  
Saddle Value Two Guineas; the Second best Horse, a Bridle, Value One Guinea; the Third best Horse, a  
Whip, Value Half a Guinea. Entrance 2s. Carry Catch Weight.

THREE WHIPS,

VALUE A GUINEA AND A HALF.

By Ponies, not exceeding Thirteen Hands High. To run One Two Mile Heat. The First best Poney, a Whip,  
Value 14s. The Second best, a Ditto, Value 10s. The Third best, a Whip, Value 7s 6d. Entrance 2s.

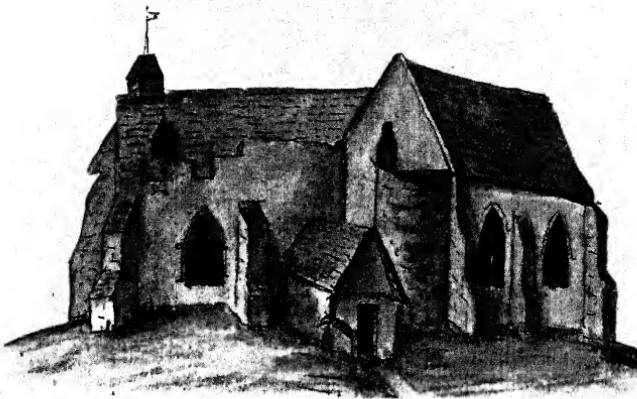
Mr. Tho. Woff's Rosebud, and Spider, are not to run for any of these Prizes.

No Horse or Poney will be allowed to run that is not entered to F. BAYNES, on or before Saturday Oct. the 16th

A Drawing of SADLER Y in the Evening.

\* An Ordinary at the Inns at One o'Clock.

W.S.



OSPRINGE CHURCH

*from a water-colour by the Diarist*

[facing p. 166



and there shaved, and dressed myself—after waiting, some time, for Breakfast and a hot Roll, I was glad to get away, tho' in a low'ring dripping morning, and upon poor Po who will not eat, and appears to be in pain. At Harbledown there are two churches; Thence the woods and rising grounds of Boughton commencing, afford grand and luxuriant scenery: The Day clearing up gave an additional Lustre, For variety I quitted the high road, and keeping the Lanes to the left, thro' staple Street soon arrived at the Town of Feversham. F. is now new Paving; and perhaps <sup>Feversham</sup> with some Abbey Stones, as The Gateways have been lately pull'd down. Over this old Ground I walk'd, and peep'd into The Church, where divine Service was performing. Crossing the River below Feversham I came upon the opposite high ground to Davington, where was formerly a Nunnery: I rode around the church and the Old House attach'd to it; but as nobody attended to my call (from being, probably in the Hay Field) I continued my Ride.

An half mile and to the high Road: which I cross'd to view the church of Ospringe; and after some time spent in finding the foolish, old clark, my Research was amply Gratified in the observation of a fine monument of Sr. Edward Master,<sup>35</sup> a Recumbent Figure, with a grand Beard and a noble countenance—A monument that I could wish (from Relationship) to Readorn, as well as one opposite of The Streynshams<sup>36</sup> from whom my son Edmund derives one of his Xtian names.

I remained for 10 minutes in the church yard to make a drawing and to copy this Inscription.

#### HENRY PEMBLE.

Who by his Industry and great care  
Hath left his wife with reasonable share.

Returning into the high Road I jogg'd on my slow pace to Sittingbourn; here I dined very comfortably at The Rose Inn, The apartements are good, but the Stabling very bad.

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

After Dinner I stroled to the church yard wherein was  
Interr'd—and this Epitaph!—

MARY FLEET 1739.

Though here in Death's cold arms  
In Tomb'd We Lye,  
We only Sleep  
Untill ye great Assise  
When ye last Trumpet  
Shall awake ye dead  
Then we with them  
that Sleep in Christ shall rise.

(Abingburn alias Sidingburne is a prety Thorough  
Fare of one Paroche, and by the chirch renneth a little

*Abingburn alias Sidingburne*

Bread	89	—	2	0
Wine		—	2	6
Smelting'd w <sup>th</sup> Jane		—	2	5
4 Good Beif		—		
Cheese		—		1

*£ 1.8*

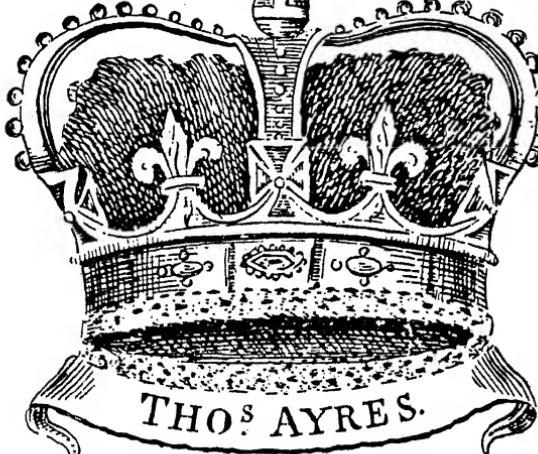
Burne, or Kille, wherof peraventure the Towne take name  
(Leland)

Rochester A Dull solitary Ride brought me to Rochester; upon  
Entering which Town I was Remet by the Col<sup>l</sup>. & Suis.

Strange and disagreeable this! But Remarks are unnecessary.

Poor Poney being now taken very ill, gave me an happy Excuse of absence, and of passing most of my Evening in the Stable. For his sake I was obliged to send for what is called a Farrier—who dozed him most exceedingly—bragging wonderfully of his skill! The arch'd cellarings of

CROWN. AT ROCHESTER.  
POST CHAISES & HORSES, to Lett



this Inn probably were the vaults of a Religious House which stood upon this Spot. Our supper was bad—our conversation was *intolerable*; and my Night was passed unpleasantly.

Tho unwell I could not refrain from taking a wa'k *Saturday Sept. 25* around The Castle Ruins and The Cathedral, before Breakfast; and also into the fine shop of Mr G[ilman]<sup>37</sup> our Distributor of Stamps for the W. Division of Kent: He is a talking bustling Fellow—and dashes away at all Points.—The Inside of Rochester Castle—a most gloomy deserted Pile of Ruins. After Breakfast the Col<sup>l</sup>. took him-

## THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Chatham

self away—How much more does Habit or Submission sway men than their own Inclinations? Not chusing to go, Poney being only convalescent, I walk'd away thro' Chat-ham and to The Barracks;—where in Grief, I peep'd at the East Indian Recruits<sup>38</sup>—poor Fellows—torn away from their native climate—(& what to me appears all Happiness) never never to Return. The Marines and their Barracks, appear'd to be in excellent order—At the Dockyard Gate—my name being ask'd, and Permission Granted, I made the full survey of all the Cable Houses, Anchorage, Timber Yards &c. &c. &c.—Nor should have I returnd so soon, had not Languor and ill Feels sent me back. I dined upon Roasted Veal, and having drank some Glasses of bad Port, consider'd whether it were better to go to Bed, or take an Evening Walk; The latter and more sensible Plan prevail'd; when crossing the Bridge and taking over the Fields to the Left I came to Temple Farm—About this Place I Loiter'd for some time; whence is a fine view of The Bridge, The Cathedral and The Castle. At my Return home I had only to go to Gillman's Library to read the newspapers: when tired of myself; and of my Inn, and of Touring in this late Season, I hurried over my supper, and was quickly in Bed.

Sunday  
Sept. 26

What horrid Inns upon this Road; and what horrid Stablings for Horses! This is a (false) specimen to foreigners. Birmingham<sup>39</sup> knives and forks: Dirty Glasses; Sanded Floors; with neither Beer nor Wine that can be swallow'd!! Stables dark as Dungeons and litter'd with Dung. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past seven o'clock I had to settle with the ignorant, exorbitant Farrier; and none, else, scarcely, could I find awake in these genteel times! Poney appear'd to be in better Health and Spirits; and we took our way to Gads Hill, To the Public House, Sir J. Falstaff, where entering a good Parlour I made my Breakfast, with two Travellers, enjoying the View and the early morning.—After my stay and Refreshment, I determin'd upon a Zig-zag Proceed-



DENTON CHAPEL



ROCHESTER CASTLE

*from water-colours by the Diarist*

[facing p. 170]



ure; and so Proceeded to the Left to Shorn Church.  
(Antiently Sir Roger Northwood held the Manor of Shorn

<u>Expense</u>	<u>Cost</u>
<u>Paper</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>Breakfast</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>Bread &amp; Beer</u>	<u>4</u>
<u>Lime</u>	<u>2. 6</u>
<u>Roast veal</u>	
<u>Potatoes &amp;c</u>	<u>1 " 6.</u>
<u>Cheef</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Tea</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>Bread</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Bacon</u>	<u>1 " 6.</u>
<u>Cold Beef</u>	<u>9</u>
	<u>80817</u>

in Kent by Service to Carry, with other the King's Tenants A White Ensign, forty days, at his own charges, when The King should make War at Scotland.) The clerk living at a distance I could not enter: so Return'd into the high Road; and, thence by a short Lane to Chalk Church, with not a single House near it. and soon came to The Ruins of Denton Chapel, standing by The Road Side—; where I stop'd for 5 minutes.—Passing near Gravesend I soon came back into the high Road; and was quickly at

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES

Dartford Dartford—Here, at one of the miserable Inns—The Bull did I put up: and with difficulty did make Retire two men who were introduced into my Room; nor was Po much happier in his miserable Stable. Here, Every minute seem'd an Hour—

I had a long, and quiet Ride, in the Evening; surprised and delighted at the various attempts for a general mourning for that *good*, and gracious Prince, Henry D of Cumberland,<sup>40</sup> Baronet, and Butcher, Peer and Pedlar, all must go into The Court Mourning!

The long round about over Westminster Stones is a sad nervous Business.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) (See Note 32, Vol. II, p. 298.)  
(2) (See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. II, pp. 135 and 370.)

(3) The Stare-about Pile, near Barnet, was built by Admiral John Byng about the year 1750 and named, probably for sentimental reasons, Wrotham Park after the place in Kent, where the Byngs had resided for many generations. Wrotham in Kent had been sold by Admiral John Byng's grandfather towards the end of the seventeenth century.

(4) The Roper's Memorial in the Church at Farningham, made of alabaster, is in the North Wall of the Sanctuary. To the left kneels the figure of Anthony Roper of Eltham, who died in 1597, and to right kneels his wife Anne. Behind him are their three sons, and behind her their two daughters.

(5) There are no records of the Byng family left in Wrotham Church, but Hasted in 1798 refers to a gateway, near Wrotham Church, which had the Byng Arms carved on it at that date.

(6) John Cooke, the historian of Greenwich Hospital at the time, was one of the most learned people connected with it. His book on the Hospital is still sought after by collectors.

(7) James Master, who died 1728, left Yotes to his brother, Richard Master, who died unmarried in 1769.

(8) William Daniel was a brother of Elizabeth, third Viscountess Torrington. On the death of his uncle, Richard Master (see note above), he succeeded to Yotes and changed his name to Master; he rebuilt Yotes Court and died in 1792.

(9) Richard Master who owned Yotes from 1728 to 1767.

(10) (See Note 7, Vol. I, p. 379.)

(11) Cousin Columbines is probably a humorous comparison of his four attractive nieces, the daughters of the fourth Viscount Torrington, with the pretty girl, Columbine, who appeared in the pantomimes of the period with Pantaloona, Harlequin & Clown.

(12) 'An ancient residence of the Nevills, now used as a farm house.' See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV, p. 474.

(13) The Culpepers or Colepepers 'spread themselves in different branches over the whole face of the country and became eminent as warriors and statesmen in different ages.' See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV, p. 436.

(14) Charlotte Dowager Countess of Aylesford was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Somerset. See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV, pp. 430, 431.

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(15) The Fludds were a prominent family in Bearstead history.

(16) The Cages were also a prominent family at Bearstead, and one of the Cages was the last Master of the Rosicrucians.

(17) See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV (1798), pp. 289 to 295—'Lord Romney has lately pulled down the ancient seat and has rebuilt it though at no great distance, yet in a much more eligible situation.'

(18) See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV, pp. 17, 358, 364, 369, 381 for references to the college at Maidstone and also to the former Palaces of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

(19) Maidstone had three Conduit Towers. One was at the lower end of the town, and two were in the High Street, one at the upper end near the Market Cross, and the second lower down, nearly opposite the Royal Star Hotel. It was octagonal shaped, 24 feet high and 8 feet in diameter, and was erected in the sixteenth century. At the top were a projecting clock, a lantern and a bell, the latter being rung when fish was brought into the town. It was demolished in 1792-3. (See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. IV, p. 464.)

(20) The 6th Lord Fairfax died unmarried in 1782, but even before that date his brother, the future 7th Lord Fairfax, to whom the Diarist refers, was residing there, having entertained the King and Queen from Nov. 3rd to 5th in 1779. (See Greenwood's *Epitome of County History*, Vol. I, Kent, pp. 163 to 165.)

(21) See Greenwood's *Epitome of County History*, Vol. I, Kent, pp. 294 to 295.

(21a) This was no doubt George Finch Hatton (1747-1823).

(22) Mersham-Hatch—(Knatchbull). See Hasted's *History of Kent* (folio edition), Vol. II, p. 444.

(23) These skulls (about 2,000) probably belonging to inhabitants who lived at Hythe between 1200 and 1450 were placed in the Crypt some time before 1540, probably being taken from the Churchyard when disturbed by later interments. So long as they are kept dry they would last for many centuries. The prevalence of short-headed or brachaeological skulls among the Hythe crania is remarkable and is not found in any other collection of ancient or modern remains though they compare closely in shape and measurement with some dating from the Roman period discovered in London. From the first to the fifth centuries there were Roman garrisons near Hythe and possibly by intermarriage a Roman strain may have been left, especially as the Jutes, the Saxon tribe who subsequently conquered Kent, did not exterminate the people but enslaved them.

(24) In 1790 the East India Company still had a monopoly, under certain limitations, of the East India trade, despite the efforts of private merchants, economists and others to show that it was injurious to commerce. There had, however, been a considerable clandestine trade for a

long time, of which Ostend was the centre. According to 'On the Trade of the East India Company' (about 1792) Ostend was 'as much an English port as London'. The Ostend East Indian man mentioned by Lord Torrington must have been one of the ships employed in that trade as the Ostend East India Company, founded in 1717, had ceased to exist in 1727.

(25) These Baths were privately owned and are mentioned in Dover records of 1807.

(26) The house referred to was known as *Smith's Folly* and was built by John Smith, father of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, about this time. It consisted mainly of a series of old buildings, curiously roofed with inverted boats and having one part carried up to two storeys surmounted by a turret. It had disappeared by 1907.

(27) This playhouse was built at 33-34 Snowgate Street in 1790. It was founded by a local Company and, being patronized by Royalty, it was called The Theatre Royal. For a time from 1844 its use as a theatre was abandoned and it could be hired for public purposes, the Inauguration Banquet on the occasion of the opening of the South Eastern Railway being given there. Soon after it was again a theatre and continued in the same condition until 1896 when a new theatre was built on the site on an improved plan and extensive scale by a public company.

(28) The City of London Inn, later known as The London Hotel, was in Council House Street.

(28a) The *Victory*, Nelson's famous ship, and the *Robust* were part of the fleet assembled under Lord Howe in connection with the Spanish Armament in 1790. The *Victory*, which had flown the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir A. Hood (afterwards Lord Bridport) from June 5th until July 29th, was in September a private ship commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral, John Knight.

The log of the *Victory* for Wednesday, September 22nd, 1790, contains the following—

‘Moor’d in the Downs

At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 weighed and came to sail, 6 more ships of the line in company.

At 9 anchor’d in 20 fms with the Best Bower, Dungeness, W.B.N.

Foulkeston N.B.W. Dover N.E. Exercised G. Guns and small arms.’

H.M.S. *Robust* was commanded by Captain, afterwards Vice-Admiral, Rowland Cotton from the 6th July 1790 until she was paid off at Chatham on the 16th September 1791. The *Robust*, after being engaged in several actions towards the close of the eighteenth century, was taken to pieces at Portsmouth in January 1817.

(29) The Bertie monument in the Monins Chapel of Waldershare Church bears an inscription to the memory of The Hon. Peregrine Bertie who died in 1700 and to his wife Susan, who had died three years previ-

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ously. It contains a detailed description of the deeds of Peregrine Bertie which he composed to his own memory.

(30) See Hasted's *History of Kent* (quarto edition), Vol. X, pp. 50 to 57.

(31) Sept. 22nd, 1790, was the anniversary of George III's coronation in 1761.

(32) Alderman James Simmons, in addition to being the official Distributor of Stamps for East Kent, was the publisher with a partner Kirby of *The Kentish Gazette*. Their office was in George Street, Canterbury, where stationery, books, patent medicines, etc. were sold. Simmons was also a banker, and took a very active part in the municipal life of the City.

(33) The Old Gate of the Black-Friars was in St. Peter's Street, their settlement in A.D. 1221. The order was founded by Henry III. The Gate that Lord Torrington saw was a picturesque one, faced with black flints, with figures in niches; it was destroyed in 1788, by order probably of the Canterbury Paving Commissioners.

(34) Lord Torrington refers to the ruins, still in existence, of the first Benedictine Abbey founded in England by St. Augustine at Canterbury in 508. They are now carefully preserved by the College.

(35) Sir Edward Master was an ancestor of the fifth Viscount through the first Viscountess Torrington.

(36) The Streynshams were connected with the Byngs through the Masters.

(37) Gilman of Rochester. There is a record in The County Directory of Kent (Rochester), 1782-1802. 'Traders:—Gillman and Etherington, stationers,' and in the Chatham Division of the same Directory, 'Gilman & Co., Printers and Stationers.'

(38) These recruits for India were before 1796 composed not merely of The East India Company's troops but also of a few King's Regiments. As there is no evidence of any East India Company's troops being at Chatham in 1790, we must suppose that Lord Torrington referred to the King's Regiments going East.

(39) Birmingham (more often Brummagin) was frequently used in a derogatory sense in respect to cutlery, etc., at this period.

(40) Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and Strathearn, born 1745, son of Frederick Prince of Wales, died 18 Sept. 1790.

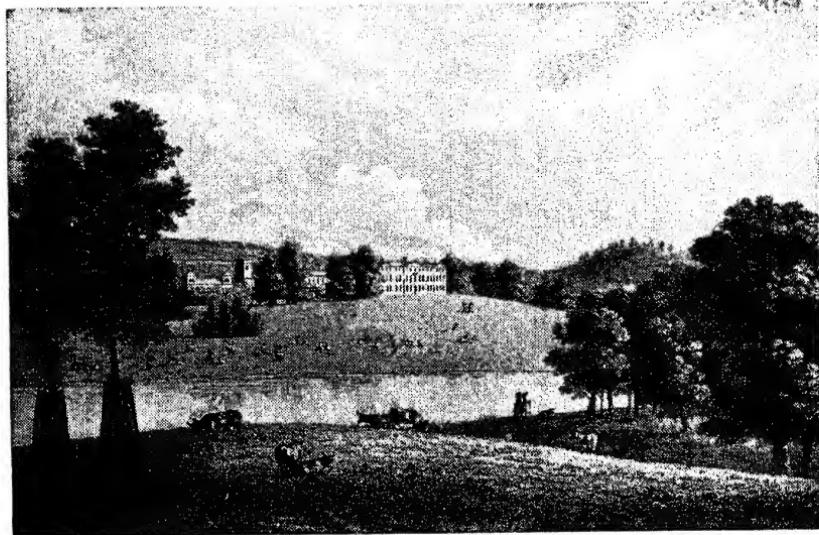
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**M**ANY of the names of country places, being spelt in different ways, all the spellings have not been given. In all cases where Lord Torrington's spelling is misleading it has been placed in brackets after a more usual spelling. Contemporary people are indexed with no qualification—'late' denotes those who had recently died, 'former' those who had died at a considerably earlier period.



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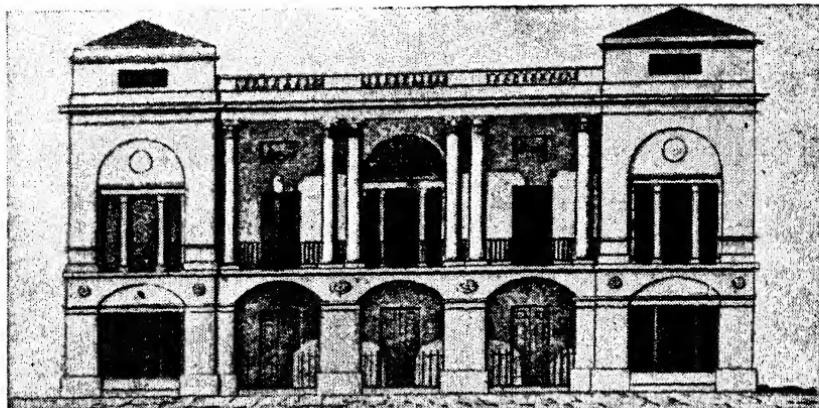
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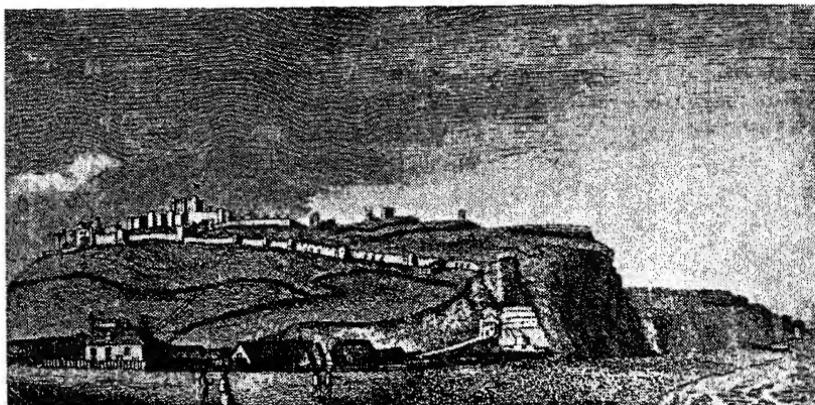
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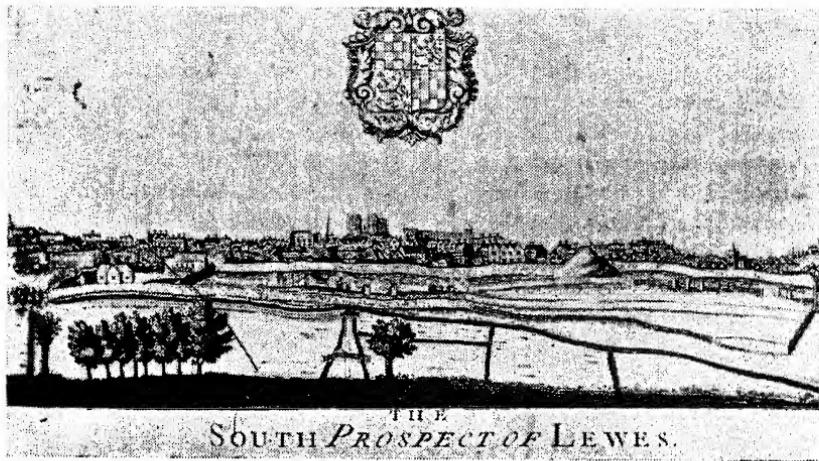
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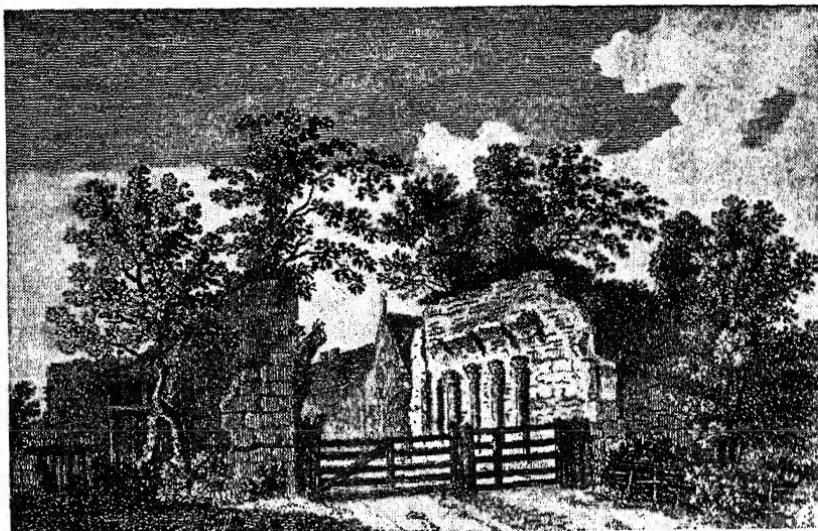
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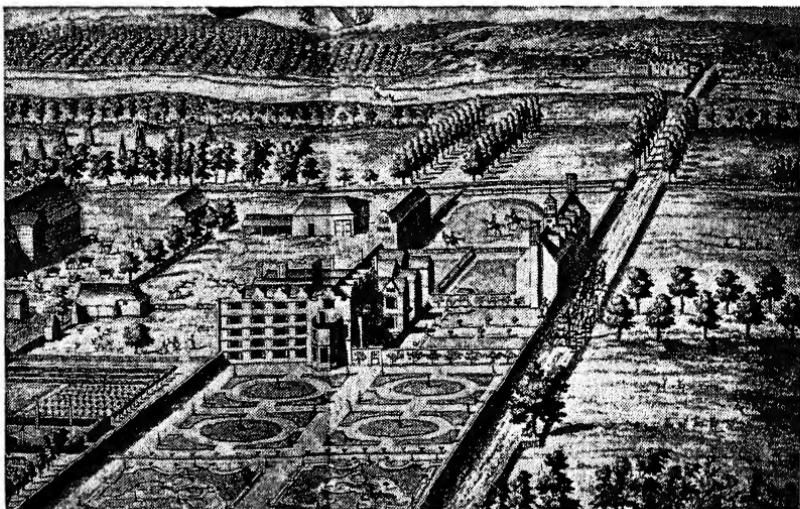
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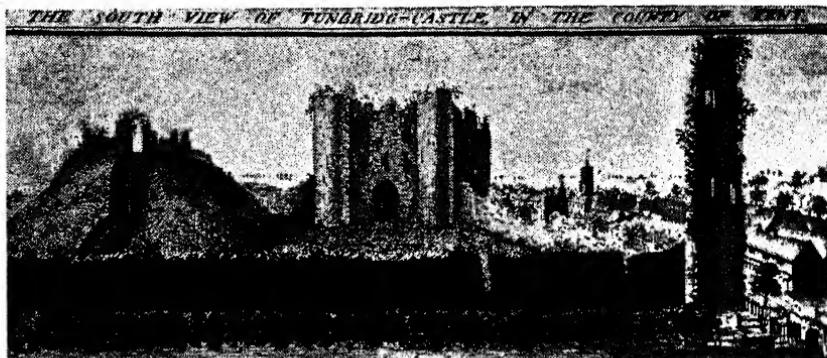
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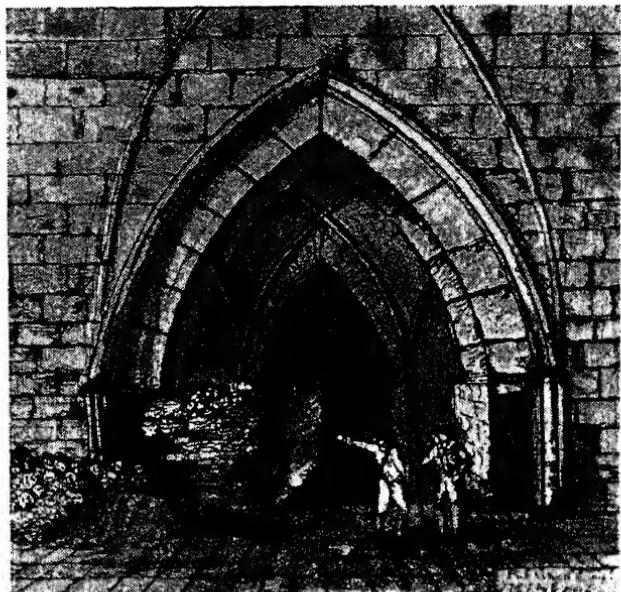
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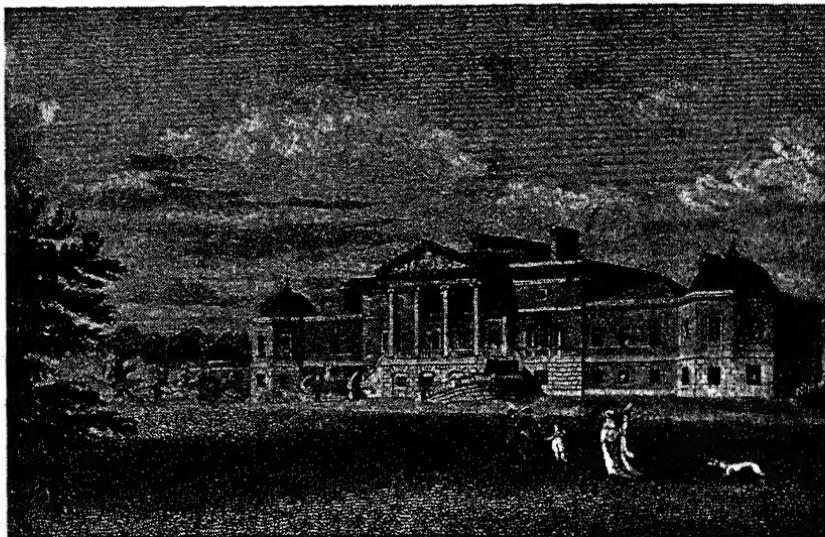
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